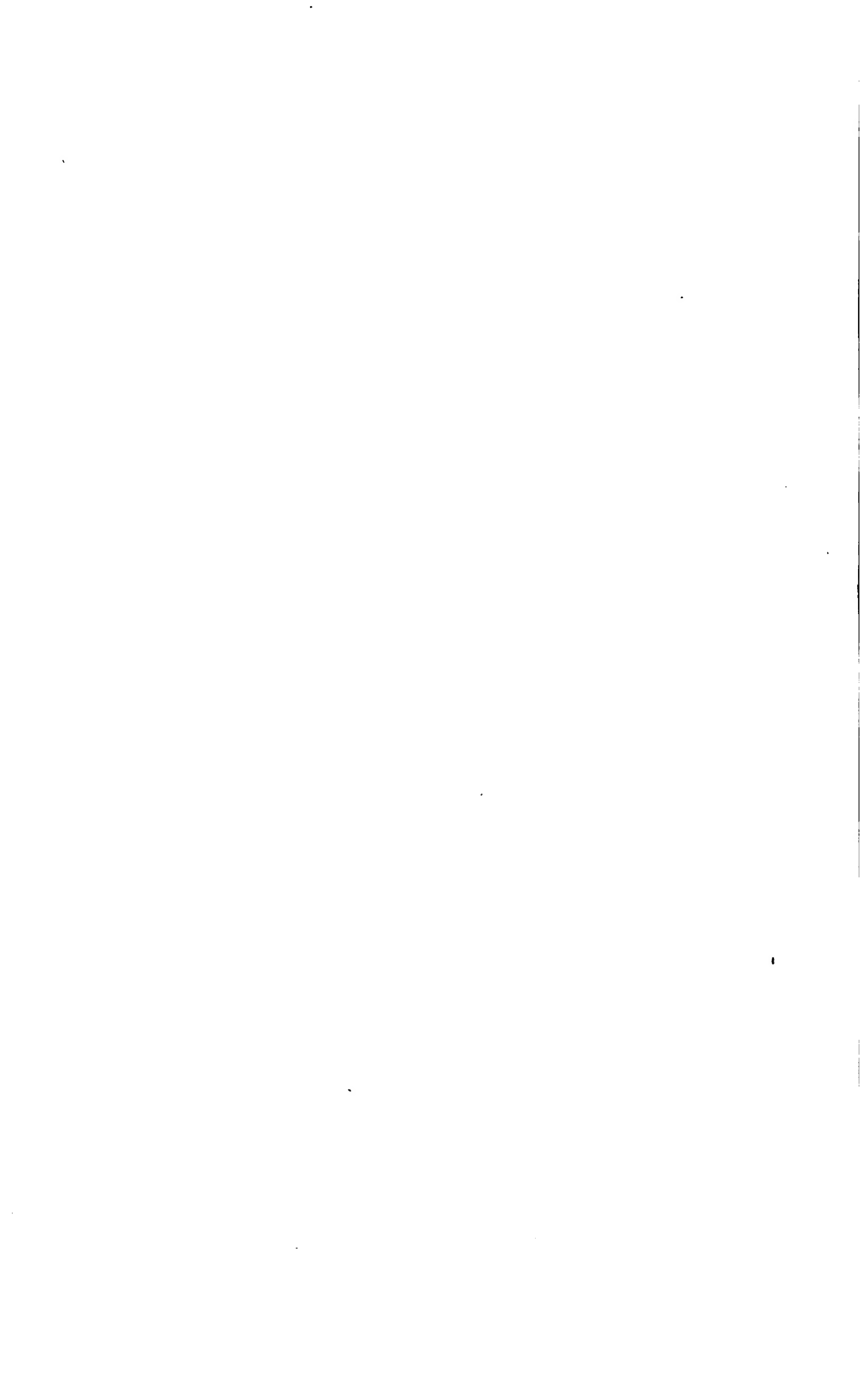
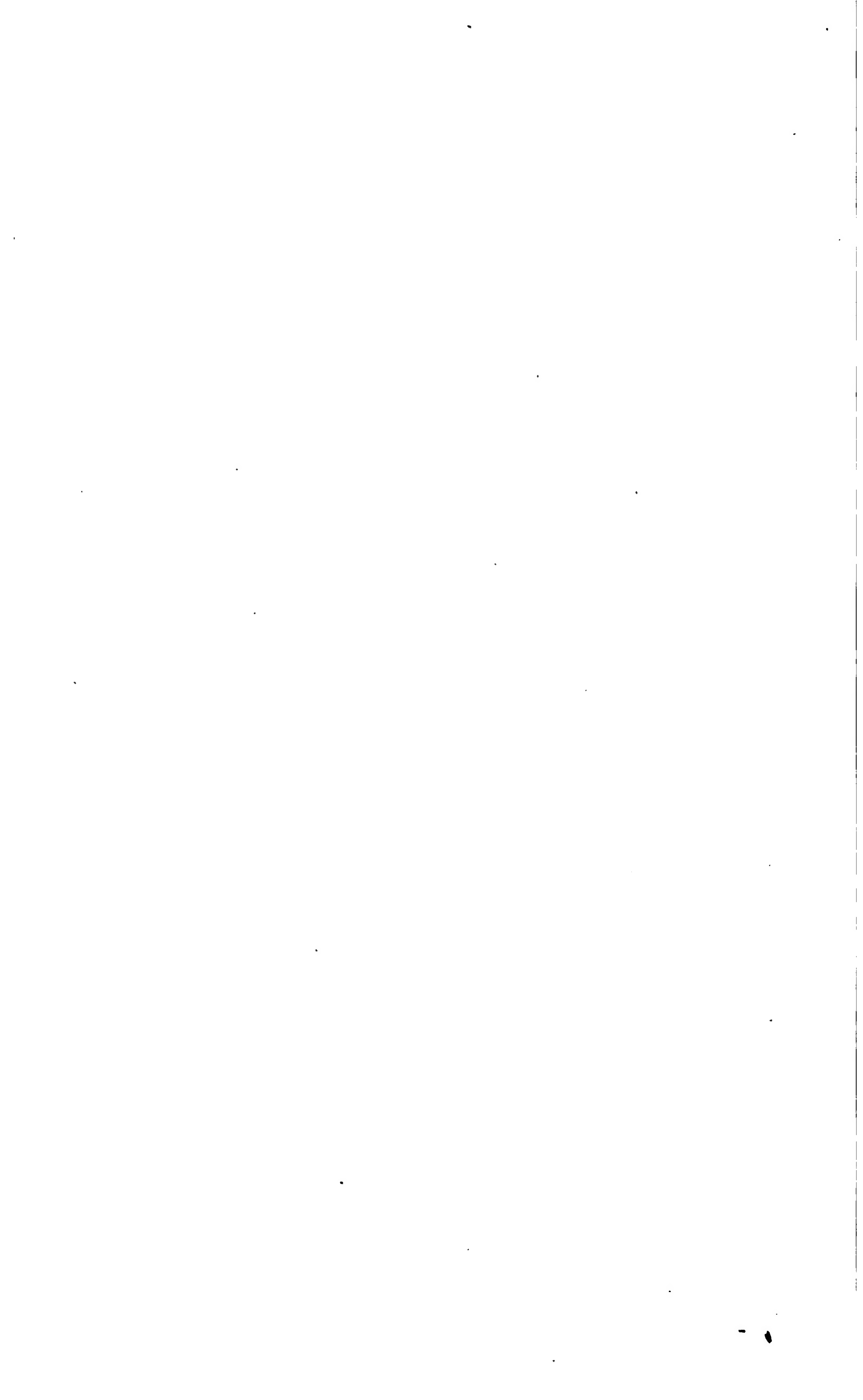



ALTE · VOLARE · VOLO







LETTERS FROM INDIA;

DESCRIBING

A Journey

IN

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS OF INDIA,

TIBET, LAHORE, AND CASHMERE,

DURING THE YEARS 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831.

UNDERTAKEN BY ORDER OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT,

BY

VICTOR JACQUEMONT,

TRAVELLING NATURALIST TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, PARIS.

ACCOMPANIED

WITH A MAP OF INDIA AND A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON,

MEMBER OF THE KING'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,

F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S.,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE EDITOR.



A JOURNEY IN INDIA, &c.

BY

VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Camp of Pindee-Dade-Khan, among groves of pomegranate and orange trees in blossom, under large mulberry trees.

April 6th, 1831.

I OUGHT not to be writing to you, my dear father, this evening: for business, of which I have enough, ought to come before pleasure; but I am so bruised, from a late terrible fall from my horse, that I grant myself this pleasure as a whim to a sick person. I left Lahore on the 25th of March, and on the 30th I arrived on the banks of the Chenaub or Acesines, at Ramnaghur. On the 1st of April I crossed this river, opposite to Khadabad, fifteen miles west of Ramnaghur. Rajah Gulab Sing, whom the king had commanded to receive me at Pindeedaden Khan, had come three days' march to meet me; after Runjeet Sing he is the greatest lord in the Punjab. As I suppose you are tired of the honours with which I am received, I will spare you all the details of Seikh politeness which Gulab Sing observed

in the morning. In the evening I paid him a visit of ceremony in his camp, where he was expecting me, in the midst of all the pomp of his little court. We embraced each other for about a quarter of an hour, enough literally to stifle each other, till we raised each other from the ground, by turns; and as I found him a good fellow, understanding from the first my Hindoostanee, which I have strangely *Persianized* and *Punjabized*, during last month, I remained conversing with him till night.

Next day, at the following halt, the Rajah returned my visit, and added to the presents which he had made me the evening before, in the king's name, a double-barrelled gun, made in the mountains, after an English pattern. I should have preferred one of their long matchlocks, as a curiosity; but he considered his double-barrelled gun a master-piece of Himalayan industry,—but you will see that it is not a very brilliant specimen. Yesterday morning we crossed the Jelum, or Hydaspes, and came to encamp here. I spent the evening with my friend the *Rose-water Lion*, (for such is the signification of Gul-ab Sing: Gul, rose; ab, water, Sing, lion.) He is a soldier of fortune, a sort of usurper. I am persuaded that the legitimate Rajah of Jummoo Kangia, and other mountain principalities, which Runjeet has transferred to Gulab Sing, would please me less. The latter is a lion in war, but by no means a rose-water *petit maitre;* he is a man of forty, very handsome, and with the plainest, mildest, and most

elegant manners. He took me this morning to see some salt mines, situated, at a distance of three leagues, in the mountains. We set out at break of day: the temperature was delightful. As I had barometers with me, I regulated our pace according to my horse's slowest rate, and did not excuse Gulab Sing a single new plant. Every stone which appeared at all suspicious was also examined; and my Punjabian eloquence was such, on botany and geology, that my companion, delighted with knowing the Sanscrit-feringee name of so many plants, (their Latin names it was that I was telling him,) set to work herborising along with me, and I owe him more than one plant which escaped me. A European must be a very absurd person who cannot attach an Oriental by his conversation, unless he has to do with a stupid one. Europe, in the most common details of its civilisation, is a mine of wonder to these people. They will listen to you all day with pleasure, if you are disposed to exhibit those treasures without rounded periods or a figurative style. Two arm-chairs went on before us; and when we passed near a tree, or I had bundles of plants to tie up, the Rajah and I sat down; and if we halted ever so short a time, Gulab Sing made a couple of secretaries dismount, who, seating themselves behind us, wrote down hastily what I said. Thus am I taken down in short-hand, like Cousin's metaphysics! but I am more positive. What these people love more than anything is the political statistics of Europe, of which they have no idea: the population, strength of

armies, taxes, product of each branch of public revenue, the axioms of our civil and criminal law, and, lastly, the great results of the application of sciences to manufactures. I have no need to employ any quackery to do justice to the character which the Governor-general directed should be given of me to Runjeet Sing's envoy at Delhi. I have only to state the commonest truths.

When we arrived at the mines, Gulab Sing appeared very uneasy, and began to tell me long stories about the catastrophes which sometimes bury the miners by the falling in of the mine,—about the heat, bad smell, dirtiness, winding paths, &c.,—reserving for the *bouquet*, that no gentleman had ever descended into such a common sewer. However, he asked me what my pleasure was. "To leave you here and go down alone," I replied.—"But if the stones should fall in upon you, and I not be with you, what could I say to the king?" exclaimed the good man. It appears that he is answerable for me with his head, all the time I am intrusted to his care. He accompanied me, therefore, not into one mine, but into several, and forgot that it was derogatory. I taught him, while there on the spot, a little geology; and to continue the lecture, he will accompany me to-morrow into another part of the mountains. He has this moment sent me word, to my great satisfaction, that a road has been discovered by which I may go the whole way on horseback. This is good luck for me, for I am too much bruised to

walk. A week ago I had a fall, which might have been more serious, for I fell under my horse, which fell backwards in rearing; but this time I escaped with only being buried in the mud. To-day I saw the same catastrophe about to happen, but on sharp stones; I however disengaged myself, and fell backward alone.

Do you recollect, my dear father, that you often used kindly to find fault with the disagreeable asperity of my manners, and their repulsive stiffness? and I admitted these unhappy defects in my character. Well, these last few years since I left France, my humour must have been a good deal modified to my advantage; for I have received too many proofs of interest from too many different people, not to attribute a part of them at least to those very qualities of which you were formerly so much vexed at my being completely destitute. Chance would not be so constant in my favour: there must be some good management on my part, which is nothing but the desire to please, produced, unknown to me, by a more kindly disposition, become habitual to me. Yesterday, one of my servants, who acts as my treasurer, because he can read and write, and because I thought him honester than the others, robbed me; he pocketed a few rupees which I had ordered him to give to some boatmen. By accident I obtained proof of his roguery. Instead of falling into a passion, and perhaps giving him a lashing with my whip, as I should probably have done not more than a year ago, I spoke very mildly to him; and though I punished him with a fine to the advantage of the

people whom he intended to rob, and the refusal of leave of absence, which he requested of me, I made him do what I verily believe no Indian had ever done before, confess his fault and his repentance.

Good night; for if I go on, I know not where this scandalous trumpeting one's self will stop, and you would properly take a dislike to me for it. Moreover, I have great need to stretch myself in bed.

Jellapore, on the right bank of the Hydaspes.
April 11*th*, 1831.

God be praised! my dear father, not forgetting the blessings due to M. Augustin Taboureau, M. Cordier of Chandernagore, Captain Wade of Loodheeana, and M. Allard, who, each adding his good offices to the others, have just caused me to receive, on the banks of the Hydaspes, your No. 15, with the other letters which accompanied it, and under the same cover Beaumont's book. Lord William Bentinck had contributed a small contingent of Constitutionnels, and several other Indian friends the expression of their kind remembrances. This is quite a festival; so I have just ordered a whole day's halt, in order to celebrate it. Half of it I shall occupy in writing, and the remainder in rummaging anew the low mountains, at the foot of which I am encamped.

I began to despair about the fate of this packet, No. 15, which had allowed itself to be overtaken by the two following ones, 16 and 17; and I am entirely

ignorant of the cause of its delay. The chain of our correspondence has so many links that some frequently escape me; it is always a little mystery to me how it gets over them in succession. It falls to me from heaven like the manna of the Israelites; and were I pious, I should give many thanks as I picked it up.

Though late, your letter is not less welcome. I owe to its perusal a nervous emotion of pleasure, which sleep, in the stillness of the night, will alone calm. I should have to write twenty pages to answer it; for it calls up a crowd of thoughts which I should like to communicate to you, and which would not be less pleasant for you to receive; only day-light lasts but sixteen hours.

You remind me of the beginning of my journey; my first marches from Calcutta to Benares. I survey myself from head to foot, in search of what is in me that is admirable, but cannot find it. I recal to mind the silence and monotony of those first marches, and do not perceive the wonders that you see in them! Nothing appears so simple and natural to me as to botanise and geologise on the banks of the Hydaspes, and gallop in the desert with my long-bearded escort. The sequel of my journey will have a *crescendo* for your charming surprise; and if your enchantment begins with *forte*, what will remain for it to celebrate my arrival at Lahore? You should begin with *piano*.

You guessed me at Benares. I spent last summer with the Lamahs, and now I am very near Cashmere,

where I shall spend this. There are four roads to it from the Punjab side,—that of Jummoo, that of Bembur, that of Murpour and Prounch; and lastly, to the north, that of Mozufferabad. It would have suited my geological convenience to take the latter, whence I might have made an excursion into Hindoo Cosh; but a chief of Afghan fanatics, Sayd Ahmed by name, has occupied it for some months, and Runjeet Sing, who might crush him by a decided measure, is contented with acting timidly, and confining him to a poor mountainous district. Ahmed plunders and burns the few villages in it, and would do worse than a Musulmaun with me if I were to fall into his hands. It is with regret that I am obliged to forego this route; which, moreover, the king, in his care for my safety, for which he considers himself answerable to the English Government, would not have allowed me to take.

I parted the day before yesterday from the Rajah Gulab Sing, delighted with him, as he was with me. A courier will leave my camp every day, to carry him news of me; and I have promised to write to him sometimes, with my own hand, in Persian, which appeared to give him extreme pleasure. We are friends enough, and he is sufficiently good-natured, to excuse some omissions of etiquette, to which I shall be exposed in not borrowing the hand of a secretary. My safety, the attentions lavished upon me in this country, and the facilities afforded to my travelling, all depend on the idea of consideration attached to my name; and I must

neglect no means of maintaining and increasing it. Gulab Sing can neither read nor write; and he has little esteem for that vulgar talent in a man of the middle class, whose trade and livelihood it is: but in a lord, and what is more, in a feringhee lord, it is an admirable talent in his eyes.

I shall go with my ten camels, that is to say, with the king's camels, as far as Mirapore. There, mules will be substituted for them to carry my baggage, which I shall lighten a little: and at Prounch, carriers will replace the mules. I have none of the trouble of these arrangements. My Mehmandar Sheik Bodder Bochs, being provided with the king's firmans, takes care of and provides for every thing. Fowls, kids, butter, milk, eggs, and flour are brought to my camp from every village. Since I left Loodheeana, my cook has never brought me any bill; and after feasting myself, there is enough left for my people to enjoy themselves like princes. Wade sends me word from Loodheeana, that Runjeet has written to him about me, and that of all the European lords he had seen, no one pleased him so much as I have done. He proves it by his attentions to me.

Mr. Ventura is marching towards Moultaun, with ten thousand men, to receive the tribute of the southern provinces of the Punjab. Mr. Allard thought for a moment that the Maharajab would send him into the mountains against Sayd Ahmed; he is encamped on the Acesines, and flattered himself at first that we

should perhaps meet in Cashmere; but his courier of this evening overthrows that hope. He has behaved admirably towards me; every day I discover some new attention on his part, which he has performed unknown to me. As the people of my escort belong to a body of cavalry under his command, in which the promotions depend entirely upon him, you will easily imagine that I am well guarded. The lieutenant of my troop has a good chance of being made captain (resseldar), if he brings to his general a satisfactory certificate of his conduct from me; and he certainly shall have it.

I have the rajah's firmans for the protection of the collections which I shall send from Cashmere to Loodheeana as soon as I shall make them, when Wade will direct them with the same protection to Delhi.

I do not know by what road I shall return from Cashmere; but I will write to you more than once before I think of returning, and will constantly apprise you of my intended marches, as soon as I have determined upon them.

My purse, a very ignoble object no doubt, but, as they would say in Haiti, very necessary *metal* for travelling, is excellently well lined. I take a thousand rupees with me (one hundred louis), and I shall receive four thousand more in Cashmere. It is Bunjab Sing's present to me, being just two years of my ridiculous salary from the *Jardin*, before the addition of the two thousand francs, made since 1830. At Calcutta there

remains about six thousand francs in my banker's hands, to which I ought to add the aforesaid supplement for the years 1830 and 1831, which makes ten thousand francs.

I am not afraid of being robbed: besides my having six sentinels in my camp during the night, every district through which I pass is responsible for all that may happen to me. Every thing, even the course of the seasons, is favourable to me. In common years, already at this period, the south-west monsoon dries up the Punjab with its burning heat. Bernier, in the beginning of March 1663, wrote, every morning, that he should no doubt perish during the day; and this year storms, more frequent than usual at this season, often clear the atmosphere. It is yet only very warm; and in five days I shall enter the mountains at Mirpoor, when I shall not care for the summer monsoon.

You speak contemptuously of European thunder and storms, compared to those of India. It is true, that in the Himalaya, they are terrific; and, for a sample, I received one this morning, which was felt gigantically in the vicinity of that great chain. It is nevertheless in Europe, and in the Alps, at the foot of Mont Blanc, that I have witnessed the finest of this kind of spectacle. Elie de Beaumont was of the party, and assuredly has not forgotten it.

To prove my filial piety, I have just changed my clothes, and am drinking your health in a glass of

punch, which will not injure mine; it is to obviate the bad effects of the wet, of which I got plenty this morning, galloping three hours in the deluge to get over this stage. On these occasions, the vigour of my horse, a pretended Persian, reconciles me to the defects of his temper. I have several times thought of cashiering him on account of his vices; but, since I left Benares, in spite of all his malice, he has not succeeded in throwing me; he himself has never tripped, nor fallen lame, and it is likely that he will carry me as long as I travel on land, except in Cashmere, where his sudden starts, shying, and obstinacy, might throw him and me over some precipice. In Cashmere, I shall buy, without regard to the price, the best *ghounte* in Tibet (ghounte is the name of the wonderful race of mountain horses). He will not only serve me for this campaign, but also for that which I shall make in the Himalaya east of the Ganges, if the Minister of the Interior approves of the project which I have explained to him in my memorial. If not, I shall make a present of the animal to Kennedy, or to Lord and Lady Bentinck; and it will not be a vulgar present.

There are few people I have known in India, with whom I do not keep up some correspondence. It is on my side less frequent than I could desire, for want of leisure; but the number is so great! I am the only one of our nation enjoying the attentions of this little English society, transplanted into India to govern it. My passing through any place necessarily forms a little

event, of which each preserves a remembrance, whilst these changes of scene, being constantly renewed, do not leave a durable impression of faces on my memory; but there are, nevertheless, many that I shall never forget. My preceding will have sufficiently informed you of them.

You speak very modestly of your *Real Essences!* What can be more real than what you owe them?—the innocent amusement of these twenty years! The working part of the community would no doubt deny their utility, because they are stupid enough not to comprehend how the possession of an idea or a feeling can be the source of our enjoyments, quite as well and much better than a coat of M. Ternaux' finest cloth, and that the greatest utility in life is pleasure. So, continue to distil those precious *essences.*

Lord William's *Constitutionnels* have informed me of the new composition of the Council of State, by M. de Broglie, whom I am disposed to quarrel with because he has not made M. Amédie Taboureau one. Taschereau and he will always have a few lines from me, with which they must be satisfied; for, once more, the day is only sixteen or eighteen hours long. Adieu, my dear father: the share of others would be too small were I to make yours larger. Take care of yourself: do not make an octogenarian of yourself before your time, which will come of itself soon enough. Write to Frederic for my sake; and tell him all this, for I think he will hardly come to Paris to read my letters.

Adieu! I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. DE MARESTE, PARIS.

*On the banks of the Hydaspes, at Jellalpore,
April 11th,* 1831.

How many things I have to tell you, my dear friend: first, about myself—*primo mihi*,—then about your own people, whose heroism, patriotism, and immortal glory the English papers and the *Constitutionnel* have related to me. The month of July, 1830, has completely relieved us from the contemptible character which our nation—*la grande nation*—was rapidly assuming in the eyes of others. It is very fortunate for me that I am among the Sheiks and the Afghans, for if I had remained longer on the other side of the Sutledge, where they reign, the English would have surfeited me with dinners. I was, to tell you the truth, prodigiously in fashion amongst them, before the great *amende honorable* of the 28th of July, but since then I have been quite the rage; and I was the only animal of my species,—that is to say, the only French gentleman, whom they could get hold of; I was bound to pay for the whole nation, of which I was the sole representative. I was obliged to eat like an ogre, drink like a fish, talk like an advocate, and make speeches, in season, out of season, and in all seasons:—*Gentlemen, the deep emotion which I feel, &c. &c.*: then comes, the *inadequacy* of your very humble servant *to do justice to such an eloquent, &c. &c.*—But, thank God, as I have not an alderman's stomach, I am released, till my return to Semla, in six months, where I shall

begin again, with renewed vigour. In the meantime, I am picking up plants and stones in the Pentrapotamis,—which appears to me infinitely more classical than the Punjab—and am going to Cashmere, where I shall spend the whole summer in these innocent occupations. Runjeet Sing, the king of Lahore, has had the good sense to fall in love with me, on honourable terms, however,—a circumstance to be remarked; for when these Seikh gentlemen are in love, it is in general not in a very virtuous manner. He proclaims me the wisest of feringhee lords—a demi-god: he overwhelms me with the most flattering attentions,—surrounds me during my journey with the most complete protection,—provides for all my wants, camels, mules, carriers, breakfasts, dinners,—and, not satisfied with this, he sometimes sends me monstrous bags of money, which is considered in this country as the greatest politeness.

There is no want of local character here. The English, who have no political influence in this country, and are totally excluded from it, have not been able to efface it, as they have in India. If I had leisure, I would tell you what this singular court of Runjeet Sing is, and the in-door and out-door mode of life of these Seikhs, in their different conditions. But, my dear friend, I have other fish to fry, with a paper on geology begun, which I must finish upon the spot. The time will come, I hope, when we shall be able to spend a couple of evenings in the week together, and you will lose nothing for having waited till my return. You

will say that I imitate Baron Stendhal, and his tender remembrance of Timothéus, *the most fiery of his charioteers;* but I shall have to pass in review before you a multitude of camels, saddle-horses, elephants, and brilliant escorts of cavalry, forming my lordship's cortege. However, I promised you not to tell any lies: if you accuse me of them, I shall say it is envy.

At Lahore, I lived in a little palace of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; a battalion of infantry was on duty near me; the drums beat in the fields when I put my head out of doors; and when I walked in the cool of the evening, in the alleys of my garden, fountains played around me by thousands! A most splendid fête was given to me, with an accompaniment of Cashmerian girls, as a matter of course; and, although they had their eyes daubed round with black and white, my taste is depraved enough to have thought them only the more beautiful for it.

I have a long beard,—a red one, I must allow; but in other respects I have retained my European dress. The dogs, nevertheless, bark vigorously at so unusual a figure; the children pay me back, with interest, the vexation which I inflicted, some twenty years ago, with other blackguards of my own age, on the poor devils of Turks whom I met in the streets: they are never tired of looking at me; but I move about with my atmosphere of servants and horsemen, who are perfectly accustomed to my proceedings, and keep at a distance in the back-ground, all who exhibit an indiscreet

astonishment. Some days ago, I gave a lesson in botany and geology to the Rajah Gulab Sing, successor to the late Taxiles; and as it is allowed that I am an admirable man, the pearl of sages, every one feels the greatest veneration for plants and stones. Adieu. I have talked so much about myself, that there is nothing left for you. What became of you in the uproar? Write to me, my dear friend. You owe it to my sincere friendship. I embrace you.

TO M. VICTOR TRACY, PARIS.

Camp near Jellalpore, on the banks of the Hydaspes, April 10th, 1831.

I WROTE to you, my dear friend, from the English frontier of the Sutledge, at the end of February. On the 2nd of March I entered on the Seikh territory, where I was received in the most distinguished manner. My father, to whom I wrote from Lahore, will no doubt have told you the flattering reception I have met with from Runjeet Sing, the high protection with which he surrounds me, and the solid proofs of kindness which he lavishes upon me. The hospitality of the king of the Punjab is as careful of my personal health as it is magnificent. He provides for all my expenses, and I enjoy the utmost liberty in all my motions.

I regret much, my friend, that I have not leisure to converse with you, to relieve my mind, as you do with

me. But I have a great number of letters to write,—such an arrear of business already, and the day is so short, that I must for this once refuse myself the pleasure of writing at greater length.

The *Constitutionnel,* which I have just read on the banks of the Hydaspes, has interested me greatly. Newspapers are excellent things. I have the pleasure of reading your own speeches here without your knowing it. You do not say a word in the tribune which I do not pick up. Is it not the same thing as if I heard you? How often do I not feel myself, by these means, brought near to you?

My English papers go much further than my *Constitutionnels,* and from them I think I can make out that your motion for the abolition of the punishment of death has passed both Chambers, and that the king has joyfully given his assent. I long to see the confirmation and details of it in our papers, and to read the proclamation of this glorious triumph which you have just obtained.

A thousand thanks to you for not forgetting our dear Paray. How well I feel all the charms which that beautiful spot must have for you. I tell myself that, in your place, I should no doubt have done as you did; that while I made war on the furzes, I should have sought, at the same time, to preserve that peculiarly mild and melancholy character which pleases us both.

We shall meet each other there again some day, I hope, and shall again walk together along its grassy

avenues, in the cool of the morning. We will retrace together the years of our separation. Then will the scenes of Asia be vividly pourtrayed in my memory, opposed to the mild soft tints of the peaceful Paray.

Is not your friendship mistaken as to the true interest which my letters may possess? My father seems charmed with the first two I wrote him after my departure from Calcutta, on my road to Chandernagore and Benares, and which he sent to you to read the very day you finished writing to me; but if the sincerity of his testimony is not doubtful, its value is at least very suspicious; and I confess, my dear friend, that it is the same with yours, and for the same reason. I know not what difference there may be between my journals and my correspondence; but I have sometimes tried the experiment of reperusing the former after a long interval, and I did not judge of myself as you do. Nevertheless, I cannot write them with greater negligence or precipitation than I do letters; for of the latter, for instance, I have written to-day fifty-four pages of this small size, after galloping three hours this morning, to get through my stage, and the evening is still long. The compliment you pay me would be in truth the most agreeable of all, if I were to receive it from others not prejudiced in my favour as you are. Where plants and stones only are to be talked about, there is no occasion to be amusing: it is out of place; but beyond the technical details of science, it is, I agree, the first requisite in black or white. What object can a

Parisian have but his pleasure, in seeking, in a book on India, to become acquainted with its social and political organisation, and the description of features under which nature presents itself there? If the book which teaches him all this is a bad one, he is wrong to shut it; for after all he is seeking only for amusement.

Science has philosophical eminences which it is not impossible to render accessible, or at least visible, to minds unfamiliar with them. My ambition would be to intermix general physics and the higher branches of natural history, with pictures of political history and sketches of Indian manners. But could I do it without imparting to the latter a disagreeable dryness and heaviness, and without forgetting the simple severity of language in which matters of science ought to be expressed; could I master this concord, nothing more would remain for me than a series of special, and absolutely technical, memoirs.

This will form one of the objects of our first conversations when I have the happiness of seeing you again. But think of it; and do not wait till my return before you give me advice. Adieu! my dear and excellent friend.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Camp at Jellalpore, on the banks of the Hydaspes,—
April 11*th*, 1831.

My dear Porphyre,—Packet No. 15, which I thought lost, as I had already received Nos. 16 and 17 four months ago, came to hand this morning, along with Beaumont's book. I have read the few acres of manuscript which were so carefully inclosed in it, and the additions made by several Indian friends. I have written the ten letters which you will find in company with this, and you may suppose I have done enough for one day; nevertheless, I must finish, in order to devote to-morrow entirely to my minerals,—and it will be the worse for you, as, coming last, you will have the smallest share.

You were perfectly right to object to the publication of any portion of my letters. It is impossible for them not to be written with too much negligence to please any but my friends. I think my father has completely surrendered to your objections against his premature if not indiscreet publication.

Writing to-day to each, I have endeavoured to forget what you tell me about your exchanging letters with each other. This thought would have stopped my pen, or at least would not have allowed it to run carelessly over the paper and blacken fifty-eight pages a day, as I have done. Nevertheless, chance has sometimes helped me. From Lahore, for instance, I

recollect letting out, in my letter to my father, some incongruous confession which would hinder him from showing it to many people. I like very well to chat *tête-à-tête*, but when there is a third party it is a very different thing; it is the same with writing. To speak as I think, and without humbug, I must persuade myself that I shall be read only by the person to whom I write.

But you, my friend, poor Porphyre, ask me, modestly enough, for a word or two of friendship and gossip. It is not a tune always at command, and I cannot play it to-day; but when I feel myself in the vein, I will think of you, and as I always have pen, ink, and paper at hand, you shall have it to your heart's content.

Cambessèdes is a capital fellow, to whom you would do well to say a hundred kind things from me, when you meet him. I shall write to him from Cashmere in less than a month.

I am dreadfully sleepy. Adieu, then, my dear friend; I love and embrace you, with all my heart.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Camp at Nur, near a village in the woods, among the mountains, on the road to Cashmere,—April 20th, 1831.

It is almost as much as I can help, my dear friend, not to swear on paper; but I shall take a hearty revenge in the open air. The fact is, peripateticism

exposes its admirers to such a complication of vexations, that they have often a good mind to seat themselves on the first stone, cross their arms, and d——n heaven and earth. For the last five days, I have been continually and very legitimately (if our liberal friends have not scratched the word out of the dictionary) in a deuse of a temper, or rather in a positive fury. It is since my entrance into the mountains. I was to have found a number of mules and carriers there, which the King had ordered for me long since; but the power of a sovereign in Asia decreases at least as the cube of the distance from the place where he may be. Hence at Soukshainpore, my last halt in the plains on the banks of the Jelum, the people said they cared very little for the king's orders, and received only those of his eldest son, their dauphin. The Thanadar (mayor or commandant) took refuge in his mud fort, with a few wretches armed with matchlocks, and threatened to fire at my caravan, if I persisted in demanding that to which I was entitled. The surrounding villages paid for the rebellion of the chief town. My people visited them as marauders; and, after seizing my share, helped themselves pretty plentifully.

At Mirpore, where I ought to have found the mules and carriers, nothing was ready. I wanted forty of the latter; they were to come every day; and after waiting three days, not one came. I rated my mehmandar and the lieutenant of my escort: I accused them of laxity and indolence; but they defended

themselves by imputing the blame of these delays to the total insubordination of the petty mountain chiefs to the king, and the habitual rebellion of their wretched subjects against them. When my people talked too loud, the Mirporeans, who had also their mud citadel, threatened to retire within it and shut the gates. If my friend Gulab Sing had not been six days' march off, I would immediately have written to him, and requested him to send three or four hundred regular infantry, in order to make an example, and give a hundred lashes to the gentlemen of the staff at Mirpore; but I should have been obliged to stay there twelve days, and the place was entirely destitute of interest. The thermometer, besides, rose every day to 94°; and yesterday morning, seeing a score and a half of carriers, I had them loaded with the most indispensable part of my baggage, and leaving my two officers in the rear, to get out of the business as they might, and see to the forwarding of the remainder, I started forward. I arrived before all my people, near the banks of a river where I meant to encamp; and I found nothing to receive me but a burning sun. The poor devils arrived at last, one after the other, a quarter of an hour between each; and at four o'clock in the afternoon I breakfasted. I had entered the estates of Gulab Sing. Wonders of all sorts were promised me. The chiefs of a neighbouring fort came to make their salaam. According to them, it rained mules and carriers in their mountains. However, nothing fell in the night, but the oxide of hydrogen in

immeasurable quantities; and my yesterday's collection of carriers, far from increasing by the rain, melted in it like salt. This morning, when I asked if fresh ones had arrived, I was told that those of yesterday had decamped. I ordered my twenty mountaineer soldiers, ten only of whom had arrived the evening before, to set out in search of them; but if the carriers were not made of salt, the soldiers were made of sugar: not a vestige of them remained after the rain. The remainder of my caravan, dragged on with asses taken by force, were dreadfully fatigued. I took your spy-glass, and swept the horizon in search of some village whither to wend our way, or rather to make a treaty, for it was porters that I wanted; but not the slightest trace of smoke could I discern, except on the other side of the torrent, which the storm of the night had rendered impassable. However, a score of my Cashmerians were at last unearthed: they had hid themselves in the high grass; and leaving my fat mehmandar behind me to play Prometheus, and create men in the desert, in order to provide for the transport of half of my baggage, which was lying on the bank of the torrent like the remains of shipwreck, I pushed forward, followed by a small column, carrying with me what was most necessary. So I am writing at breakfast, although it is not yet noon; the reason is, I have made so many circuits, and climbed so much, right and left, in the mountains, that I have arrived after this first division. Here I may wait. My cook has forty eggs, flour and rice in proportion; and around

the village there are some fields of green corn for horses. I have a tent, a chair, table, ink, pens, and paper, as you perceive. The situation is high enough not to be very warm; and I leave my rear-guard to the grace of God. As for the mountain soldiers, with their matchlocks, and their swords, and bucklers, some came here, as a sample, to tell me that they had eaten nothing since the day before yesterday; that is, since they have been what they call on duty, in my neighbourhood. I drove them away like dogs; and the spokesman does not know how near he was getting a few kicks on the nether end of his person. To every symmetrical mind, but to a naturalist in particular, who recognises himself only by means of method, and by logical and ingenious classifications, the general *sauve qui peut*, and the *va comme je te pousse*, in this country, with both men and things, are truly confounding. Last year, when I left Semla, on my way to Tibet, I asked Kennedy for only two of his gorkhas; these two men being broken into European discipline, had drilled my carriers like a ship's crew; and the latter often amounted to sixty. A single one would have sufficed. Why have I not a detachment of them now? They would do more business, and spare me more trouble, than all the rabble of horse and foot with which I am encumbered. Kennedy, indeed, offered me some; but it would have been contrary to rule, and, as it appeared to me, at the risk of committing himself with the Government. Besides, the king might have taken offence at my invading his territory with soldiers in the

English service. I therefore refused my good friend's offer. I repent having done so now.

To fill up the measure this morning,—and mark I know not what may have happened to my rear-guard, which is perhaps where it was yesterday, waiting, like the emigrants at the camp of Villejuif, in March, 1815, for men to advance,—well, to fill up the measure, I was obliged to prove my insolubility in water, in order to arrive entire in my person; for I was caught in a couple of deluges on the way. The tickets on a bag full of minerals were reduced to a sop, and I shall have to find out their former order. This is the devil,—then, two of my horsemen's horses fell down a precipice, whence they were got out very lame; mine has lost his shoes. This is not to be borne. Water for drinking is nothing but mud; a kind of chocolate, very disagreeable even to an Indian traveller, who, after two years' running about like me, ought not to be very nice as to his potations. Adieu, my dear friend; I am going to take a little walk near my tent, and to give myself the satisfaction of swearing like a roll of drums. When you escorted parks of artillery, with bullocks, through the mud of Poland, you perhaps experienced a slight tinge of the vexation which excruciates me. Nevertheless, one must have a good head, if not a good heart, against temptation; use patience; untie, but break not; lay down, and do not throw. Heavens! how rank the butter was in my omelette! such a smack of stinking cheese! how hot the sun is shining between the two acts

of the deluge, under a thin cloth, where the air is stifling! Damnation! This is one, at least, which my father, if you give it him to read, will not be tempted to communicate to all our friends. For a diversion, I will add, in Indian, a *bhanne tchoute!* which is an oath compared to which all ours are but very little boys. Adieu!

20th, Evening, at dinner.

My vexation had not attained its zenith this morning, when I blotted a long sheet of hieroglyphics for you. But the sun is brighter after the storm; the reprimand which I gave my mehmandar has had its effect: here he comes with all the rest of my baggage, and twelve Cashmerians besides, whom he made prisoners in this village, which thought itself safe from my people's attacks because the torrent was impassable; but my man crossed it, he told me, on skins filled with air, and has taken by storm with four soldiers the twelve poor devils whom he brings with him. Meanwhile, the vizier of a neighbouring petty mountain chief brought me ten of his own growth, so that I am swimming in abundance; and as I pay them, which they by no means expected, being apprehended in the king's name, and said to be paid by him, the band about me are in excellent spirits.

It is the abomination of desolation to want the necessary hands; since, when some are wanting, the rest that have been seized become useless: so I keep a number to the amount of four or five hundred francs a

month, in order to have a good reputation, and find every where volunteers who are the best carriers, as well as the best soldiers. If I were to make use of the royal privilege which is granted me, the peasants would forsake their villages at my approach, and my people find nothing to eat. This morning, as I was rambling at some distance from the road, among some very rough hills, covered with thick wood, I discovered three men hid. I was in search of something quite different; nevertheless, I thought them a good prize, and I said to one of my men, "Seize them!" They were peasants of the neighbouring village, who had run away to escape domiciliary visits. They looked very foolish at being thus dislodged by chance. I promised them that they should be paid, instead of being ill-used, and they went gloomily enough to join the main body of my troop, because they had never seen a European, and put but little faith in my gilded words.

The horizon, without metaphor,—that is to say, the sky above the mountains and plains,—has also cleared up. I feel myself quite alive, and in a humour to finish the perusal of Beaumont's book this evening. Since I have been twice only just missed by the lightning, I prefer every kind of cracker to Father Jupiter's, in the Himalaya at least, where they are loaded with ball, and not badly pointed. It lightened enough to singe my moustachios, and the fluid seemed every instant to strike some tree of the group under which I was encamped. Then I was under the same

tent in which last year, in the Dhoon, two of my people, who were changing my linen, were struck to the ground, and for a moment paralysed, by the fall of the lightning on a neighbouring tree. I recollect that at sea I had no greater liking for thunder. When you are alone in a storm, with an accompaniment of this music, whether in ship or encamped in a desert, your chances of being struck seem much greater, because you are the only one that Jupiter can aim at; and, although he is not very skilful, the most awkward have their lucky hits.

Curse my infamous writing if you like; I will allow you to do so. However, you must excuse it, as well as this Cashmere paper, because in writing so badly on this slippery paper the pen follows the thought, and never remains behind; and the *metal* (in the style of St. Domingo) which is precious to me is time. You will at least see, my friend, in the disorder of these long letters, that although I am some thousand miles from you, the thought of you is not the less vividly present to my mind, and that one of the most agreeable illusions of my solitude is to recal you to my recollection, and to converse with you exactly as if you were present.

Adieu! On account of the rain, with which I have been so completely soaked this morning, I shall allow myself a cigar after dinner; but it will be while I am reading Elie de Beaumont's memoir.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Camp at Berali, in a small plain in the middle of the mountains, on the road to Cashmere,—April 22nd, 1831.

My dear Father,—I promised myself never to believe in adventures; but I have been compelled to give way to evidence, and you will be converted too.

The Indians and Persians call Cashmere the terrestrial paradise. They tell us that the road leading to the other is very strait and difficult: it is the same with that to Cashmere in every possible sense.

It was at Soukshainpore, on the banks of the Hydaspes, at the foot of the mountains, that the first shadows appeared in the picture of my ambulatory prosperity.

The chief of this little town, which is a fief of one of the king's sons, refused to obey Runjeet Sing's firmans for furnishing my camp with all the necessary provisions. He shut himself up in his mud fort, with a few wretches armed with matchlocks, and threatened to fire at my horsemen, if they insisted any further on obedience.

I wrote immediately to the king at Umbritsir, to complain of this contempt for his authority, so prejudicial to the hospitality which he meant to show me. My cavalry dispersed themselves in the surrounding villages; and I saw them return from their foraging excursion pretty heavily laden. This is according to rule.

Next day, 16th of the present month, I entered the Himalaya with my camels, and encamped at Mirpore, where a numerous troop of mules was to be assembled, ready to supply the place of my camels, which were incapable of proceeding farther into the mountains.

Instead of mules, I found at Mirpore a hundred rascals, with their matchlocks and little mud fort, indifferent enough to the Rajah's commands, for which they would have cared still less had not my friend Gulab Sing been encamped at the distance of a few days' march, with three thousand regular troops. Ten times a day did messages and promises of mules and porters pass between my mehmandar and the chief; but for two days without effect. On the evening of the third day, a score of Cashmerian porters arrived. This was half the requisite number; but I was so enraged at being kept in a horribly hot place, entirely devoid of interest, that on the 19th I loaded these twenty men with the most necessary part of my baggage. I pushed forwards, leaving my mehmandar behind with the rest, reprimanding him a little for his pusillanimity.

Towards the middle of the day, I arrived on the banks of a torrent, near which I meant to encamp; but my little rear-guard did not arrive till long after; and I breakfasted at sunset. It was night before the rear-guard appeared, in the most pitiable condition. Sheikh Bodu Bochs, my mehmandar, and Mirza, the

lieutenant of my escort, had, as M. de Foucauld would say, seized half a dozen poor devils and a troop of asses; these brought the remainder of my baggage.

A terrible storm lasted the whole night; and, as a half-drowned cat dreads cold water, and warm water still more, I recollected that last year, in the Dhoon of Dehyra, on the pinnacles of Mossouri, the thundering god did not aim badly, supposing that he was firing at me; and hearing the crackling of the trees around, and seeing my tent almost constantly illuminated by the flashes, I confess I should have preferred a calm serene night,—moonlight, of course.

It seems, however, that Jupiter only fired blank cartridges that night; for his terrible racket neither killed nor paralysed any one.

But the torrents of rain, which served as fuel to this conflagration of the skies, melted my asses, horses, soldiers, and carriers, as if they had been sugar.

At sunrise, I found only my escort, among whom there is a kind of discipline. But the rain had made them as benumbed as serpents buried in the snow; and their poor horses looked as if they were made of wood, they were so stiff. This little chosen band, however, by degrees got into motion, literally disinterred some of my foot soldiers; and, assisted by the latter, succeeded in picking up, right and left, the twenty Cashmerians of the day before. All the rest had entirely disappeared.

I administered a fresh reprimand, and this time a

severe one, to Boddu Bochs; and, wishing him the art of Prometheus, to improvise twenty carriers in a desert, I pushed forward, followed, as on the preceding evening, by only the most necessary part of my baggage.

The road was extremely difficult; we were obliged to alight incessantly; and, in spite of their care, the horses belonging to two of my escort tumbled over a kind of precipice, whence they were rescued very much bruised, and very lame. For my own part, I was constantly on foot, hammer in hand, and continually quitting the path, which was only a low and narrow gap in a wood very thick with thorny shrubs, to gain some neighbouring eminence, and determine the direction of the strata with the compass. Some armed servants followed me in the smallest of these circuits; prudence demanded it. In one of these excursions, I discovered three men hidden; and, cocking my piece and bringing it to my shoulder, the three suspected figures proved by their terror the excess of my circumspection. They were poor peasants belonging to a neighbouring village, who had taken refuge in the fastnesses of the wood to avoid the passage of the avalanche which chance had brought near them. They gained nothing by it; I had them seized and carried along the road, promising them that they should be paid for their trouble. They were, so far, an addition to my means of transport.

Nur is the name of a wretched hamlet at some height

in the mountains; it was my second halting place. I arrived late, wet through to the skin. Boddu Bochs was not long in coming up; he arrived with the rear guard and some prisoners. He had crossed the torrent in the morning on skins filled with air. On the other side, the inhabitants of a considerable village were sleeping in tranquillity; and in the first moment of surprise he carried off some score and a half of men.

I therefore thought myself at the end of my troubles; but in the evening famine appeared in my camp. All my people came to tell me that they were hungry, and that there was nothing to eat in the neighbouring wood. This was the fault of the mehmandar, who had not told them to take provisions with them. I recommended them to wait till the next day, and commanded the soldiers to watch them well during the night.

But there was another deluge that night: and the soldiers, who did not consider themselves insoluble in water, deserted their guard in quest of shelter; and yesterday morning a new deficiency was found in the number of my carriers. I acted as the day before, and started the first with a small troop. The distance was greater than usual, and the road very bad even for a Tibet walker. Nevertheless, I arrived, without accident to myself or my escort, at Nekhi, a still more miserable village than that of the evening before. My horse had lost his shoes, and was very lame: I did not fret much about this, because the nature of the road only allowed me to go on foot.

Night approached, and I was a little astonished at not seeing my mehmandar; the more so, as the rest of my baggage, sent on by him, had joined the camp. At length one of his servants arrived, breathless, to tell me that his master had had a fall, and broken his arm.

Contrary to the Asiatic rule of not advancing a step towards an inferior, I seized one of my Cashmerian's sticks, and followed by several of my people and horsemen, descended from my mountain to help my wounded man. They said he was lying in a valley three leagues from the camp; but I ran about three hours, at the risk of breaking my neck pretty often, before I found him. I confess his excessive cowardice disgusted me, and made me almost regret coming so quickly, if not so far. This pusillanimity in an herculean body appeared only the more prominent. It was impossible for me to examine his wound properly: this visit only served to prevent him making himself ill with drinking bad arrack, to keep up his sinking spirits he said. I had the bottle broken. The night promised to be fine; and I left the wounded man stretched on a bed, in the midst of a pine forest, surrounded by a score of servants and soldiers, to take care of him and watch him. He was to be brought here to-day, on his couch. I returned very late to the camp, by the very doubtful light of an exceedingly new moon, and through frightful roads. However, I made all my people take the same precautions as myself: we dragged ourselves along

without accident, for half an hour, close to immense walls, along vertical escarpments.

I was worn out with fatigue, exhausted by an abundant perspiration during a fifteen hours' march, and without appetite for supper. I had a little bad punch made; and as I had entirely abandoned the use of fermented liquors for the last four months, it sent me to sleep immediately, if it did not intoxicate me during my slumber without my knowledge.

At last, this morning, nobody failed when summoned—I mean those of my band. They passed the ridge of the mountain at sunrise in good humour, to breakfast at the first halt; for we were to reach this place, Berali, the first village after Mirpore.

I went on foot, following my lame horse, in bad humour with the rocks, on account of their nature and the direction of their strata, thinking about my sick mehmandar, and the difficulty of carrying him to this village, along the frightful roads, and about the impossibility of his accompanying me on my journey, and the annoyance of applying to the king for a substitute, &c.; when I found myself this time, with my rear-guard, at the foot of a lofty mountain, with nearly vertical sides, and a flat summit, on the edge of which I observed a fortress. I was told that it belonged to the king, and was garrisoned with three or four hundred soldiers, under the command of a royal governor. In fact, I soon saw some people of very suspicious appearance, with their matchlocks,

swords, and bucklers, coming down by the only path leading to the summit, and the only one by which it was possible to pass.

They made their salaams, and told me they came on the part of their master to show me the road, and to look to the safety of my baggage. Their master, they added, was waiting for me in the plain by which the mountain is crowned, to offer me his salutations, and a *nuzzer* (a present offered by an inferior to a superior). In this account there was nothing but what was very probable; and, after an hour's painful climbing, I reached the top, following my escort. It was a very pretty, smooth plot. The fort rose in the middle, on a mound, and greatly contributed to the picturesque effect of the landscape. Numerous groups of soldiers, in their oriental accoutrements, were not wanting, and gave this picture all the local character which the gentlemen of the *Globe* could desire. I found my caravan reposing under an immense sacred fig-tree, the only tree in this strange place. I ordered them to continue their march. My servants then came to tell me that they were not allowed to do so, and that it was the people of the fort who detained them.

A great number of the latter had approached me: they crowded round my horse, which I had again mounted; but curiosity seemed their only motive, and the crowd opened at my bidding. However, it had so increased, that the men belonging to my escort were lost in it. Impatient at this delay, I commanded them to bring

the governor as quickly as possible. He soon came, in the midst of a new troop of soldiers, much worse-looking than the preceding ones, and so wretchedly clad himself, that I was obliged to ask Mirza which of these vagabonds was the chief. From respect to the king, whose officer he is, I dismounted to receive his compliments, as he was himself on foot. He offered me a kid, which my *maitre-d'hôtel* carried off. I could hardly wait till the end of his speech, to express my indignation at the refusal to allow my caravan to proceed. I addressed him vehemently, demanding if it was true that he had dared to give such an order. Neal Sing (for that was the name of this bandit) appeared a little disconcerted at my violence; and, without answering my interrogatories, offered me as many soldiers as I wished, to guard my baggage. I told him that he and I being the only inhabitants of this desert, I had no need of his soldiers; and the only thing I required of him was to draw them off. He then gave me to understand that such an order on his part would not be obeyed, and again requested me to take a guard of his troop. I then thought it prudent to accept his offer.

My situation, however, visibly became that of a prisoner. My djemadhar Mirza spoke only with joined hands to Neal Sing, whose tone rose in proportion. At last, the latter, after a long statement of all the injuries the king had done him, and which Thean Sing his minister (the brother of my friend Gulab

Sing) had provoked, declared to me with joined hands, —mark this—and the humblest and most submissive language, that having in the possession of my person the means of forcing the king to redress the wrongs he had done him, he should keep me prisoner until justice was done him; and that myself, my escort, and my baggage, should serve him as hostages and securities.

The man grew warm with the recital of his misfortunes. They were, he said, the reward of his fidelity. Gulab Sing wished to make him surrender his fortress, which had been intrusted to him by the king. It was on account of his having constantly defended it against that lord, that his brother Thean Sing, being near the king, had rendered the latter's orders for his pay of no effect. He had for three years received nothing; he had no better dress than the rags which he showed me; his soldiers lived upon the grass of the fields and the leaves of the trees.

I saw, with a secret—oh! a very secret—displeasure, the effect of his eloquence upon the famished and armed multitude in whose power I had fallen. A general clamour rose, frequently above the voice of the chief; and the conclusion of his oration was not the passage the least applauded in this menacing manner. Each, as he listened, examined the lighted match of his gun, and knocked off the ashes. Several of the soldiers wished to speak in their turn; but I imperiously commanded this frightful rabble to be silent; and I no longer heard any more than slight murmurs, which the chief him-

self was not afraid to suppress. The calm indifference which I affected, and the unstudied loftiness of my language, imposed on these wretches. My contempt overpowered them. They certainly had never heard any of their rajahs talk of himself, as I did, in the third person. Runjeet Sing is the only one who does so in the Punjab; and while I paid myself these compliments, I spoke to them only as to servants. By this manœuvre I succeeded in detaching the greater number from their chief, whom I treated with the same familiarity, but with a tone of kindness and protection. I led him under the shade of the great fig-tree I have mentioned, to converse less publicly with him. I made him sit humbly on the ground; whereas I had one of my chairs prepared for myself. He seemed eager to enter upon business; but I called to my mehmandar to bring me a glass of *eau sucré*, which was a long time preparing. I complained of the heat, and commanded another of my servants to hold a parasol over me, and a third to fan me with a plume of peacock's feathers. I took all my little comforts, not only without abating any thing of them, but, I assure you, adding largely to them; leaving Neal Sing on the ground, in all his humility, to reflect in silence on the enormity of the crime he meditated committing, and its terrible consequences. I then explained to him under what auspices I had come into this country, and the terrible vengeance which the king would not fail to exact for any affront which I might receive in his

states, in order to convince the English government that he was not the instigator.

Neal Sing protested that he had entertained no criminal design against me; he doubted not that the king, knowing me to be in his hands, would pay him what he had so long owed him, in order to extricate me. I represented to him, that, after offering such an outrage to Runjeet's power, he could never flatter himself that he would be sincerely pardoned; and that sooner or later he would pay the penalty by some cruel chastisement. I affected to say these things, not in a menacing tone, but as if I was speaking for his own interest; and this artifice was not without success. Neal Sing then proposed to set me at liberty, and to retain only my baggage. I rejected this idea, with reasons which would make him still more conscious of the distance between us. To travel without my tents! my furniture! my books! my clothes! I who change twice a day! The proposal was absurd and impossible! I looked at my watch, and told my *maitre-d'hôtel* it was breakfast-time, and ordered him to get it ready without delay. I knew very well that there neither was nor could be any thing ready; since all my caravan were prisoners under the custody of Neal Sing's people, before whom my servants took care not to open a single package. I ordered some milk to be brought. The *maitre-d'hôtel*, at his wits'-end, asked me where he was to get it. "Don't you hear," said I to Neal Sing, "that the saheb desires to have some milk? Send

directly into the neighbouring villages, that some may be brought without delay." The brigand was a little confounded by this policy; and in his uncertainty, he despatched some of his band in quest of the required beverage. I saw them go; and when they had gone a hundred paces, I called them back, and told my *maitre-d'hôtel* to explain to them that it was cow's milk, and not buffalo's or goat's, that I wanted, and that they must see the animal milked before them.

I designedly accustomed these bandits to obey me in trifling things, in order to facilitate the arrangement of the great affair I had yet to treat with them, the moment of which I delayed by a number of artifices, as I saw that this species of truce favoured my interests, by the ascendancy which Neal Sing allowed me to assume over him. When I thought the moment favourable, I proposed him a present, and the support of my recommendation to the king.—He had shown me so many good royal bills, that a slip of paper more, written by my hand, would not appear a great addition to his riches; and I therefore offered to add something more solid. He immediately demanded two thousand rupees. Some of his band, who were collected around us, cried "No! no! ten thousand!" which only gained them a contemptuous exclamation from me, which none dared to resent, and which seemed so much to confound them, in the eyes of the rest, that none of them afterwards ventured to interrupt my conversation with their chief. "Neither ten thousand, nor two, nor even one;" for

the very good reason that I had not got them; "but, in consideration of your wretched position, I will give you five hundred rupees." "Five hundred rupees!" he exclaimed: "what is the good of that? We number four hundred men, who have been dying of hunger these three years. Two thousand rupees; or you must remain a prisoner." Without appearing to attend to his alternative, I shrugged my shoulders at the absurdity of his demand, and offered to allow my treasurer to convince him of it. He easily accepted the proposition of seeing my treasure counted. I reproved him with haughtiness, severity, and contempt, for this movement; as if what I had said could be otherwise than true. "The Asiatics," I told him, "are wretches who will perjure themselves for a crown; but have not you heard what the word of a Christian lord is?" He made excuses with joined hands, protesting that he believed me; but repeated, that five hundred rupees would not be sufficient for his people.

I changed the place of our conference. Perceiving a little shady valley, I told Neal Sing to go there with me to continue it; and I took great care to be constantly wanting something out of my trunks, in order that all my baggage might follow me, and to prove, in the eyes of the wretches who surrounded me, that there was a limit to the rebellion of their chief, and that I did not consider myself at all their prisoner. I stopped twenty times to look at some plant, to examine it with a magnifying glass, have it gathered, and

put into a book, by one of my servants whose business it is. Neal Sing had to answer my questions about their names and uses. These delays and this haughtiness put the mob of mountain soldiers out of humour; but they kept silence.

I had, however, much bettered my situation. This man, who held me prisoner, who was the master of my life, allowed me to offer him my protection. He complained that he had never been able to let the king know his grievances, because Thean Sing intercepted his correspondence. He begged me to write to Mr. Allard, to request him to be the channel of it; and immediately I wrote to this kind friend, relating my adventure, and regretting that I could not acquaint him with its termination. This letter was received with every demonstration of respect. Politeness is always something in a robber. The idea of keeping me prisoner had been gradually abandoned, although I firmly repeated that I had not a thousand rupees. I collected information concerning the roads, distances, that of the next village (where I am now), the resources it offered my hungry caravan. I succeeded in getting my tents and my pantry sent forward to it. I manœuvred so as to save even the five hundred rupees which I had first offered, while the knife was at my throat; but I saw the unpopularity of the chief increase so much, that to prevent the explosion of it, which would have been the general pillage of my baggage, and perhaps a good many shots, I anticipated the

tempest, and, with the greatest air, told my treasurer to count out five hundred rupees to Neal Sing.

The rest of my adventure is simply comic. The robber in chief assured me that he would not take this money, and that he would not even receive it, unless I declared it was my good pleasure to give it him. He almost made me laugh at the humility of his protestations. "He would henceforth be my servant, because *he would have tasted of my salt* (a popular figure in all the Indian languages); were it not for his excessive misery, he would have made me a very different *nuzzer* (offering) from a kid; but I well knew, by that, his submission to all my desires, and how poor he was, I who treated him so generously." My servant only had to take a few rupees from a bag, and put them into a larger one, in order to make up five hundred rupees. He gave this bag to Neal Sing, who, with an humble and suppliant air, begged me to condescend to touch the money and his hand when he received it, in order to prove to him that this present was the pure effect of my kindness, and my satisfaction for his services. I consented, but with my left hand; and when my robber felt the finger with which I had touched the bag that was given him, pressed lightly on his hand, he prostrated himself, and said that he was the most faithful, the most grateful, and the most devoted of my followers, and, if I permitted him to take that name, the most attached of his friends. He then said a few words

to Mirza, to extract a few rupees from him; and my poor devil of a lieutenant, with his hands joined, and a very piteous look, excused himself on the score of his poverty; when I restored his confidence, by telling the robber imperiously that he had eaten my salt, and that Mirza had also eaten my salt. I made them shake hands to cement this theatrical friendship, and then commanded my caravan to resume their march to Berali! Neal Sing offered me fifty of his bandits, which I prudently refused; I asked only for five, and ordered him (for in words I was the master, and had scarcely ever ceased being so) to make all the rest go back into the fortress. In taking leave of me, which may be translated restoring me my liberty, he asked me, in a low voice, for a bottle of wine, which I had the good faith to send him, after promising it. I thought, however, that it would be too ridiculous to have a bottle of my old port emptied to my health by such a scoundrel. I sent him one of Delhi arrack, which serves me instead of spirits of wine.

The five bandits he had given me appeared very uneasy at finding themselves in the minority. They escaped at the turning of a mountain, and, joining some others who had secretly left the fort, stole the lean kid which one of my attendants was driving before him, and which would most assuredly have been the dearest meat I ever tasted.

This village is exposed to Neal Sing's attacks, when famine drives him from his forest fastnesses; and it

might be possible that the scent of my rupees, though they know that I have not three hundred left, attracted some of his band to-night. But my men are on their guard, and capable of giving a repulse, if they have courage enough, which I doubt, to any attack not made by Neal Sing's whole troop. I am writing to you with my pistols on the table, and others under my bolster, and my gun leaning against my bed. I have no doubt that bringing down two men at the first shot would make an impression on the minds of the rest, unless they form, as they did this morning, an overwhelming majority.

To-morrow I shall encamp near a small town; my safety will then be complete till I reach Cashmere. My caravan will be re-victualled there, and I shall despatch carriers by another road to inform the king of my adventure, and demand reparation; likewise to acquaint Mr. Allard with its amicable issue. Woe to the most devoted of my servants, the most attached of my friends, if Runjeet Sing commissions Mr. Allard to chastise his insolence! He has a good chance of being hanged on the sacred fig-tree, which witnessed his treason, and it would be the greatest service Mr. Allard could do him; for if he delivers him up to the king, Runjeet will only preserve his life, if it resists horrible mutilations; and I trust Mr. Allard will do Neal this kindness. It is true I solemnly declared that I was charmed at giving him five hundred rupees, and it is true that I was charmed at getting off for that. My satisfaction, you will easily imagine, is only relative.

I suppose this evening (ten o'clock) that Bodder Bochs, having got wind of my adventure, will not thrust himself into the wasp's nest. But there is no other road forward, and the want of provisions will make it impossible for him to return to Mirpore. Neal Sing will make him pay dearly for his welcome, if he catches him, for Bodder is the confidant of Thean Sing, the author of Neal's misfortunes. He appears, besides, a very bad character, and not worth regretting as a mehmandar.

I hope, my dear father, that I shall not have to increase this letter, already long enough, by other stories of the same kind; however, if you are henceforth obliged to acknowledge that there are really adventures, you will see to how little, after all, things can be reduced. This has cost me fifty louis, but the rajah has given me five hundred. I therefore play upon velvet.

I have nothing to find fault with myself in this matter: no human prudence could have avoided it. Violence would have cost the lives of some of the brigands, without giving one of my people the least chance of escaping massacre. I could only play the diplomatist, and I esteem myself very fortunate in getting out of it, saving, at the same time, a bill at sight on Cashmere for two hundred louis and the king's khelat,—and observing forms so completely, that I believe that the Marquis de ——, the Duke of ——, the Prince ——, my old school-fellows, but now very clever, high and mighty lords, and of the stuff they make ambassadors of, (which

appears comical enough,) could not have done better. But some day, when I am near you, and have returned to the monotonous circle of sedentary European life, I shall have more pleasure in recalling these diplomatic recollections of my youth, than their aforesaid lordships in recalling their embassies. I envy them nothing. The strolling life, whose vicissitudes I have had to relate to you to-day, has also, and in the present instance, its pleasures, which are unknown in Paris. I let my imagination give way to the charm, whilst my mind is continually employed with real objects of study. Add to this, some philosophy for which I do not think myself much obliged to our friend Seneca, good health, and a pair of excellent legs;—and believe me that I am in a more enviable condition than they. Adieu!

April 23rd. Camp at Koteli.

Well, I am rid of Neal Sing, and have nothing more to fear from his nocturnal attacks! Why was it not written above that I should arrive a day later on his territory? He would have robbed me this morning; but now I should have made him refund, and have given him a hundred lashes, as a token of my gratitude for his good and loyal services. This morning, at a short distance from Berali, I met on the road the army on its return from Cashmere, and as it was impossible for two horses, and often even for two men on foot, to go abreast on these paths, along precipices, I sat myself down in the shade by the side of the road,

and reviewed two or three thousand men, who defiled before me. Their commander, Sheik Nur-Mohammed, alighted from his horse, and advanced respectfully towards me, offering me some rupees as a nuzzer. I made him sit down by my side on the grass, without ceremony, and remained more than an hour in conversation with him. I related to him my discomfiture of yesterday; and before I got up, I wrote all the essential particulars to M. Allard, in order that he might as soon as possible lay them before the king. Sheik Nur-Mohammed promised to deliver this letter himself to M. Allard, whose camp he will reach in six days. On his march he will ascertain whether Neal Sing has laid hands on my mehmandar, in which case he will besiege him in his fortress. He offered me at all events to do so, to punish the bandit as quickly as possible; but I dissuaded him from it, because I wish the king to have the precedence in the satisfaction I expect. In order to have the pleasure of sharing in it, I should no doubt have accepted Nur-Mohammed's polite offer, had I met his army yesterday.

This army is returning to Lahore very discontented. The last Soubah of Cashmere, who had raised it, treated it generously, and the troops know that they shall be badly paid by the king. They are, moreover, irritated against him on account of the revolting injustice which he committed against their former chief. Were it not for a few companies formerly disciplined, who marched along intermingled with the irregular Seikhs, my baggage

would probably have been plundered; but no sooner had I met the Sheik than this terrible rabble was silent, and presented arms as they passed me.

On the road side, I saw the body of a man hanging to a tree, apparently executed that morning. I asked who he was, and why he had been hanged, but all the passengers seemed so indifferent to the spectacle that no one knew more about it than myself. A poor man's life is considered of but trifling importance in the East!

One must have travelled in the Punjab to know what an immense benefit to humanity the English dominion in India is, and what miseries it spares eighty millions of souls! In the Punjab there is an enormous portion of the population who subsist only by their guns. It is perhaps the most wretched of all; however, in all justice, they would only have a right to be hanged. I cannot witness the frightful evils of such a system without ardently desiring to see the English extend their frontiers from the Sutledge to the Indus, and the Russians occupy the other bank of the river. It is generally believed that it would be the period of a dreadful shock between those two great powers, which would decide the fate of Asia to the west of the Irady; but I think, on the contrary, that then alone would peace reign throughout those vast regions. European civilisation *deserves* to invade the universe. For want of the civilisation of the west, its dominion alone is still an immense benefit for the people of the other parts of the

globe, and it is probably the only one which the religious institutions of Asia will permit us to confer on the East.

May 1st. Camp at Kohoutah, valley of the Betar.

I have made but little way for the last week; but man and beast had great need of rest at Koteli, where there was nothing that would have refreshed them readily. On the 27th, I arrived at Prounch, in a pitiable state, spitting blood. I cut the disorder short by a bold manœuvre. I made some of my men catch leeches in the neighbouring rivers, and applied sixty-five to my chest and epigastrium; and to repair this great loss of blood, I had two sheep a day killed, of which I ate as much as I could; and now I am perfectly recovered. It was no doubt a cold, in consequence of my forced march, which had struck on my chest. There is no helping it: there are marches in which one has to cross four torrents of icy water, higher than the girdle, and you may think yourself lucky if you escape drowuing.

The threatening horizon with which I was surrounded on all sides at Koteli, has very much cleared up. The day after to-morrow I shall cross the chain which separates the basin of Cashmere from this sea of mountains!

There is indeed, at a short distance, a fortress belonging to the king, at Oeiri; but it is too near the great centre of authority, Cashmere, for the killadar (governor) to allow himself the liberties which Neal Sing took with me. Besides, I am pennyless.

I wrote to the king from Koteli, relating my adventure, and demanding satisfaction. In a fortnight I shall have his answer.

I also wrote to Wade, whom Lord William Bentinck is sending on a mission to Lahore, to return the rajah the compliments of which he had sent him a whole cargo to Leula. It is important to my safety in my future excursions that the brigand should receive an exemplary chastisement.

Cashmere, May 13th, 1831.

Here I am at last, and have been several days. The pass of Prounch, though still encumbered with snow, was but play to me. Last year, in Tibet, I several times ascended to nearly double the height.

I found, to be sure, people on the road who cared very little for the king's orders; but their insubordination caused no considerable obstacle. I arrived here on the 8th. The governor, being informed of my approach, sent his boat and officers to receive me, two leagues from the city, and conduct me to the garden prepared for my residence. It is planted with lilacs and rose-trees, not yet in flower, and immense planes. On one of the angles stands a little pavilion, looking over the lake: I am settled in it. My attendants are at hand, in my tents, pitched under the large trees. They are building barracks in haste for my cavalry and horses.

If the governor of Cashmere had been a great lord, I should not have hesitated to pay him the first visit.

But he is a man of low extraction, who only holds the office temporarily; and I refused to pay him this deference. For a *parvenu* he was very tractable. It was agreed, at once, that our interview should take place the next day, at Shalibag, the Trianon of the ancient Mogul emperors. It is a little palace, now abandoned, but still charming by its situation and magnificent groves. It is two leagues from my house, on the other side of the lake. The governor sent his barge, with a numerous guard, which made quite a flotilla, and I went to Shalibag on board my flag ship. The governor had ordered a fête to receive me. The fountains were playing in the gardens, which were crowded; the Seikh troops, in their magnificent and picturesque costume, occupied every avenue. Dancing and music only waited for my presence to commence. The governor rubbed his long beard on my left shoulder, whilst I rubbed mine on his right. We sat close to each other on chairs; the vice-regal court sat round us, on the carpet; and, after exchanging the common-place compliments, the fête commenced.

This insipid interlude of songs and dancing, which the Orientals can witness with pleasure from morning till night, is called *nautch*. It is graceful nowhere but at Delhi. The Cashmerian beauties had nothing in their eyes to compensate for the monotony of their dancing and singing. They were browner, that is to say blacker, than the chorusses and corps de ballet of Lahore, Umbritsir, Loodheeana, and Delhi. I remained

as long as I was pleased with looking at the fantastic architecture of the palace, the variety and splendour of the groups of warlike figures crowding around, the colossal size of the trees, the greensward, the waterfalls, and in the distance the bluish mountains, and their white summits. After half an hour's stay, I took leave of the viceroy, and returned home in the same order in which I had set out.

My pavilion has but very flimsy walls: it was closed only by Venetian blinds, elegantly carved, with infinite art. It was open to every wind, and to the inquiring looks of the Cashmerian idlers, who came by thousands, in their little boats, to look at me, as they would at a wild beast through the bars of his cage. I have had it hung inside with curtains, which shelter me tolerably from the wind, and completely inclose me from public curiosity. The governor has sent me a numerous guard of a half regular corps, under his more especial command. There are sentinels all round the garden, and the indiscreet persons who approach it come in for their share of blows. I was obliged to give orders to this effect: I should not be respected without it. This pretty spot will serve as my residence, or rather head-quarters, for the next five months to come. Its situation is very central, in the middle of this country. I shall leave the heaviest part of my baggage there, and make a series of excursions round it, by boat, on horseback, or on foot, according to the nature of the places I have to visit. The king's munificence allows me to go into

the expenses necessary for forming large zoological collections. I think in five months I shall double the baggage I have already.

I was not without some fears, on coming here. For several years past, an Afghan fanatic, Sayed Ahmed, has been threatening Cashmere ; but the day before yesterday the fort fired a royal salute, and the governor sent me word that Sheer Sing, one of the king's sons, had just given him battle, near Mozufferabad, in which he and his whole army had perished. Public report adds that Sheer Sing is coming here as viceroy. Although I have good reason to boast of the attentions of the present governor, I wish for the prince's arrival: he is a great friend of Mr. Allard's, and cannot fail to treat me well. His authority will be much more powerful in this country than that of the present chief, and will protect me much more effectually in my excursions. However, every one knows at present that I will not be trifled with. A royal firman arrived the day before yesterday, announcing that, the king being informed of my adventure, Toloochee has driven Neal Sing away, ruined him, and ordered his nose and ears to be cut off if he shows himself at Lahore. The same firman enjoins the governor immediately to send me five hundred rupees, which is evidently intended on the king's part as a restitution of the sum which Neal Sing extorted from me. The manner in which the king speaks of me in this firman expresses great esteem and real kindness, and has

produced a wonderful effect here. In a few days I shall write to Runjeet to thank him.

As I dreaded the cruelty with which Neal Sing is threatened by the king's vengeance, I took the liberty, in the letter in which I informed him of my adventure, to point out the punishment which I desired to be inflicted on the culprit. I related to the king how he had mystified me so far as to oblige me to declare that it was my good pleasure to give him five hundred rupees; and I requested that he would make him disgorge them for the benefit of the poor; and that he should have, moreover, five hundred lashes; obliging him, moreover, to declare that it was his good pleasure to be flogged. If Runjeet was in good humour the day he received my letter, he no doubt laughed at the pleasantry; and Neal Sing will receive the punishment in question, of his own free will, and for his own pleasure.

I mentioned to you a man hanged at Koteli. There were a dozen suspended on trees near my camp, on the banks of the river. When the governor visited me, he told me, with a very careless air, that in the first year of his government he had hanged two hundred, but that now, one here and there was sufficient to keep the country in order. Now mark that *the country* is a miserable and almost desert province. For my part, if I had to govern it, I should begin by putting in irons the governor and his three hundred soldiers, who are robbers *par excellence*, and I would make them work in the formation of a good road. They now live lazily

on the labour of the poor peasants: they would continue to subsist on the same rice, but then they would earn it.

The cleverness and roguery of the Cashmerians are proverbial in the East. Crowds of pretended people of quality come and offer their services as *ciceroni;* they know every thing, they have been everywhere; and when I question them closely, I discover that their knowledge is only a witty imposture. Some, however, have been recommended by Mr. Allard, and I frequently receive them. I have an hour's lesson in Persian every morning from one who is of Mogul extraction. As for the pundits, who are all of the Brahmin caste, their ignorance is extreme; there is not one of my Hindoo servants who does not think himself of a superior caste to them. They eat every thing but beef, and drink arrack. In India, none but the most infamous castes do so.

It is not possible for me to return by Ladak, as was my intention; that journey would be too dangerous. My scientific baggage will, on my leaving Cashmere, be too precious for me to risk it in the desert. From Prounch to this place I have had an escort of fifty men; but this is not enough; in case of an untoward encounter, I should require five hundred—an army. I shall no doubt return to Semla, by way of Kishtewar, Chumba, and the Koolloo country, or else by Rajoor, Jummoo, and Belaspore. I shall manage so that every petty prince through whose territory I may have to pass

shall receive a firman from Runjeet Sing, to inform him beforehand of my arrival. But half of this road traverses the states of the Rajah Gulab Sing, whose regal residence is Jummoo; and there I shall have nothing to fear. Nevertheless, whatever weather it may be, it will be a fine day when I recross the Sutledge.

My health is now perfectly good; it cannot be otherwise in so salubrious a climate. In a month, I shall eat cherries out of my own garden, then apricots, peaches, and almonds, then apples, pears, and lastly, grapes. I walk every evening under a superb vine arbour, the vines of which, though still young, are two feet in circumference: I never saw any thing like it. I am also promised delicious melons, and even water-melons. This latter promise is the threat of a very warm summer; but it resembles ours in the south of France. The productions are the same. We have now the same weather as at Paris, but finer, and less inconstant.

I saw at Sharunpore a hundred Cashmerian plants, brought into India by native merchants. Half of them grow in the Himalaya, also to the east of the Sutledge; and, having determined the mean altitude at which each grows, I made a conjecture, of remarkable accuracy, on the absolute elevation of Cashmere. I supposed it to be five or six thousand English feet. Now, some barometrical observations, made since my arrival, which I have yet been able to calculate only approximately, by the comparison of the meridian means for the month

of May, at Calcutta, Bombay, and Sharunpore, give me an elevation of five thousand three hundred and fifty feet.

I have discovered that my cook had been a long time in the service of an English physician, a great epicure, and I have given him *carte-blanche* for the exercise of his talents. As the raw material is not scarce here, I almost feast since this discovery. These good dinners that I boast of are, however, without bread or wine. The aqueous regimen, to which necessity dooms me, often makes me long, like a pregnant woman, for a bottle of light wine. I have much better servants than I had last year; particularly the head one, who acts as my treasurer. I could not touch a piece of money in this country without forfeiting all respect; and it was very fortunate for me to find among my attendants a trustworthy servant, to keep, open, and shut my purse, keeping an account of every thing received and disbursed. I have also a greater number than during my first campaign in the Himalaya—double—it is a heavy expense; but it is unavoidable. After all, the number does not exceed fourteen; and Mr. Allard has a hundred and fifty,—and they are not enough for him.

I yesterday heard from Mr. Allard, who sent me letters from India, Loodheeana, and Delhi, all of very ancient dates, his courier having been lost a week in the snow. They inform me from Delhi of the fall of the Wellington cabinet; and they have sent me a Bombay Gazette, from which I learn the insurrection of

Warsaw. But not a word about the affairs of France: In my ignorance of the way in which they are going on, I rejoice at the elevation of Mr. Brougham and Earl Grey to the ministry. It seems to me a pledge of friendship between France and England, whose good understanding appears the necessary condition of the peace of Europe. It remains to be seen whether the Duke of Wellington will not be able to secure a majority in the House of Lords against the Whig ministry, which may oblige it to quit the field, or at least to contend for liberty without effect or advantage.

I shall write to the *Jardin* shortly, and a letter which will be agreeable to M. Cuvier, for it will promise him all the fishes of the waters of Cashmere. This will make a hundred jumps ere it reaches you; I know not whether it will still find M. Cordier's kindness at Chandernagore to forward it. For these three months I have known nothing of what is going on in *French India*, as we have the comical impertinence to call it. I cannot conclude without adding a melancholy reflection—it is, that your last letters were dated the 22nd July, 1830:—ten months without news! It is a very long time! Adieu! my dear father, adieu! I would place the same confidence in you that you justly do in me:—but I am thirty; and you—are more than double. Is it not thirteen days since Porphyre has reached forty?—And Frederic speaks of his grey hairs! Well, be it so! Let us all grow old together, and try who can do it the fastest.

I have not the *maladie du pays*:—No: but when my thoughts turn towards it and you, it is not without strong emotion. The solitude of my situation would be nothing but common-place to a man made like the multitude, who love without passion. But you, my dear father, and those who know me as you do, can alone imagine all the sadness in my soul sometimes, when it is uneasy about the objects of its affection.

I shall not write to Porphyre to-day: this letter is for him, as well as for you; but I find in my portfolio a few pages addressed to Frederic, from I do not know where. Send them to him. Adieu once more.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Cashmere, May 14th, 1831.

If I did not think, my dear Porphyre, that a despatch weighing a kilogramme* would be heavy enough for the Honourable Company, I would have added a few sheets to the monstrous packet of manuscript which I despatched yesterday, under cover to Sir Edward Ryan, at Calcutta, to be forwarded to Chandernagore, and thence to our father; but the post-office people would have cried out about the abuse of the privilege. I therefore divide my works into two

* About two pounds and a quarter English.—Tr.

volumes; this one for you will, I hope, join the other one at Chandernagore, and proceed with it. I have detailed at great length to our father all the accidents of my perambulations. After all, there is no danger: quite the reverse. This country is a land of beggars, scoundrels, and bandits; but I am prudent. Nothing is so common as for them to kill a man in order to rob him of an old pair of breeches, worth twenty or four-and-twenty sous, half a rupee. The whole population are armed with swords, in the use of which they are said to be very dexterous; and the figures met on the roads, all carry a long matchlock on their shoulder—not very formidable, in my opinion.

It is possible I may see Mr. Allard again in the mountains. The mother of a brood of little mountain rajahs has just died, leaving nine lacs of rupees (two million two hundred and fifty thousand francs). Her children are fighting about the inheritance; and Runjeet has just sent Mr. Allard to the spot to remove all cause of quarrel—that is, the nine lacs.

The day I arrived here, the 8th, the governor sent me as a nuzzer, ten sheep, forty fowls, two hundred eggs, several sacks of barley, rice, flour, sugar, some native brandy distilled from the wine which they make, and which resembles a mixture of bad *anisette* and bad *kirschen-wasser*, &c. All this I distributed to my suite; but the king has just sent a new order, that my table is to be constantly provided at his expense, a favour which I only act upon for form's

sake, but which is essential for form's sake. I should almost fare well had I but bread and wine; but my old Semla port, so much admired by the English, is stronger than brandy, and I keep it for cold and rainy days, in the mountains. I am very well; the colour of my hands disagrees with that of my arms, but I look well. At Delhi, I allowed myself the luxury of a looking-glass, and I look at myself every month. Nevertheless I am frightfully thin.

Know that I have never seen any where such hideous witches as in Cashmere. The female race is remarkably ugly. I speak of women of the common ranks,—those one sees in the streets and fields,—since those of a more elevated station pass all their lives shut up, and are never seen. It is true that all little girls who promise to turn out pretty, are sold at eight years of age, and carried off into the Punjab and India. Their parents sell them at from twenty to three hundred francs—most commonly fifty or sixty. All female servants in the Punjab are slaves; and, in spite of the exertions of the English to abolish the custom, it nevertheless prevails also in the north of India. They are treated tolerably well, and their condition is hardly worse than that of their mistresses in the harem. The wives of the old king of Cabul, whom I saw at Loodheana, Shah Shoudjah el Molauk, are driven with great kicks by their guardian eunuchs: their servants are certainly less ill-used.

Every day, innumerable bands of girls present them-

selves at my garden gate. An Asiatic nobleman in my place would always have forty of them singing and dancing around him; but I preserve my European character entire in my manners as in my costume: it inspires respect.

The Cashmerian politicians whisper that I am come here to reconnoitre the state of the country, and its resources,—and to treat with Runjeet Sing concerning its cession to the English government. Others assert that I am come with the design of farming it from Runjeet, as viceroy, for so much a year which I shall engage to give the Maharajah. You may guess that I weigh all my words in order to furnish no cause for all these silly reports: I stick to my *ilom*—my science. With the Mussulmauns, who visit me, I talk about the Koran, which I call the holy Koran, and about Mohammed (his name be praised!) and their religious matters; with the soi-disant Pundits, or Hindoo doctors, who at first came by hundreds, I made them ashamed of their ignorance of the *shastras*, and their relaxed discipline. Here, every man who is a little less ignorant, and openly less of a rogue than the rest, is looked upon as a saint, and the respectable public of Cashmere take me for a very saintly Christian. When I am reading, it is always a prayer-book; this is good policy.

The season for the arrival of the Bordeaux ships at Calcutta is approaching. If they bring me any letters, I can receive them here in a month. I shall work with

new ardour when I have received them. It is also very long since I have seen an English newspaper: it makes me feel the more keenly the privation of a comparatively sedentary situation. Adieu, for to-day.

Cashmere, May 20th.

ONLY a few words, to tell you that Runjeet Sing is an admirable man—which I hope you think already, and have long thought. An officer of his household has just arrived this morning, in a fortnight, from Umbritsir, where the king is at present encamped. He brings me a very gracious royal firman. Runjeet writes to me that he has received my letter from Koteli—that is to say, my complaint against Neal Sing—and that the Rajah Gulab Sing, who had been much earlier informed of the affair, had not hesitated to have that chief arrested;—that having him thus at his disposal, on the day my complaint arrived, he immediately pronounced judgment (and in a manner to prove his tact): he ordered none of the cruelties or barbarous mutilations which are customary, but had the culprit put in chains and imprisoned in a fortress, where he will remain until I solicit his pardon. This, my friend, is what none but Runjeet would have done. He knows that his penal code is repugnant to us, and he punishes this man as he would have been punished in a European country. The five hundred rupees which were sent to me by the governor, on the day of my arrival here, without prejudice to the two thousand

which Runjeet had long ago decreed me, were an additional act of kindness of the rajah; and not, as I thought, the restitution of the money of which I had been plundered by Neal Sing. Runjeet, in his letter of to-day, informs me that he has ordered his vizier to make that restitution in his name. Every thing, therefore, is for the best, in the best of all possible worlds. The king, besides, enjoins me to make myself at home in Cashmere. "That country is yours," he writes: "establish yourself in whichever of my gardens pleases you best; order, and you shall be obeyed." I leave you, in order to take a boating excursion on the lake and the river. I have the state boat of the late magnificent governor, and thirty rowers, in my monthly pay. Guess the monthly pay of a rower—two francs forty-six centimes; so I shall have to give thirty rupees a month to these thirty men; but as my situation compels me to be grand, I give them forty, and presents likewise whenever I get out of the boat. What charms me is, that I am drilling two men who promise a good deal for my zoological preparations: the one is a hunter by profession, the other is an embroiderer, with slim fingers. I will make them a bridge of gold, to decide them to follow me into India, where I have yet found no one, even of the lowest class, who would do this business, even for gold. Good-by, my friend: I regret much that you cannot be of the party; but gun, nets, and books of plants will; nor shall I return empty-handed. The worst is, that I must show a little state and pomp.

My little court follows me in these excursions, seated in two rows, like onions, on each side of my arm-chair. At first they started when I fired over their heads. Now they can stand fire; but they continue to be astonished when I pull off my coat, and turn up my shirt sleeves to my shoulders, to lay hold of the plants floating in the water. Adieu!

Cashmere, May 29th.

At last, this will go this evening, with several others, one of which is for the *Jardin des Plantes.* I have received courier after courier from M. Allard, which is very friendly on his part, considering the great distance which separates us,—about a hundred and fifty leagues. They only brought me Indian letters, and ditto newspapers. M. Cordier writes to me that he is expecting a vessel from France immediately. May it bring me letters from Paris. Adieu, my dear friend: I embrace you with all my heart.

TO MLLE. ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

Cashmere, May 16th, 1831.

My dear Zoé,—Living, as I have done for the last three months, among Orientals, who, each after their own fashion, treat me with some horrible jargon or other, it seems as if I had lost some part of the treasure of my English eloquence; and that is the reason why I

write to you to-day in French. I dread the severity of your criticism; but I do not well know what I should gain from it by writing to you in our own language; for I seem also, from want of practice, to have grown awkward in its use.

A few days ago, I sent my father a sort of volume, journal, or bulletin (call it what you like), which he will forward to you; in which case, you will know, before you receive this note, a small part of the vexations against which I have had to struggle, with prudence if not courage, since my entrance into the mountains dividing Cashmere from the Punjab. I was purified from all my past sins, for three weeks in that purgatory, before I was admitted into the terrestrial paradise. But God and his prophet Mohammed be praised! (as I often have the politeness to say to the Mussulmauns who surround me) the days of trial are past. I now enjoy the fruits of my perseverance, a virtue which carries one a great way; since, in spite of the repugnance of the English Government to favour this pretty episode of my journey, and the originally still greater repugnance of Runjeet Sing to allow it—in spite of the more or less decided rebellion of the mountain chiefs against the Rajah's commands respecting me, here have I been, for the last week, settled in a handsome bungalow, on the banks of this agreeable lake (which Moore, however, has by far too much embellished, according to the lying custom of the gentlemen of Parnassus), in the midst of a garden planted with

trees of our own country, where I gather roses in my morning's walk. At the gates of a very large city, I seem to be encamped in a solitary plain; and it is not the only advantage of the situation of my garden that it is raised ten feet above the surrounding plain, a circumstance of importance in the terrestrial paradise, where robbers are not wanting. Besides, a strict guard is kept up around me. The governor sent me, on the day of my arrival, a company of Seikh infantry, which is on duty near my excellency. Two of the horsemen of my escort superintend all the details; and a gentleman of my chamber, at six rupees a month, stands all day at my door, and shows six rupees' worth of discernment in his selection of the applicants of all kinds whom he admits. The rogue has been strutting about, since yesterday, in a dress which is worth more than all the money he has legitimately received (I say legitimately, in the supposition that the French Academy, always animated with an inviolable devotion to his Majesty's person, has not yet erased the word from their dictionary) since he has been in my service. It is the custom in the East, that no one can approach a man of higher rank than himself, without paying both master and men. The English in India discourage this practice as much as possible; but in Cashmere, where the European conventions which we term honour and probity, have not yet penetrated, if I were to punish my chamberlain for receiving a revenue from his key (this is figurative, for I have not so much as a door to my house), Cashmerian public

opinion would stigmatise me as an unjust and capricious lord. The rogue will thus keep his fine dress and silk turban, but with a strict injunction to stop there, on pain of punishment, as his worship the mayor would say.

Extraordinary culinary talents have suddenly manifested themselves in my *maitre-d'hotel;* but unless I have been fifteen or twenty leagues on foot or on horseback, I have no appetite in the evening for a good dinner, if I have not Locke, or Sterne, or some other illustrious dead, to bear me company at table.

Lalla Rookh, whose Persian name you will never be able to pronounce unless you choke yourself on purpose with a fish-bone, in order to utter the Persian *kh* properly, forms a part of my library; but I am tired of it. A page of this style would perhaps please; but thirty (and all his tales are longer) make one sick. So the finest music pleases for two hours and a half, but fatigues and annoys, if prolonged beyond; so one of Lamartine's harmonious reveries may charm in an hour of idleness, but it is impossible to read in succession ten or twelve of his best poems; and so Chateaubriand amuses by his picturesque style, as far as the second column of a newspaper: but he is tiresome even in a pamphlet, and intolerable in a romance. However, without knowing much of the matter, you intended, when you learnt English, to read Lalla Rookh. Know, then, that it was in the very gardens and palace in which she was received by the king of Bucharia, that my first inter-

view with the governor of Cashmere took place, who after this first meeting on neutral ground, came yesterday to pay me a visit at my own house. He has all the look of a fool; but he possesses the very rare virtue in this country, of obedience to his sovereign, and executes punctually all the kind orders of the king in my favour. I have every reason to be satisfied with him.

It was very lucky for me that I met a scoundrel bold enough to stop me and extort money from me. The prompt example which Runjeet has made of this bandit, who was no less than governor of a royal fortress, has produced the most useful moral effect for my safety in this country. Every one now perceives the danger of an unbridled passion for my rupees. There were three hundred in my box when I left Loodheeana; and now I have five thousand. I boast of this as I should of playing a game at chess well and winning it, on account of the difficulty overcome. There was a great, an immense one, I assure you, in my not being nailed, as it were, to the shores of India, where the vessel in which I came landed me. I sometimes reflect with real pleasure, on the wisdom and prudence of my commencement. I began modestly with having only one servant; then two; then a palanquin; then six other valets, and a horse. I set out from Calcutta with a single bad tent; no chair nor table;—and by degrees I have increased my household up to forty servants, (without mentioning my thirty rowers,) three tents, two horses, and all the

rest in proportion. And yet there is as much prudence in my actual establishment, and the same proportion between what I have and what I ought to have, as there was in my wretched outfit between Calcutta and Benares. When I return to India, whether I enter it by Loodheeana or descend the mountains from Semla, what a difference between the reception which awaits me there and the profound solitude of my situation at the commencement of my journey! There is now on the other side of the Sutledge an enormous mass of kindness, which even in my absence exhibits itself in a thousand ingenious ways. This flatters me much, I will confess; for, being neither a duke nor a *millionnaire*, and falling as it were from the clouds among the people who at present show this extreme consideration and truly friendly kindness towards me, I owe it all to myself—I am the real architect of my fortunes; I do not allude to the five thousand rupees in my strong box, but to the honourable reputation I enjoy with every one.

But, you will say, where is the local character in all this?—and is there none in Cashmere? To which I reply, that the shades are little varied in the East. I know no country on earth where so many witches could be enlisted for Macbeth, if, instead of three, Shakspeare had collected a hundred thousand, on the heath of—I know not the name. However, the men are a remarkably handsome race, and the ugliness of the women is explained by continual exportation of every pretty Cashmerian face to the Punjab and India,

to stock the harems of the Mussulmauns, Seikhs, and Hindoos. The king of the Sanscritists, Mr. Wilson of Calcutta, has been at the trouble of translating some old chronicles of the Cashmerian monarchy, before the invasion of the Moguls, in the reign of Akbar. They reckon seven or eight hundred kings, which is little for the country, where, in every thing relating to times past, ciphers cost the liberal humour of their historians nothing. Whatever these old histories may say, there can be no doubt that the population of Cashmere, originally Buddhist, like that of the Punjab, and afterwards Brahmin, like it,—that is to say Hindoo,—have had, for a long period, chiefs of their own religious faith, and under their sway enjoyed absolute political independence—the defence of which nature had rendered very easy, by means of the enormous mountains with which she has on every side surrounded the country. Of this long period, only some vague recollections survive among those who are now called the literati, and here and there a few ruins. In their massive structure, and the style of their ornaments, they possess a Hindoo character. There are still some traces of ancient works of public utility, which date from the same epoch. Mohammedanism has done nothing but destroy. The emperors of Delhi have built nothing but kiosks and cascades. The Mogul government was the masterpiece of absolute monarchy: all the revenues of the state went to the civil list, which never either erected bridges or dug canals, but raised palaces, tombs, and

mosques for itself. The Afghans, last century, having deprived the Moguls of that conquest, and the Seikhs having driven the Afghans from it, a general plunder followed each new conquest; and the intervals of peace, anarchy, and oppression, doing their best against labour and industry, the country is now so completely ruined that the poor Cashmerians seem to be in despair, and are become the most indolent of men. If one must starve, it is better to do it at one's ease, than bent under the weight of labour. In Cashmere, there is scarcely more chance of getting a supper for him who tills, spins, or rows all day, than for him who, being rendered desperate, sleeps all day under the shade of a plane-tree. A few thousand stupid and brutal Seikhs, with swords at their sides, or pistols in their belts, drive this ingenious and numerous, but timid people, like a flock of sheep.

The southern slope of the Himalaya always preserves something of an Indian character at every altitude. The section of the seasons, to the limit of perpetual snow, is the same as in the plains of India; the summer solstice brings rain every year, which falls uninterruptedly till the autumnal equinox. Hence there is a peculiar character in the vegetation, which is different from that of the Alps and Pyrenees, not being exposed to the same influence. But Cashmere being on the northern side of a lofty snowy chain, is separated by this high barrier from the climate of India, and has one of its own, very similar to that of Lombardy. The wild and cultivated vegetable productions, taking

into account the law according to which the temperature decreases from the equator to the pole, speak so precise a language to one who can interpret it, concerning the height of places, that, in the complete ignorance which existed before my journey of the level of this celebrated valley, I had fixed it at between five and six thousand English feet, from a small number of plants which I had seen brought by merchants. Now, my own observations make it about five thousand one hundred and fifty feet. It was with the most lively satisfaction, that I saw the final logarithm of my calculation transform itself into this number. The Italian poplar, and the plane-tree, are predominant in the cultivated tracts. The plane-tree is colossal, the vine in the gardens gigantic; the forests are composed of cedars, and different varieties of firs and pines, absolutely similar, in general, to those of Europe, and, in a more elevated zone, of birches, which seem to me not different from ours. The lotus appears on the surface of still water; the flowering rush and water trefoil, with which you are no doubt acquainted, and the elegance of which you must have admired in the humble ditches of Arras and the environs, rise above it, associated with the same kind of rushes and osiers. All this is strangely European; but if I took it into my head to write an epistle to Liberty, I should not begin like Voltaire:—

"Mon lac est le premier," &c.

Voltaire had no taste for objects of nature or the fine

arts. For any one who has a grain of it, his Lake Leman was one of the last to cite in *The Alps*. That of Cashmere would make but a poor figure by the side of the Lago Maggiore in Lombardy, or those of Thun and Brientz in Bernese Oberland. There is one in the north of the United States, which, without the sublimity of the latter, possesses all their grace, and quite a peculiar character of loveliness,—I mean Lake George, on which I spent a delightful day, on my return from Canada to Albany. If I could tell what I feel,—if I could copy on paper the perfect images which I see in my mind,—what charming pictures I should make of those places whither chance has by turns directed me. I have felt their charm so vividly—so profoundly! sometimes they awakened emotions of pleasure so tumultuous that I could preserve but a recollection as confused as themselves;—for instance, such as I felt when I galloped for the first time through a tropical forest in Haiti. But there is so perfect a calm in the cold landscape of North America, that the impressions it excites, when it possesses any attraction or beauty, are peaceful and serious. I regret having suffered the time to pass when I could perhaps have reproduced with fidelity the images of the different forms of happiness of which I dreamt in the valleys of New Jersey, on the banks of Lake George, and in the desert forests of Tonnawanta. I am no longer under the spell of the illusions which gave life to those day dreams; the vivid lustre of those flowers is faded, and their fragrance evaporated. After all, the

world, as it really is, is a miserable affair. There is a feeling which makes one see it other than it is, however cruel in their consequences may be the optical errors which it causes us to make: I nevertheless often doubt whether we are not always indebted to it for more pleasure than pain.

Enough, however.—You will say that Sterne's sentimental traveller does not make more turnings in his journeys than I do, and you will be right. But it is thus I love to write,—leaving to my pen the apparent free will of its turnings and windings on my paper. I shall stay several months, not *at* but *in* Cashmere, and will write to you again before I leave that country. I may even now tell you that I shall not return to India by Tibet; a part of that journey would expose me to so many dangers, that a very strong escort would not be sufficient to ensure my safety. I should require a little army. Adieu, my dear Zoé; my table is covered with minerals, which I must look over, and give an account of. I leave you, to resume a paper on geology, which is nearly completed. Adieu. Think of me, and write to me.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Cashmere, May 26th, 1831.

TO-DAY, my dear father, you will have only my smallest size. Porphyre, as a compensation, will receive some yards of bad Cashmere paper, blotted with my worst writing of a month past, together with a little addition of a more recent date. I received yesterday a courier from M. Allard, who brought me several letters from India, and one from his master. I shall not let him return without loading him well. M. Cordier writes me from Chandernagore, under date of the 22nd April, that he has just put on board the Jean-Henri, bound to Havre, all that I had addressed to him for you from Lahore, up to the 11th March, the day on which the king granted me my audience to take leave. I am happy to think that the good intelligence which I sent you on that day is perhaps by this time near the Cape of Good Hope. Kennedy writes to me from Semla that M. de Polignac and his colleagues have been condemned to imprisonment for life. Another from Kotta, in Rajpootana, of which he is *de facto* king, under the modest title of political agent, writes me in haste to announce that Lord Grey has taken the Duke of Wellington's place, as if my Delhi friends had not informed me of it a week ago. But Wade, the political agent of Loodheeana, and the principal channel of my correspondence with India and Europe, being at Semla for the purpose of intro-

ducing Runjeet Sing's embassy to the governor-general, I get no papers—that is the devil! Moreover, he is no doubt to-day at Adenanaghur, between the Ravey and the Beyah, in the Punjab, complimenting Runjeet Sing, in his turn, in the name of the governor-general; and I think he has brought me some papers from Semla, which I may receive in a fortnight, through M. Allard. At any other time I would wait very patiently; but it seems to me that in the actual circumstances of Europe, every day may bring such great events that the prolonged ignorance of them is truly painful.

Kennedy also sends me word that in the autumn, Mr. Thoby Prinsep, one of my Calcutta acquaintances, (the secretary of state,) will be sent on a political mission to Runjeet. I am puzzling my brains to no purpose in guessing the object of it, which must be very important, to be confided to the minister himself.

I am in no small degree curious to know the questions which Lord William will put to me about this country, when he sees me again at Semla. My prudence here is extreme. I measure my words; for every thing that I say or do goes to the king, and, beyond him, through his *uhkbars*, to all the political officers in India. I ought also to tell you that I have received the letter which I expected from Runjeet, touching my affair at Tolootchee: it is very gracious, and has turned my adventure into quite a piece of good luck. M. Allard, at a distance, continues to act in the most admirable manner towards me. How

friendly it was in this good man to have hunted me out and sent me his first communication on the frontiers of China, ten months ago! Nothing is so uncertain as his future prospects: perhaps he may never return to France; perhaps he may do so before me,—in which case, receive him cordially, and without ceremony; let him drink your oldest wine; and Porphyre must pilot him about! How happy I have been since my departure! What excellent people I have met at Rio Janeiro, Bourbon—and India, every where in short. A misanthrope travelling with me would be cured of his malady. I am writing to the *Jardin*, to promise M. Cuvier the fishes of the lakes of Cashmere, and a very respectable number of the animals of this country. It is to Runjeet Sing that they will be under obligation, for if I had only had their wings to enable me to fly, I should not have taken so high a flight. I have huntsmen whom I send out on all sides, and among them I have one clever enough to learn very quickly how to prepare zoological specimens. I pay this man eight times more than he earns, and I hope, by increasing his salary still farther, to prevail upon him, in the hope of making a little fortune in a year, to follow me to India. When I want fish, I shall have only to choose among my most intelligent boatmen, and being sent on extraordinary service, they will lose nothing. The governor has given up to me the boat belonging to the late viceroy. Thirty men are requisite to work it; add to this, twenty porters to

carry the most necessary part of my baggage, in my excursions on dry land, across the mountains; fifteen servants besides, amounting to not much less than eighty in all, making a heavy expense, obliged, as I am, to pay magnificently, that is to say, double or treble the value of things. I now almost fancy that British India is Europe; a man is able there, to a certain extent, to regulate his expenses by his means; but here, in this virgin Asia, you must leave the country if you cannot be magnificent when there is need. Runjeet Sing, in fact, will have paid the expenses of my campaign; but there will scarcely be any surplus, unless he exhibits some new coquetry towards me, when I am on my return.

A Seïkh lord, returning from the battle of Mozufferabad, in which the Sayed fell, has interrupted me by a visit. His animated recitals having interested me much. I kept him a long time. He was an old greybeard, reddened by the fire of many battles. "I never had so much pleasure in a battle," he told me: "the Sayed's people fought like tigers; they killed us three hundred men, and wounded four hundred; but we did not leave one of them free or alive. Such sport!"

Adieu! I have written at greater length than I at first supposed I should. I love and embrace you with all my heart.

Apropos, M. Cordier, of Chandernagore, has sent me word that he had forwarded to you a Calcutta journal in which he had found my Delhi speech. At Loodheeana

I saw in the same paper this piece of eloquence of mine; but it was so badly printed, and the punctuation so bad, that it had no common sense, nor indeed any other sense. It is true, that, being rather indisposed, I was not able to drink a bottle of Port or Madeira, in order to gain inspiration; and water, reddened with bad claret, seldom fills the sails of English eloquence, either my own or other people's; but I think, that, notwithstanding the *intensity of his feelings*, the *gentleman* was not so incoherent in his speech—since speech there was.

TO MADAME VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS *.

Cashmere, May 26th, 1831.

My dear Madam,—It is so long since I received any letters from Europe, that I begin to lose patience, and feel myself much more melancholy than I have hitherto been, on account of the frightful distance which divides us, and the profound solitude of my situation.

This dearth of news happens at the very moment when I am devoured by impatience to receive some; for up to the present time, when I have thought of my friends, I could fancy what you were doing, and where you were, according to the different seasons of the year. But this revolution, all the details and results of which I do not

* See Note, p. 79, Vol. I.

yet know, has cut the thread of my conjectures. My thoughts are lost in space while seeking you, and the recollection of you escapes me in the circle of a new political world. My wishes will perhaps hasten the arrival of those letters which I so much desire.

In order to withdraw my attention from you, I will speak about myself. I will tell you that my journey across the Punjab has been very fortunate and interesting. But when I penetrated into the passes which separate that country from the kingdom of Cashmere, I encountered a multitude of obstacles on which I had not reckoned. The state of disorder reigning in those mountains was something new to me, and procured me a sort of adventure which has proved useful to me. I have experienced the emotions of a little melo-drama, of which I was the hero; and virtue triumphed over crime, which is something moral, and does not always happen.

This valley of Cashmere, the fame of which has extended far and wide, perhaps deserves it only on account of the frequent visits paid to it by the court of the Grand Mogul, usually shut up within the burning walls of Delhi or Agra, in a most naked country, parched up by a cloudless sun. The lakes are poor things in comparison with those of the Alps; and of all the palaces built by the Mogul emperors on their banks, that of Shalimar, the most famous of all, is the only one left standing. I was received there by the governor, who did his best to welcome

and dazzle me. The place pleased me much, on account of its limpid water and magnificent groves. But how many towns on the banks of Lago Maggiore surpass Shalimar in beauty! The appearance of these mountains is rather grand than beautiful,—like that of the Himalaya: magnificent outlines, and no more. Nature has done nothing to adorn the interior—it is an immense border, inclosing nothing. There are none of those picturesque details which make the Alps so attractive, so constantly new to you.

I have pitched my tent in a royal garden, on the banks of a pellucid lake. This garden is filled with roses in bloom; but they are small, and have but little perfume. What beautiful plants I have found, and how often have I thought of your Flora of the Bourbonnais! I hope you are not relaxing in your labours, and that you really surpass those artists who make the flowers larger than nature, in order to render them more beautiful. You were right in saying that it is reflection much more than practice that ensures perfection in the arts. I think I have become a painter, since I have viewed nature so much with its effects of light and shade. Were I manager of a theatre, or of a strolling company performing Macbeth, I should have but little trouble in finding witches: for I meet plenty every day. This may assist your imagination in forming an idea of the women in this part of the world. It is true, I have no taste for brown or gloomy beauties; I do not like stormy faces, like Lord Byron; and I have

never felt any pleasure in looking at a female face, if it was not white, gentle, delicate, and noble. Yet I have met in India and the Punjab, from time to time, very handsome women in their style of beauty; but Cashmere has not yet presented me with one of these exceptions. I am sorry to find my experience so contradictory to the accounts of the small number of European travellers who have visited these regions before me. If things are not dreadfully altered since Mr. Forster was here, in disguise, fifty years ago, he must have embellished the truth furiously, which ought to be allowed to poets only. I strongly believe that every thing, then under the arbitrary government of the Afghans, was similar to what is to be seen to-day, under the despotic and capricious dominion of my friend Runjeet Sing, king of Lahore. India is no longer the poorest country in the world to me: Cashmere surpasses all imaginable poverty.

On arriving here I was not without some apprehension of being a good deal disturbed in my peaceful studies, by the not very agreeable visit of a celebrated fanatical Mussulmaun, who for these two years past has carried on a desperate and continued war against the forces of Runjeet Sing, in the neighbouring provinces, constantly threatening to invade Cashmere. But he has just been killed in battle, and is gone to continue his mode of life in Mohammed's paradise. I shall probably spend the whole summer in this country, in peaceful occupations, and making excursions in all

directions. When the periodical rains have ceased in the Himalaya I shall return to Semla, where I shall comparatively find the luxury and comforts of Europe, with the exception of Rossini's operas! I wish I could hear you sing *O patria!* I think I should find you immoveable in our opinion that Madame Pasta has carried taste and expression in singing to the highest possible perfection. Try and make your daughters fond of music—a taste for music is a happiness.

Adieu! I take leave of you with these melodious recollections; and to-morrow I shall write to your husband, in order again to turn my attention from the desire of having news of you.

TO M. DE TRACY, PEER OF FRANCE, PARIS.

Cashmere, May 28th, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—If I did not know that the greater part of my letters to my father were communicated by him to his friends, I should not have allowed more than two years to elapse without writing to you. But in the wandering and laborious life which I have led since my departure from Europe, so many material cares absorb the precious time devoted to study, and so many interesting objects every day dispute the short hours of repose which remain after a frequently very long march, that I have always deferred till the present moment telling you how delightful it is to me to think in present

solitude of the affection of which you have given me so many proofs. The recollection of the early years of my life is often retraced in my mind; and it is never without emotion that I recal the truly paternal attention which I then had the happiness of receiving from you. I shall show my gratitude all my life by feeling towards you as a son.

I am no doubt indebted, for many enjoyments, to the three years which have so soon elapsed since my departure. Study has been a constant source of serious pleasure to me. The variety of natural scenery, from the south of India to the mountains of Tibet beyond the Himalaya, could not fail to make other and more lively impressions upon me. In short, in this long journey, through such strange regions, and among such strange nations, I have sometimes found oäses of European civilisation. At such a distance from Europe there are neither English nor French: we are all of the same country; we are all Europeans. My fellow-countrymen could not have offered me a kinder reception than I met with during the short stay I made at a great number of the English stations. My quality of foreigner was the title under which this hospitality was exercised towards me,—at first with ceremonious eagerness; but, from the second day, a friendly cordiality almost always controlled its formality. I have thus met in the course of my travels with a number of good people, to whom I am sincerely attached, and who, I think, will always recollect, with the same pleasure as I do, the chance which made us mutually acquainted.

Finally, till within the last six months, I always had the happiness to receive news from my family and yours pretty regularly; and more than once I owe to this correspondence the agreeable illusion of being for a moment transported to Europe. So much for pleasure; but I have also had many cares and annoyances.

At first, the excessive slowness and continued crosses of my everlasting voyage made it appear still more tedious, although I ought rather to have congratulated myself on those prolonged sojournings in countries which I shall never have another opportunity of seeing. I was thus able, in fact, at Rio Janeiro, to form some notion of the state of equinoctial America. I was enabled to admire the wisdom and humanity of the British colonial institutions at the Cape of Good Hope; and to become acquainted, in our paltry island of Bourbon, with the infamy and absurdity of our own. There remained for me to see, at Pondichery, the ridicule and folly of our system. I was detained there a fortnight; this was longer than sufficed for that purpose, but not long enough seriously to commence my labours;—I was therefore in haste to reach Bengal.

How deplorable is the condition of the human species in this vast East! The British Government in India, though it calls for some reforms, merits nevertheless many eulogiums. Its administration is an immense blessing to the provinces subjected to it; and I have only fully appreciated it since I have been travelling in this country, which has remained independent: that is to say, it has remained the theatre of atrocious violence,

and continual robbery and murder. Society in the East is fundamentally defective. The first of its elements, a family, scarcely exists. In the upper classes, which afford an example to those below them, polygamy impedes the affection of a father for his children, on account of their large number, and awakens jealousy and fierce hatred among brothers. The wife is an impure creature, whom her husband scarcely considers as being of the same species with himself. Children, as they grow up, soon imbibe this abominable contempt for their mother; and it drives them from her, as soon as they can dispense with her services. Can sympathy, when banished from the domestic hearth, exercise itself more ardently abroad? The men are acquainted with friendship only after the ancient fashion.

Domestic manners in India, which are the greatest source of its misery, seem to me to be susceptible of no amelioration so long as this country preserves its present religious institutions; and perhaps it is generally believed that these are unassailable. All the direct attempts at religious conversion made by the English, in Bengal especially, have entirely failed. The Indians, upon whom the experiment has been made, would in no case change Mohammed or Brahma for Jesus Christ and the Trinity; but, within the last few years, the Government has wisely (and courageously too, for it requires courage in the Company to provoke the stupid and hypocritical wrath of Parliament), withdrawn its support from the missionaries, and opened gratuitous

schools at Calcutta, Benares, and Delhi, whither it attracts, by every influential means in its power, children of the middle ranks, to instruct them in the languages and sciences of Europe, without telling them of any of our follies.

I have visited these schools, at Calcutta in particular, where they reckon the greatest number of scholars; and I have conversed with many young people in the higher classes, Brahmins and Mussulmauns, whose European education had naturally converted them from Mohammed and Brahma to reason. Several of them, indeed, complained that this treasure made them but the more miserable, in cutting them off from the rest of the nation, and making them conceive and desire happiness under forms interdicted by their caste; and none of them have yet had the courage to surmount this barrier.

Nevertheless, if there be any hope of ever civilising the East, it must be by these means alone. The English Government would accelerate its action immensely, by substituting, in the courts of justice and all public transactions, the use of the English language instead of the Persian, introduced by the Mogul conquerors, but the knowledge of which has remained quite foreign to the mass of the people, and has only continued in certain hereditary professions. Ten years would suffice to effect this change: for the Indians require English much more than Persian; and the latter is only of use to those acquainted with it, in the routine of their

employments; whereas English would be a key for them to the whole circle of European knowledge.

There are not wanting narrow-minded individuals, foes to this generous project; but I doubt not that, in a few years, it will be adopted by the Government. It will spread the light of Europe throughout the country, and qualify it some day to govern itself.

I could have wished, my dear sir, to have forgotten ours, on leaving it. The uncertainty of its destinies, since the revolution, and amid the threatening symptoms of European politics, is a too frequent cause of anxiety to me; which is the more painful, because, since that period, I have received no news either from your family or my own. I take refuge in study; but melancholy thoughts often distract my attention.

Adieu, sir. Permit me to repeat that neither time nor distance will ever weaken my feelings of tender and respectful attachment.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Cashmere, May 28th, 1831.

My dear Friend—I was about to despatch a courier to India, with several letters for that country and Europe, when one arrived from Lahore, bringing me, from M. Allard, several recent Calcutta and Bombay papers, with letters from Delhi. I stopped my messen-

ger, in order to devour my prey; and though I have already written to almost all of you, I will not allow my hurkaru to start without burthening him with a few more lines for you. My letter to Madame Victor renders it unnecessary to speak of myself; and if you are at Paris, my father will no doubt give you a still longer piece of egotism to read. If he does, it will be a great act of humility on his part; for my correspondence with him ought to please no one but himself. As, in my separation, I am the *hobby-horse* of his affections, all paper blackened by my pen is welcome to him, whatever figures may be on it; I am therefore quite at my ease, and write to him by the yard. My Indian gazettes are a confused and ill-joined mosaic of extracts from a multitude of English papers: dates must be revised, blanks filled up by induction, proper names guessed at; all of which is a very difficult job. I have had the patience to retouch this work, in order to repair the primitive sketch; but it is still very imperfect. I know only that Lord Grey and Mr. Brougham have succeeded the Wellington administration, and that they take office under circumstances the most disquieting for the internal peace of Great Britain; that the plague is ravaging Russia; that Poland is in full insurrection; that Belgians and Dutch are carrying on a war of extermination; that Germany is in a ferment; that despotism and liberty are almost equally powerless in Spain; and that, in short, war is in preparation on all sides. My papers have told me almost nothing about our own country. They report

the insignificant interrogatories of the ex-ministers, an uninteresting session of the Chamber of Peers, and the Chamber of Deputies, by which I only know that the former was still in existence in the month of December, and that the latter had not been dissolved. They also tell me of an order of the day of M. Lafayette, which proves that the population of the *faubourgs* gives the national guard plenty of work; and lastly, of two lists of new ministers, who agree only in the dismissal of their predecessors. I confess that I can make nothing of the association of names which I find together in these lists.

Do you remember the autumn of 1822 at Paray? It was at that period our friendship was formed. Being then a man, I became acquainted with you. You were ill; during the last fortnight of my stay with you, I spent part of the day in your room. What a recollection I shall always preserve of those long and pleasant conversations! You were elected deputy a month after; and I remember that my father, at that time, expressed some doubts of your success in your legislative career. He thought that the inflexible uprightness of your principles would induce you to take a direction in which no one would follow you, and which many would not even understand. It was, I have no doubt, the feeling of most of your friends; my father was not the only one to express it to me—your family had the same fears. Well! among so many incredulous people, I had the most perfect confidence in you. I told my father,

when I heard you declared deputy, that sooner or later you would reach the point whither parliamentary influence leads; and this is perhaps at no great distance. I do not wish it for your sake; but I desire it for the sake of morality.

Your motion for the abolition of the punishment of death produced the immediate effect which I expected. It has not contributed to make you popular, in the low acceptation of the word (and there is a very low one); but this impure wave of popular wrath will pass, and popularity will come afterwards, to surround the glory of your triumph. You recollect the explosion with which your speech on the Bisson affair was received. You never feared assaulting those vulgar idols; and at first the vulgar did not understand you: they could not. At the commencement, your opinions must have appeared *isolated*. A stranger to all coteries, and intrigues, you suffered the continuous chain of your public conduct to escape notice; but it is evident that during the last two years many people have perceived that all your parliamentary acts are to be found on the prolongation of the same straight line. Tell me, my dear friend, is it not exactly so?—just as we long ago predicted together with certainty.

In spite of the considerable armaments apparently preparing in all countries, I have a confident hope that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed. I do not think the Governor of India shares my confidence on this point; for he is about to send a magnificent embassy to

Runjeet Sing, which certainly is not an affair of common courtesy. Its object can only be to strengthen the bonds of amity between the two governments, and enlighten Runjeet as to his true interests, which are confounded with those of the Company, in the event of an aggression by Russia. Nothing, in fact, is so practicable as the march of a large European army, with all its *matériel*, from Toplis to Delhi; and it would even have the choice of three different roads, by which it might debouch in three columns upon India. And such is the stupidity of the Indian princes, that they would either forsake the British Government, or act against it, the moment a Russian army crossed the Sutledge. Yet what other nation in Europe would have left the vanquished in India so fair a portion? But the Asiatic nations will always remain in their nonage: they are never to be taught by experience. Turkey and Persia will force Russia to occupy their last village, as the Indian princes have obliged the Company to absorb them all into its power, one after the other. They have all succumbed, in the rashest the most stupid enterprises against the Colossus, which would have left them in peace, had they not madly provoked it. Thirty years ago, the English drove the Mahrattas out of Delhi, where they found, imprisoned in the fort, a blind old man, whose long life had been but an uninterrupted series of misfortunes. This was Shah Allum, the descendant of Timour. He had never reigned but by name. The English leave him his vain title, and pay him all

the honours formerly enjoyed by the Mogul emperors. They give him a magnificent pension (four millions of francs): guaranteeing this title, these honours, and these advantages, to his family. What use do you think he once made of the guns which have been given him for form sake to fire a salute whenever he leaves his palace? He fired them at the English troops. In less than five minutes the imperial palace was attacked, and the guns retaken. Well! such are the Indian princes. They are all like children, who cannot be trusted with a razor in their hands; not the princes only, but the whole population, which is utterly destitute of reason and moral sense. I make no difference in this respect between the Mussulmauns and the Hindoos: both are equally uncivilisable—at least so long as they maintain their religion.

A-propos of uncivilisable people: my papers of yesterday have informed me again that from Mexico to Buenos Ayres, in the whole of equatorial America, in short, the people are fighting with fury. Without knowing it positively, I already supposed this to be the case. The liberation of South America from Spain is, I think, a misfortune: it was premature. Had it been delayed half a century or a century, the social progress which the mother country would have made during that period, the benefits of which progress it might have shared with its colonies, would have qualified the inhabitants for an independent and free government. Hayti, however rude its political institutions may be,

still appears to me the pattern republic, or rather government, among all these new states. It is the only one in which the citizens are not continually cutting each other's throats.

Adieu, my dear and excellent friend, Adieu! How I long to hear directly from you. The last letters which I received from Europe were dated the 22nd July, ten months ago! Adieu: I love and embrace you with my whole heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Cashmere, June 11th, 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER,—M. Allard, writing to me a few days ago by the royal daak (which, running night and day, goes in four days from this place to Lahore), has had the awkwardness to tell me that he had the evening before despatched one of his couriers with a number of newspapers and letters from India, one of which is from Chandernagore. I think his man may arrive to-day. How can I help thinking of him twenty times an hour? In my reply to the General, I forbade him ever to announce letters from Chandernagore beforehand; for the disappointment would be too cruel if they turned out to be only a few insignificant lines from that place. Having been without news from you for eleven months, I confess that unfortunately I have not your

stoicism to put a good face on the matter. If, among my brothers in Adam, in Cashmere, I could find any like me, they would see me hanging my head when I think of you, my friends, and our country.

Instead of M. Allard's courier, one arrived this morning from—guess from whom?—from Ahmed Shah, king of Little Tibet, a very polite gentleman truly. He writes me, that being informed of my arrival at Cashmere, he is eager to assure me of his friendship and devotion. He places his country at my disposal; and his messenger, who is a confidential servant, like Eurybates formerly with Agamemnon, confirms his master's respect and attachment to the English. The good man adds, that the Seikhs are a pack of scoundrels, and tells me that with one or two English regiments I might proceed a great way. In order to receive his confidential communications, I did not fail to send, under pretence of requiring his services as an interpreter, for the man whom I know to be Runjeet Sing's spy here. I made him read Shah Ahmed's firman literally, and charged him to prepare the answer which I dictated summarily to him. I send him back a page of compliments; I tell him that I am delighted at being so near him (fourteen days' march), since my presence in Cashmere overwhelms him with happiness; I add, that I am not an Englishman, but only an intimate friend of the Company. As for the presents which he offers me—gold, musk, and rock crystal from his mountains, I thank him infinitely for them; but state that

he will oblige me much more if he will despatch all his subjects in pursuit of the wild beasts in his dominions, and send them to me alive. I think, too, I shall put him some questions on the geography of the countries which surround his own.

This singular communication is, I have no doubt, an answer to the overtures indiscreetly made six or seven years ago to this prince, by Mr. Moorcroft. This gentleman was an English physician in the Company's service. He was superintendant of the stud in India: a very lucrative employment. The Government allowed him several times leave of absence, of which he took advantage to travel to the north of the Himalaya. Central Asia was to him what the Real Essences are to somebody else. But the jug goes to the well so often that it gets broken at last. Mr. Moorcroft died there of a putrid fever, or a dose of poison, or even a gun-shot wound: it has never been properly explained which. He went to Ludak, thence to Cashmere, where he inhabited the same garden which I occupy. He thought that by jesuitically giving himself a political character, which he no more possessed than I do, he should smooth many difficulties in the object of his journey; and he wrote a very ambiguous letter to Ahmed Shah, which did not fail to fall into Runjeet Sing's hands, who, in his turn, did not fail to forward it to the British Government without complaint or comment. But a duplicate having reached Ahmed Shah, he thought the English at his gates; and although for

six years he might have convinced himself that they at least knew how to wait very patiently until he opened it to them, he takes me for Mr. Moorcroft's successor, and makes overtures to me. If Runjeet Sing still entertains any suspicions of me, I trust that my frankness on this occasion will completely dissipate them. I have acted without artifice, or rather without cunning; and this is evidently the most cunning way of acting. Shah Ahmed is quite sheltered by his poverty and his desert territories from a Seikh invasion; so I do not commit him at all, in making this parade of my honesty of purpose.

If my Tibetan ambassador were a spy and Shah Ahmed's letter a counterfeit, Runjeet would be delightfully mystified in seeing me take his known spy for my secretary to undeceive the pretended Ahmed. But the cunning Sing would not dare to play me such a trick.

Not but I sometimes perceive the little snares that he lays for me. Not long ago, the Governor sent me his secretary to say that he had just received a most mortifying letter from the king. Runjeet stated in this letter that I had written to him that he (the Governor) was a fool,—that nothing went on right in Cashmere,—that he surrounded himself with a set of asses, and left clever people unemployed. He commanded him to ask me who the clever people were, and to employ all those whom I might indicate. I told the Governor the truth: that I had never written any thing of the kind to the Maharajah; and that the latter no doubt

wanted to laugh at him, and stimulate his zeal by giving him the alarm. The poor devil of a Governor insisted on my immediately becoming grand elector of Cashmere. He humbly allowed that he was no better than a fool,—a very true confession. He offered to make a clear house of it—he particularly insisted on obtaining a certificate of my satisfaction; for he seemed persuaded that I had complained of him to the Maharajah; and the fate of my brigand Neal Sing has inspired the long beards with a salutary dread of my influence over Runjeet Sing. I refused the desired certificate; but promised to continue informing the king that I was satisfied with the Governor, so long as the latter should continue to afford me the same motives for satisfaction. As for the office of grand elector, I sent it to the devil, and showed him the absurdity of his request.

Now, I believe that Runjeet played off this piece of mischief on the Governor, only to discover whether I felt the lightest inclination to interfere in his affairs. But on whatever point he presents himself, he will be repulsed with the same loss.

There is nothing upright and honest in the natives of this country: they are perfidious in every thing. It is ridiculous for a European to play at the same game with them: we must always be their dupes. The sublimest scoundrel of the kind with us, is, I am persuaded, but a child compared to Runjeet Sing. We have only to be honest people, as is natural to us,

in order to disconcert them—never to understand half words, and to speak always in a loud voice.

I am getting ready for an excursion to the frontiers. The king's spy, who is at the head of the chancery, has begged the favour of being allowed to follow me. He shall certainly have it; and he shall have enough of it at once to repay his zeal, for I think of leaving the rogue frozen on some mountain peak.

The summer here is very hot. But the Governor sends me ice every morning; and I have taught my khansama how to make very light iced punch. I finish my dessert with it; and you will allow that in a barbarous country it is no slight luxury. But I have more lace than shirts. I shall have sixty-eight servants in my pay, which will procure the rajah's rupees a very rapid expenditure. They bring me every morning a sheep, a dozen fowls, a basket of eggs, a sack of rice and flour, and all other things in proportion; and—I have not a bit of bread to eat!

Adieu! for I feel myself in a humour to complain; and that would be too bad. I must reserve the right of remonstrance for bad days; and perhaps I shall have more than one before our meeting.

TO M. NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, CAPTAIN OF ARTILLERY IN THE ARMY OF THE MOREA.

Cashmere, June 12*th*, 1831.

Do not measure, my dear George, the pleasure I have in writing to you by the smallness of the paper. I have not the good fortune to be a warrior, like you: far from it, especially in point of leisure. Business comes upon me on all sides; and I am forced to be concise in my supplication, prayer, or request—call it what you will.

The object of the present letter is to move your bowels of compassion as my cousin-germain—german and a half—and to stimulate your artilleryman's laziness so far as to make you take pen, ink, and paper—the largest possible sheet of the latter—and, that without preamble or circumlocution, entering at once into the matter, you tell me about the world, and how it goes on where you are—Athens or Paris, Arras or Berlin,—no matter;—though I should prefer, for your own sake, that your chronicle was dated from Paris. Gossip above all:—it is the only true thing. Truth suffers cruelly in a wig, *à l'oiseau royal;* enveloped in this way, it is no longer like itself. Gossip, then—tell me all about Greece. You are there become in a certain degree my colleague in the East. Well! tell me—Is not the credulity of the good souls of the west a blessing for us?—

for in fact, if we wish to seem to have seen wonders, our imagination has only to invent them. But between us, no inventions if you please—honesty among thieves! Tell me, then, without embellishment, all about Canaris, Mavrocordato, Odysseus, Mavromichaelis, and other famous Turk-eaters. If you are in France, politics of course; but above all, forget the papers you read in the morning. And if you are doing the hero of artillery *en tilbury*, and of liberty at Berlin or Vienna, well! sing of your glory, but in vile prose. I am the only animal of my species in this corner of the world, so far separated from all others; and, to divert me from the animals, minerals, and plants of Cashmere, I have from time to time the Persian Chronicle of the Court of Lahore — very poor nourishment for the political genius of our family. Put yourself to a little inconvenience, then, my good friend, and with a good grace. Your letter may reach me in a year. It will perhaps find me in one of those situations through which I have already so often passed.—of solitude so profound, that I shall be indebted to it for a pleasure incommensurable with the vexation which it may have caused your laziness. Tell or write to Zoé, that for her punishment she would deserve to learn Latin as we did, in order to know how to understand *pauca multis*.

Adieu, my dear friend. Take care of muskets, if any are fired near you, and get out of the way of bullets when you see them coming—at least if such is the

custom. I am very well, and preparing to complete my thirtieth year, which brings us singularly near to to each other. Farewell.

P. S. For local character—which you have a right to expect from a correspondent in Cashmere—know that I am writing this to you with a reed from Kathay, and would give a thousand of them for one goose-quill.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Cashmere, June 14th, 1831.

MY DEAR PORPHYRE,—For several days I have been on thorns. A short time ago M. Allard wrote to me by the royal daak, that he had sent a courier to me the day before, with a monstrous packet from beyond the Sutledge, and what is more, from Chandernagore. His messenger could and ought to have arrived yesterday—the day before yesterday—or even the day before that; and he is not come yet! To-day I was to have set out on a ten day's excursion towards the frontiers; but it is impossible to start: anxiety keeps me here. If you give way to the blue devils as I do, during the long interruptions of our correspondence, I trust, my friend, that you may not happen to be deprived of letters from the 22nd of July to the 14th of June; and in order that the fault may not be mine, if this misfortune must happen, I will

write either to you or to my father more frequently than I have hitherto done. I will do so on account of the distance, which will make my letters more valuable, and at the same time increase their chance of being lost on the way.

You may have perceived that since I crossed the Sutledge I have had an attack of quite a new passion,—I mean avarice. The numerous mortifications to which it has exposed me have cured me of it. The people of Cashmere have an admirable knack of borrowing money, which they do not repay. In a fortnight eight hundred rupees have thus melted away, independently of a number of presents which I am obliged to make. It is high time that I was again running about the mountains. I have at last taken the resolution to resign myself to, or I have resigned myself to taking the resolution to, recross the Sutledge, as much a beggar as when I crossed it on the 2nd of March, and to consider the rajah's liberalities only as a sort of loan, which I ought to repay by doing as much honour to it as possible in his dominions. I am, however, refitting, and shall re-enter India with a new wardrobe. My *fumée Navarin*, which has seen so many countries within the last three years,—the four quarters of the globe,—is arrived at a truly ominous state of maturity. It is serving as a pattern for its successor, which is to be made of black shawl, waistcoat and trowsers of the same, together with a duplicate of each, and wonderfully adapted to the climate of India, where our clothes of French cloth heat one red hot.

Add to this, an immense Persian dressing gown, all of the same stuff, which will come into use in five months at Semla, and elsewhere in the winter,—not to mention the service which I hope it will some day do me at Paris. Those devils of Englishmen have the wonderful art (the secret of which lies either in their riches or their debts) of procuring all the commodities of Europe at the end of the world. For our single *Journal des Modes*, ten journals of the same kind are published in London. The English in India and Van Diemen's Land subscribe to them. Their wives seek eagerly to peruse them; and every family, though living whole years in a remote district, without any European witness of their existence, ruins itself in millinery and other finery, in order to be in the fashion. This is the height of folly. I found a society at Semla, almost every member of which would be deemed ridiculous among us for the importance they attach to the shape of their boots, coat, or hat; and I have thought it prudent not to appear again among them except with a coat the material of which will compensate for its old-fashioned cut.

Where the deuce are you, my good friend? Returned, perhaps, to Wilna? For I confess I now believe in the possibility of a war, if there be a revolution in Prussia, which appears to me inevitable. But I trust it will not last long; and that we shall for the last time execute justice on the kings and aristocracies of Europe. What blunders the Chamber of Deputies committed in the first week of last August! I see by the English

papers that M. de Lafayette has resigned the command of the national guard, which proves that there is discord in the camp of our friends. But now that we have returned to the famous legal order, how can we sweep off the peers by an ordinance? Peyronnet would cry out from his prison, " Set me at liberty, since you have infringed the new charter, as I did the old!" My greatest anxiety, however, is concerning my father's fate, deprived as he perhaps is of your society. It is dreadful. I should have felt more when I left him, could I have foreseen the course of political probabilities since the revolution. Adieu for to-day! I am tormented with anxiety, and not fit for any thing. Adieu!

Cashmere, August 5th, 1831.

Here, my dear Porphyre, have I begun the bundle which I lately announced from Vernague. I find it again in this city, with some other epistolary scraps; and, comforting myself with the idea that every thing of that sort is good from a distance of some thousands of leagues, I despatch this remnant to Chandernagore. I am adding an ell of this large hand for the obliging M. Augustin Taboureau. Yesterday I received a courier from M. Allard, who, for twenty-four hours, was considered dead. He has only written me a few lines to prove his resurrection; but without any particulars. I know not what his complaint has been. At this moment there is no contagious disease in the Punjab. Public health here is perfect. I have not seen a single

case of cholera morbus, in spite of my curiosity to do so,—no more than lions and tigers,—no more than of yellow fevers in Haiti. It would seem as if the devil placed himself in my way, to prevent me from seeing.

The Calcutta Gazettes of the 4th July apprise me of another change of ministry at home. The famous legal order seems always to be tottering. This both vexes and grieves me. The most contradictory accounts of the fate of Poland arrive from Persia and Bombay; my Delhi friends forward them to me. Then I see that there is an indigenous regent in Belgium, without any talk of a king; revolutions in Italy; and still no general war.

I am very well, and work hard. In my weeks of sedentary labour, all day in my chair, I used to be unwell, and without appetite in the evening. I have provided against this evil, by taking a good swim at sunset. It is literally a warm bath that I take. The proof of my strength is, that I swim an hour,—to be sure without exertion, in still water. By pursuing this plan I sleep at night, which I could not do previously, without some equivalent fatigue. Bustle yourself in delivering the inclosed letters.

It is not merely a magnificent embassy that the British Government now talk of sending to Runjeet Sing: the Governor-general desires to have a personal interview with the Maharajah. My friend Wade is returned to Lahore, to negociate the etiquette at the meeting of the two stars of the East. They are count-

ing steps and half steps, and regulating beforehand the insignificant sentences which they are to exchange, &c. This is a very grave affair; and I do not think Wade will manage it well. The high contracting parties, as they say, have irreconcilable or incompatible pretensions, which form the subject of parley at the present time. What Lord William wants with Runjeet Sing, I am unable to guess,—to frighten him, perhaps, and show him how easy it would be to annihilate him. The Colonel of one of the two regiments of English cavalry in the Calcutta presidency writes to me from Semla that he has been appointed to command, not the escort, but the army, which is to accompany the Governor-general to his interview with Runjeet, if it take place; or the embassy to Lahore, in the reverse case. He will take his regiment of lancers, a regiment of native cavalry, one of English infantry, two of seapoys, and a battery of light artillery,—all picked for the occasion. I do not know how far the Maharajah will relish so many honours.

I laughed heartily at Cashmere, nor did they laugh less at Semla, at the grand oriental sentences of General Lamarque, about Russia, the Balkan, the Caucasus, Persia, China, and the cruel oppression with which the perfidious islanders keep down a hundred millions of Indians, ripe for revolt. I could wish that legal order went on as well at Paris, as it does from Cape Comorin to the peaks of the Himalaya. It is enough to make one burst with laughter. I abandon, without mercy, to

the ridicule of my English friends, all my countrymen who give way to such folly. I do not know whether it is that I read these things coolly at a year's interval; but the bulletins of the army in Africa appeared to me quite as ludicrous. Our soldiers on the Atlas were *as great as Atlas himself!!!* This is Victor Hugo all over. I believe now-a-days people laugh heartily at the Emperor's bulletins,—even their happiest claptraps. Honour to common sense!

You recommend me, in one of your last letters, not to venture to return through any country at war with France. Thanks for the advice: it is very well to be prudent among the Russians. It appears that these scoundrels have intercepted some English travellers in Persia, and sent them to cool themselves in Siberia. Be easy: I shall be prudent. Adieu, my friend! My boat is ready, and the sun sinking. Do not be afraid of my drowning myself. I embrace you, and my father too, with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Vernague, at the Source of the Hydaspes, in Cashmere,—July 19th, 1831.

At length, my dear father, I am happy! I yesterday received your letter of the 1st and 3rd November. It was just a year since I had heard from you. The events of the revolution, with their divers and unforeseen

chances, filled up this long interval, and opened my mind to a thousand cruel anxieties. God be praised!—and thanks to you, and the chain of friendly hordes by means of whom your letter found me in the depth of these solitudes! M. Allard's courier travelled a hundred and fifty leagues in nine days to bring it to me from Lahore. But I have rewarded him well for his diligence. I keep him a day, in the midst of the forests in which I am encamped, and where I shall make a halt of twenty-four hours, to reperuse your letter and Porphyre's, after having read them many times, run through the French papers of February which came with them from Semla, and reply. But where am I to begin? The emotion of pleasure which I feel is a complete fit of nervous fever; my hand shakes, and my ideas are in confusion. This letter of the 1st of November is numbered 20; and I have not received your Nos. 17, 18, and 19. But M. Cordier of Chandernagore, writes to me that, at an interval of a few days, he has despatched to me three packets from France before this one; and M. Allard's courier informs me that another messenger, less active than himself, is on his way to Cashmerė, having left Lahore thirteen days ago. I have decided that he is the bearer of these three packets from France, mentioned by M. Cordier; and you may judge whether this expectation is calculated to calm my anxiety.

Age engenders mistrust, if not timidity. What I most dreaded was, to learn that the political agitations

of our country had deprived you of your habitual security of mind, to which you owe the happy quietude of your old age. I was afraid Porphyre might be absent from Paris, and you left alone in the midst of your uneasiness. But you have dissipated all my fears: and henceforth I shall always think of you with additional happiness. My nature has not a tendency to hope. It is perhaps on account of this disposition of mind that I enjoy present good more exquisitely. When it comes, it is in all its intensity: I have not anticipated its enjoyment in my dreams of the future.

I shall still be badly off with twelve thousand francs. It is less than the pay of an infantry captain in India; and I am forced into a number of expenses which do not come within the wants of an officer. My journeys, and the formation of my collections, render this necessity evident,—especially in the mountains, where my caravan can only move with the help of a great number of porters. Here, for instance, in excursions of a fortnight at a time from Cashmere, leaving the bulky part of my baggage in that city, and reducing the number of my followers as much as possible, I require twenty-nine men; and yet I have not to trouble myself, as in the Company's territory, about providing for the subsistence of these people, nor of my domestics. The rajah does it all! How could I do it myself? I have more than a hundred men in my camp. There are some acts of service excessively repugnant to the habits of

the Asiatics, whether Hindoos or Mussulmauns, and which they cannot be brought to perform, except by the temptation of very considerable gain; and even this motive often fails to induce them to remain. Thus, on my arrival in Cashmere, I taught two Cashmerian servants to help me in my zoological preparations. They gained more at it in a month than they would otherwise have done in a year; and yet they have left me. One of them was a hunter; when the people saw him killing all sorts of animals, they rose upon him, beat him, and broke his gun. I had thirty of the mutineers bastinadoed, and threatened with a more severe punishment in case of a relapse. My man was not beaten again, but he became the object of general contempt and hatred, and he told me one day that he could no longer follow a craft which made him so odious. The other also resigned. I can find none to take their places. In these barbarous countries, religion meddles with every thing, and raises a crowd of obstacles in the way of the curiosity and ardour of a European traveller, such as you have no conception of.

If M. Cordier is still at Chandernagore, which I think probable, I will send all my collections to him from Delhi, requesting him to repack them himself, with all the care required for their voyage by sea, and also to ship them. If he is no longer there, there is no one at Calcutta from whom I can request such a service. All the men I became acquainted with there are overwhelmed

with business. I wrote to that effect long ago to the Jardin des Plantes, and I hope the gentlemen there will yield with a good grace to the necessity of waiting.

You ask me what I think of our Indian possessions. I have heard that there was a talk of purchasing from our Government, Pondichery and our other factories in India. The price put upon them was even fixed: it was said to be a million sterling. I do not, however, know what steps may have been taken to realise this desire of the Company. Were I to be asked as to the propriety of accepting such an offer, I should say Yes, a thousand times. Our microscopical establishments in India are always ridiculous, and a humiliating anomaly in the event of war. Young M. Desbassyns wishes to attach a degree of importance to Pondichery of which it is not susceptible. As for the consent of the inhabitants to the change of sovereignty, the British, if they desired the transfer, would buy it with money. Our trade with India, generally ruinous to the speculators who embark in it, is not capable of much extension. The productions we send thither are consumed only by the scanty population of inhabitants of European origin. They consist of Bordeaux wines, some silk goods, and Bourbon coffee; and to the latter island most vessels carry back rice bought in Bengal. M. Desbassyns' establishments at Pondichery must perish, because the British provinces have natural advantages which that locality does not possess for the same branch of industry: they have a more fertile soil, a more

favourable climate, cheaper labour, and lastly capital, which we want.

What absurd tale is it of which you speak, my dear father, about Afghans descending from Cashmere to conquer Bengal? In the first place, there is not a single Afghan left in Cashmere: Runjeet Sing drove them out twelve years ago, and it was no difficult task for him. The last king of Kabul, whom I saw at Loodheeana, Shah Shoodjah el Molok, who is well acquainted with his old subjects, told me that with a regiment of English seapoys, it would be easy for him to repossess himself of his crown,—and he spoke the truth. All these people fight little, and fire, from a great distance, their shot which kills nobody, and immediately run away. If there be only a little cavalry to overtake them, or a sufficient number to surround them, they are exterminated. Should Runjeet-Sing think he could prudently absent himself for some time from the Punjab, nothing would be easier for him than to re-conquer the whole of Afghanistan. Runjeet-Sing's is the only power which has stood with that of the British. But the respective revenues of the two states will give you their relative resources. That of the Company amounts to twenty-six millions sterling; that of Runjeet to three; and he can only come up to this amount by excessive taxes, which tempt his subjects to throw themselves into the hands of the British. The latter have nothing to fear from war, unless it be with the Russians. They might crush Runjeet in a

couple of months, if they wished it. The only internal danger possible for the English power would be a partial revolt of its native army.

I have but little curiosity to cross a few provinces of Persia as I return to Europe. I think I can do more and better by prolonging my stay in India, and applying myself more especially to the great chain of the Himalaya. I wish exceedingly that the minister of the interior would approve the project I have sent him to that effect, and upon which he may by this time have decided. In a work on the Himalaya, there would be a great unity, which would be wanting in my labours, were they to embrace, at the same time, and in a numerous series of scientific views, a very great extent of territory, of which I should have only crossed a few lines at long intervals. To fill up this void I should be compelled to borrow from others, and my work would therefore want originality in several parts.

I told you long ago of my contempt for what is very gratuitously termed *Indian history*. Assuredly my opinion on this subject could not be changed by the traditions preserved in Cashmere. Nevertheless, I am having a copy made of a somewhat rare book—a very modern Persian translation of a Sanscrit text, the date of which I do not know, but which I suppose to be the same from which Mr. Wilson of Calcutta has extracted for the Asiatic Researches a list of Indian kings of Cashmere. The Persian translator, who lived a hundred years ago, has added to the work. I shall have

an almost perfect translation when I leave the country, for I read it with my Mogul secretary as the copyist brings the sheets. He explains in Hindoostanee the passages too elaborate for my comprehension, and lies in his beard when he meets with an Arabic quotation, for he does not understand Arabic any more than I do. However, it is a wretched rhapsody: D'Eckstein all over, and worse still.

My letters from Tibet will long ago have undeceived you with regard to the state of the population among whom I spent last summer. The natives are very different beyond the Sutledge, where the influence of order, exercised by the vicinity of the English, has not yet reached them. There is, as I sometimes perceive, a ferocious disposition in the Seikhs. Whilst I was going about the highest mountains in this country, a month ago, the two sects of Mussulmauns, confounded in a very unequal proportion in Cashmere, were quarrelling about their religion. The Seikh guard sent to restore order, set fire to the city, and disturbed the water in order to fish in it. The two parties fought, killed, and burnt each other for twenty-four hours. It was fortunate that I had left a strong guard at home, for the plunderers came, but were received sword in hand and repulsed. I found every thing at my dwelling as I had left it. On my arrival here yesterday, the chief of a neighbouring fortress, who on my passing through his territory had paid me an humble visit, sent some soldiers to me with a most insolent

message. He said he would prevent me from going further. I immediately wrote him a threatening letter. He replied that he was obeying Runjeet-Sing's orders. For an instant I suspected the rajah of treachery. Nevertheless I wrote again, telling the chief that he was an impudent liar, and that I should demand a signal revenge from Runjeet-Sing. To-day, the wretch came to beg pardon!—yet he perhaps spoke the truth in designating the rajah as the author of the prohibition which he wished to impose upon me; but he knew that it would be disavowed by the prince, and that he should be punished for his indiscreet zeal. Baseness, perfidy, cruelty, and arrogance, are the prevailing features in the national character. Notwithstanding the reparation that has been made, I have just written to the king to have the fellow punished. I must not pardon the least want of attention: the impunity of one would be the signal of a general attack. Runjeet continues to be my friend, at least ostensibly. The courier of yesterday brought me another letter from him as friendly as usual. It is the third time he has written to me since my arrival in Cashmere. I was going to demand my passports in spite of all this friendship, when the excuses of the governor of Islamadad arrived.

General Cartwright, my host at Delhi last winter, has written to me that he shall be summoned to Calcutta next winter, to give evidence in a criminal prosecution. He is a kind and excellent man, who has loaded me

with kindness; his absence, however, will not be disadvantageous to me: it will allow me to live with Mr. William Fraser during my third stay in the ancient Mogul capital. My intimacy with Mr. Fraser is quite of a different nature; there is a good deal of resemblance between us. He is a true friend to me. We wished to live in common; but as long as the good General Cartwright was there, there was no thinking about it: the general would never have pardoned my deserting him. He also states in his letter that the Commander-in-chief and the Governor-general think of leaving Semla very soon; I may possibly therefore miss the latter. I should regret it much; for I am not arrived at the end of the obligations which I would wish to owe him. If my Himalaya project is approved of at Paris, Lord William will have to take the same steps in my favour with the rajah of Catmandoo that he did with Runjeet, in order that the prince of Nepaul may remove the interdict which he has laid on the travelling of Europeans in his dominions. Before that period arrives, it would be proper the Governor-general should have been already thanked by our minister of the interior for what he has hitherto done towards the success of my journey. His kind intentions would be thus strongly supported, and I shall have need of all his favour to gain an entrance into Nepaul; for at the other extremity of India the rajah of Catmandoo is the pendant to Runjeet-Sing: he is powerful, and suspicious of the British. The quickness of my visit to the one after

leaving the dominions of the other, may, I have no doubt, appear singular to the Calcutta diplomatists, who are not very bright, though they fancy themselves so clever. They will remark that such was not at all my purpose when I left Bengal, since I then announced my intention of proceeding nearly in a direct line to Bombay. I foresaw their objections, when I wrote my memorial to the ministers, and took care to inform Sir C. Grey of it; he has therefore been long aware of the alteration in my plans, and will, when necessary, make it known to Sir Charles Metcalfe.

The Mogul Emperors were quite stage kings. The monuments of their grandeur were scarcely more than theatrical decorations. Akbar, Jehanguire, Shah Jehan, and Aurung-Zeb, reigned in the seventeenth century. They expended immense treasures on Cashmere, their new conquest. Nothing remains of their extravagant magnificence, but gigantic trees. Their palaces have fallen into ruins, almost every where effaced. Yet the ancient buildings dedicated to the Indian worship are still standing. Their number, and the immense labour bestowed on them, bear witness to a very long period of indigenous rajahs before the introduction of Islamism in the eleventh century.

I have hitherto seen no reason to surrender to the oriental proverb about the beauty of the Cashmerian women; and I despair of ever doing so. The number of sick who come to me is without end. A crowd of poor and diseased people gather round my tent, like a gayer one round

our theatres. Unfortunately nearly all are incurable: there is blindness of all descriptions, and a host of wretches worn down with most dreadful diseases, which they owe to us. I give alms to those whom I cannot relieve with medicine; and I think with pleasure that some do not leave me without carrying away a feeling of gratitude.

I am sorry that M. Cordier of the museum, who has so strongly supported my interests, has not found time to tell me himself of the new obligations which he has conferred upon me. I shall write to him shortly to thank him, and shall, at the same time, make up for the silence which, since my departure, I blame myself for having preserved towards Madame Cordier.

My Calcutta banker has written to me lately about the annual settlement of our accounts. The result is, that on the 30th of April, 1831, he had a balance in my favour of two thousand six hundred rupees. I shall not want any of this money before I return to British India, having still about as much in Cashmere, from the rajah's presents. I have moreover a right to depend upon the supplement of two thousand francs from the Jardin for the years 1830 and 1831, and also the four thousand francs from the interior for those two years, which would amount in all to twelve thousand francs more than my banker thinks I have. With that, and the two thousand six hundred rupees at Calcutta, I can proceed next year in any direction whatever. My ambition would be to bring

back with me to Europe the sum which I owe to the rajah alone: that is to say, about fourteen thousand francs. This I consider my own property, whilst I look upon the funds from the Jardin and the Minister of the Interior, to have been placed in my hands as a steward, to employ them in the furtherance of my undertaking. I owe the rajah much more than these fourteen thousand francs; for since my departure from Lahore, the heavy expense of all my means of carriage is almost wholly at his charge; I ought also to add that of my subsistence, to which he does not allow me to contribute. I shall have eaten four or five hundred sheep, thousands of fowls, &c., at his expense, ere I get among the English again. Do not suppose that I am the fatter for it. People do not grow fat at my trade: there are too many fatigues, and besides, my health is not very good; it often experiences little derangements, which I should not perceive if they came at longer intervals, but the repetition of them is sometimes annoying. I suspect that in this European climate, the absolute and lengthened privation of spirituous liquors is prejudicial to my stomach; and if my approaching campaign is to be carried on in the mountains, I will try and have, every day, a glass of wine to drink with my evening meal. I shall refresh myself at Kennedy's, at Semla, in the month of October or November.

The cholera which you mention is not unknown in Cashmere. It has appeared twice since the Seikh con-

quest, and the Cashmerians do not fail to attribute its importation to their new masters. But if this disease is attacked at first, and combated immediately with the violent remedies discovered by experience, it is not very dangerous in India. You know that the good and learned physician, whose friendly advice I received at Calcutta, did not let me depart without supplying me with those remedies prepared by himself; the box follows me like my shadow. Be easy therefore on this head. In general do not believe in any disagreeable newspaper reports, such as sedition among the troops, revolts, wars, contagious disorders, &c. &c.: these things are but little in use in the world which I inhabit. I think a man must be rather foolish to allow himself to die at thirty; and I have the vanity to believe that I shall not commit such a piece of folly for a long time to come. I take a close view of it, and do not act rashly—I am not so careless as all that. Porphyre confirms what you tell me, and what I very sincerely believed without the corroboration of his testimony—that your health is excellent. Is not this a time to live, when there is so much to see? Although you may have carried a little too far the consequences of the principle of immortality which you find in your experience of life, that is to say, in the very fact of a great age, I think with you that this experience may serve to redeem a part of its original cost. Cerebral activity is certainly a principle of longevity. See to what an age most men, celebrated for intellectual labours, have attained.

Adieu! my dear and excellent father! Your letter has restored me the tranquillity I had lost. I am about to work with an ardour which has never slackened, and with a freedom of thought of which I have for some time been in want: I shall do every thing better and quicker. Kind regards to all friends: they will understand that in a short halt in the midst of woods' I can only repeat my remembrances to them collectively. Adieu! I embrace you with all my heart.

19th, Evening.

General Allard's second messenger is just arrived with all that I was expecting from you. I have fifty letters to read; for there are a score from India, and all very long ones:—a charming one from Lady William Bentinck, and one from my friend Colonel Fagan, whom Porphyre cannot know without liking him.

TO M^LLE. ZOE NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

Mountains of Cashmere, July 20th, 1831.

YESTERDAY after writing to you, my dear Zoé, I received with fifty others at the same time, your long letter written immediately after the revolution, and resumed at different intervals. It is quite a volume. You must feel that it is impossible for me to answer every part of it. Your letter shall remain a couple of months in my port-

folio; I will read it over more than once, and my thoughts will answer it, doubt it not, in my solitary marches, or sleepless nights, when the mountain storm keeps me awake in my tent. Permit me to tell you only, my good friend, that you have not sufficient confidence in me. Open the "Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes," where you will see, in the tables of mortality, that the fatal chances are almost null at our age; I firmly believe that though I roam about the world, I increase them only by an absolutely insignificant quantity. I was formerly near being crushed to death on the Alps, by an avalanche of stones; I was also near being drowned in the Niagara, and swam during a quarter of an hour without any hope of reaching the bank; in fine, I have had many other narrow escapes;—but life is made up of such things, and we often very closely miss losing it, before we lose it in reality. I am beginning to compare myself to an old china vase, brittle in its nature, and easily broken, but hardened by accidents, and accustomed to fall without breaking. Never, therefore, couple gloomy apprehensions with the thought of me. You would do much better, if you continue to grant me the favour of thinking about me, to try to imagine the beautiful scenery with which I am surrounded in this pretended Paradise of India.

You tell me that my friends have regretted my absence on my own account; I have received the same information from several of them, but without understanding what they would have been desirous of doing with

me. I think that if I had been at Paris, I should not have remained a passive spectator of the three great days. Supposing I had escaped with my life, what new claim in my profession should I have acquired by the share I might have taken in those military events? None. My friends know very well that I have no fortune, and that I want a professional income above all things. Now I ask myself and you, what use is a man like me out of his especial sphere? The answer, I confess, embarrasses me. They tell me I should have been made a prefect. But, conscious of my incapacity, I should have declined this distinction. It is true that one of my friends, a scientific man like myself, holds such an appointment. Formerly he worked in iron; but his trade of smith had brought him into contact with a multitude of affairs into which he could not fail of acquiring an insight. He had also been mayor of a small commune, and was quite a Minos compared to me: and in fact I am told, that, placed as he is in one of the most delicate of that kind of situations, he gives entire satisfaction to persons of the most opposite opinions. But does not diplomacy require some preparatory studies?—is there not a routine to be learnt, except indeed in the more elevated stations? However, I do not think my friends would have thought of getting me appointed minister to the United States: a deputyship then alone remains; all talk to me about it. But it does not provide one's bread and butter; so I go on working hard and steadily, doing my best, let what will come after.

wards. I do not deny that if unforeseen chances should some day call me to the legislature, I should rejoice at it. I will even confess that I have long wished it. I think I know how to play a part in a public assembly, which, without requiring great talents, would elicit general assent and esteem, and would perhaps even give the actor some influence. In friendly tête-a-tête, or in very limited circles, I have had the good fortune, more than once, to exercise the art of persuasion upon men who would not have been supposed to take advice from me. Although perhaps peremptory, dry, and disagreeable in the eyes of the world, during the last years of my stay with my father, I was quite different in the out-pourings of friendship. It seems that since my voyage to the United States, that is to say, since the fatal period which I have mentioned, my individuality is remarkably modified and ameliorated: there is a greater stock of benevolence. It appears to me that I often exercise, towards the indifferent, some of that art of indulgence, good-nature, and persuasion, which they formerly could not discern in me. Art of good-nature and indulgence! will you not laugh at the contradiction? But, my dear Zoé, I know many men in whose hearts these feelings live, and who, notwithstanding, have never known how to express them. Timidity, false shame, and sometimes vanity, are what stops their expression. Now I am not timid, and perhaps in the eyes of some I am not over-modest, though in the sincerity of my heart I feel that I am modest, and destitute only of false

modesty. The uninterrupted chain of benevolence which I have found to guide and support me these last four years, has perhaps often been unwittingly formed by myself. What I have everywhere found in my very numerous personal friendships, I might perhaps also find in public intercourse with a greater number of men at a time. Shall I tell you that I often hope so?

Meantime, I am endeavouring to unravel the confusion in the rocks of the Himalaya, and to separate the truth from their ambiguous testimony concerning the revolutions of this part of the globe. I am likewise describing new plants, and seeking to penetrate the internal form of existence of this singular race of men, each at its proper time.

I am not writing to you in English, from horror of the *you*, which I should nevertheless be obliged to employ on pain of not writing to you in English. The *thou* is printed and sung, but never either spoken or written. No relationship nor degree of attachment admits it: the most tender father, the most impassioned lover or husband, have no other form of address than *you*. A mother says it to the child in the cradle.

The studies you are pursuing will, in many respects, give you a much more extensive knowledge of the English language than I possess. When we meet I hope I shall be able to serve as a master, to teach you what alone you could not guess at: I mean the capricious pronunciation of that language; and perhaps to show you how to distinguish its double vocabulary, the

one German or Saxon, and the other Latin. Shakspeare uses the former, and Milton also. Pope is exclusively Roman. It is the modern tendency; all languages are gradually approximating, by becoming every day more and more Latinised.

Your choice of the book which you are translating surprises me. Sterne's thought is almost always an equivocal reticence. It is true that in the Sentimental Journey this equivoque is always decent. Tristram Shandy, which I however confess to be one of my favourite books, is to my great regret often very coarse. The only excuse for these indecencies is perhaps their enormity, which renders the idea which they convey scarcely comprehensible. We men are little affected by these things; social conventions allow us manners so different from those imposed on women! We are almost without modesty.

I regret the more, now that I know its subject, the loss of your letter written during the winter of 1829. You must begin it over again. In respect of thought, I do not know you. Let me become fully acquainted with you, and be assured that I shall respect all your opinions, however different they may be from my own. In great subjects mine are only scepticism and indifference, but without adopting either side of the question. Adieu, my dear friend, adieu!

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Isle of Planes in the Lake of Cashmere,
August 8th, 1831.

My dear Father,—If you could see me to-day, you would scarcely recognise me, and would perhaps take me for an indolent Asiatic. Within the last few days, the excessive heat has broken down my European energy. I have deserted my garden, which is like a hot-house, and am come upon the lake in search of a breath of air. But even here, at the foot of the mountains, the same calm prevails in the atmosphere. I envy India its hot winds. I had brought materials for working with me; but I must first try to exist, which has been a very laborious task these last few days. These overpowering heats are rare in Cashmere: they only come when the periodical summer rains entirely fail, which has happened this year. The rivers, from which the country derives its subsistence, have been dry for a month past. This is a public calamity. The people wanted the Mollahs to pray in the mosques for rain, but the sky was so unpromising that the Mollahs, expecting but little success from these supplications, caused the Seikh governor, for a long time to forbid that the prayers should be offered up. Yesterday, seeing some stormy clouds about the peak of the mountains, they got the interdict removed which they had themselves called for,

and the inhabitants of the country hastened from all parts, to a village which I can see from this place, and where they preserve a hair of Mohammed's beard. If there really be such a thing as faith, or true piety, in the world, it is amongst the Mussulmauns ; but the poor wretches will not reap an ear of rice the more for it. The dervishes, who are the least devout of the faithful, should have come to me and consulted my barometer as to the probability of change of weather, before they asked it of heaven. The threatening clouds of yesterday dispersed during the night, as I had foreseen, and with a sort of Christian folly foretold. The hot weather has returned to the set fair of the infernal regions.

The water of the lake is so warm that I seem to derive no advantage from the change of element when I plunge into it. One must remain a considerable time in it before any coolness is felt; but the only place fit for bathing is very deep, and requires the faculty of swimming. I am grown very skilful in that exercise, and can keep it up a long time; nevertheless it is laborious in still water, and when I get into the boat again, my strength is scarcely recruited.

The sun has not spared me: with the exception of my hands and face, which have long been hardened and blackened, my whole body is become of the brightest crimson. The friction of the lightest clothing is a torment to me; I have left off the European dress, and avail myself of the conventions

of Oriental fashions, which are but little troublesome. A servant stands near me with a large fan, and, from time to time, administers an artificial tempest, which alone makes me feel that life is an agreeable thing.

Bernier, whose travels I think you have read, speaks of this little island, which is a toy of the Mogul emperors. It is completely overshadowed by two enormous plane trees, the only ones remaining out of four planted by Shah-Jehan: this will show how small it is. The palace is nothing but a large hall, open to all the winds of heaven when it is their pleasure to blow; the arches are supported by columns, in a fantastic style, the spoil of some ancient pagoda. Shahlemar, with its fine avenue of poplars, stands opposite. Nichat-Bagh, with its fine shady groves, appears like a large black spot at the foot of the yellow-coloured mountains. Opposite to it is Saifkan-Bagh, which is nothing now but a forest of gigantic planes. The little mosque, to which the devout Mussulmauns of India and Persia flock to adore *azrette boll*, literally *his excellence the hair* of their prophet's beard, shows the gilded pinnacle of its minaret above a group of the same kind of trees. In the back-ground is the throne of Solomon, who was a great traveller according to the Cashmerian chronicle. This panorama which surrounds me, calls forth a crowd of recollections; the inhabitants of Cashmere look upon it all their lives and it alleviates their misery. I confess that I am still too much of a European to find any charm in it. The figures in an oriental

landscape are picturesque on account of their costume; but the entire system of manners is very prosaic. The external form of material existence varies as much as among us in the different classes of society, if not more so; but internal life is the same everywhere. There are seldom any passions here to give it relief. With the system of the constant seclusion of the women, their degradation, their impurity, and their plurality, love is rare, as you may easily suppose. Friendship among brothers is scarcely less so: the respect due from the younger to the elder, checks so familiar a feeling. Violent hatred seldom produces any thing but degrading crimes; and since the introduction of Islamism, I do not believe that the manners of the people have ever differed much from what they are at present. With us it is the manners that create institutions; but the koran is a very different thing from the gospel: it is the book of general law. What variations could manners undergo when modelled upon this immutable law?

I have just made a very extraordinary discovery: I am thirty years of age to-day! The *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* informs us that it is probably half the journey of life; yet it seems as if I was born but yesterday, and these thirty years which have slipped away, appear to me as a dream! After all, as nothing is certain but consciousness, all the rest may perhaps be nothing but a dream. I do not suppose that the *Real Essences* will prove the contrary: I keep

to this idea in the hope that the future will be reality and evolve with less speed.

Were it only to afford you pleasure, I would not always remain a bachelor. I subscribe to the perfect wisdom of what you wrote to me on this subject in one of your last letters. Lucilius did not receive more philosophical advice. But philosophy has little to do with the matter: it is not the sufficient reason of the affair; matrimony is a lottery which does not admit of moderate stakes. I have at least this conviction, that the happiness or misery of the rest of my life will depend upon it,—and I am not naturally a gamester! Shall I, when I return to France, still retain the faculty of losing my senses?—and my losing my own senses is not all; it is not even half the miracle to be performed: I shall have to inspire another with the same madness;—and what talisman shall I bring back with me from Asia to work this charm? I shall return to you tolerably worn out for my thirty odd years, without personal attractions, or youth in manners or mind;—I ask you who would notice me? Certainly, a man at my age has left behind him more than half his chances of attracting. Our manners do not admit that degree of familiarity among young people with which I ought to be known to inspire a deep attachment; and in the world as seen by young ladies, what can they perceive either in the men who pass by or even in those who are pointed out to them? Again, here am I

thirty years of age, without ever having found out that a girl was not a child. I am fraternally even paternally, disposed towards them—in short every thing which I should not be. They have always returned this feeling! The young English lady, whose fate has interested you for a moment, has written to me since she left India. All her letters are quite filial. At Calcutta she saw me forming exclusively her father's society, while a number of young men, some however not so young as myself, occasionally partook of the hospitality of her family. She has taken me at my word. Have I grown younger since?

The surest way to give a real existence to your castles in the air, would be to carry off, from Cashmere, one of those beauties said to be so common among the Mussulmaun families of rank: it would not be a difficult matter to negociate. But you would find your daughter-in-law so singular a kind of animal in every respect, that you would hasten to make a present of her to the Jardin des Plantes, where I admit that she would be much more in her place than with you. The binding of the *duodecimos* is in general of a deeper colour than that of the Saint Domingo *quartos*. You might say that beyond a certain limit there could be no coquetry in being brown: such is not the opinion in Cashmere, for the darkest blacken one half of their faces and bedaub the other with white, red, and yellow. I beg pardon of the fine ladies of the west,

but this daubing is very becoming: it gives the eyes an expression which justifies all the good and bad verses of Arab and Persian poets on their mistresses' eyes.

A gentle breeze is rising, and the sun is just setting behind the mountains. Adieu then, my dear father, for this is the hour of my deliverance. I shall throw myself into the water, which will certainly be very picturesque in the enchanted lake of Cashmere. But when will the time come when I can bathe in prose in the river at Paris?—My escort suffer from the heat a great deal more than I do. As they lie on the turf at the edge of the lake, they look like fish out of water. They curse with all their heart the little strength I have left. As they are no flatterers, my Seikh officer will tell me that I am no less a Secundæur-Beg than an Aflatoune; and the intelligent Mogul who acts as my secretary and cicerone will exclaim, "God is great," and that I am Rustum.

Closed on the 16th of August, as I am mounting my horse for my last excursion into Cashmere. It will occupy five and twenty days. I have only time to embrace you and Porphyre.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Camp in the desert mountains which divide Cashmere from Tibet, August 26th, 1831.

THE wind blows furiously, my dear Porphyre; and it will blow much harder to-morrow on the heights which I am going to visit. The cold seizes me here by the feet, at night, as it did last year in Kanawer, and keeps me awake in bed to philosophise on the atmospheric tides of lofty mountain chains. To-night I was indulging in other reflections: I was thinking about the possibility of a visit of Little Tibetans; for they sometimes come a distance of a hundred leagues to plunder a caravan or a paltry village, carrying off men, women, and children as slaves. However, I am well guarded. The chief of this valley, which is about twenty leagues long, has left his castle to follow me, and his cavalcade increases mine considerably. He is a poor devil, nearly starved to death by the extortions of the viceroys of Cashmere. When he is hard pressed he sometimes rebels, and wages war against Runjeet Sing, holding out for six months together, with his two hundred matchlocks, against the Seikh army. I did him the honour of paying him a visit, during which I condescended to drink a cup of tea while he dined with my cicerone and Mogul factotum, and the Mussulmaun commander of my escort of lancers. In honour of me, he is turning his country

topsy turvy. He has sent his army on a campaign in the forests, and I hope they will bring me some game for the museum. All this courtesy is interested: it is not from pure love of my Platonic and Socratic wisdom; for my friend Rossoul Mallick hopes through my influence with Runjeet to get released from some heavy arrears due to the treasury of Lahore—*nous verrons.* All the people in this country are not Neal Sings. For instance, my friend the saint at Cashmere, Mohammed Shah Saheb, being informed of the plan of my excursion, sent one of his deputy saints to Rossoul Mallick to act as my quarter-master; and the good-natured man, who does not know how cold it is here, sends me water-melons to refresh me. A good bottle of wine would be more seasonable. After all, the liquid crystal of the fountain is but a stupid drink. I shall need a great deal of virtue not to get tipsy, like the English, when I am Kennedy's guest again. Tea comes to Cashmere by caravans across Chinese Tartary and Tibet. I know not why the caravan tea has any reputation with us; this is absolutely destitute of fragrance, and is prepared for drinking, with milk, butter, salt, and an alkaline salt of a bitter taste. All this produces a turbid, reddish liquid of extraordinary flavour, execrable according to some, and decidedly agreeable according to others: I am of the latter opinion. In Kanawer it is made in another way: after the tea has been boiled for an hour or two, the water is thrown away, and the leaves are dressed with rancid butter, flour, and

minced goats' flesh. This makes a detestable ragout; they call it tea. I make mine according to the paternal custom: that is to say, hot water and sugar without any milk; and after taking it, I stretch myself on my bed. It throws me into a perspiration, during which I quickly fall asleep. My Cashmerian *courta*, which is a very bad conductor of caloric, preserves till two or three in the morning that with which I thus charge myself in the evening. This *courta* would be a riddle to you, if I did not tell you that it is a very thick Cashmere robe, a present from Mohammed Shah Saheb. I have likewise discovered that a soft shawl, wrapped round my head and neck, is more comfortable than my round English felt hat and black silk cravat; and I give myself this comfort, which costs nothing, for I have a great number of shawls.

If our friends could get M. Allard's silver cross changed into a gold one, I believe this distinction would make me perfectly happy. I think a recompense is due to those who, at a distance from Europe, have borne the name of Frenchman with honour. I shall write soon, to that effect, to the proper quarter. His name is mentioned with respect throughout the whole of British India, and in this country he gets what is better than respect: there is but one voice with regard to his justice and humanity, as well as his wisdom. If we could be the instrument of the reward of his services in the Punjab, we should thus acquit the debt which he has imposed on me. Do you think

it is so difficult to make a knight of the legion of honour, an officer of that order, for the reasons that might be adduced*? Adieu, for to-day; I embrace you. It is night, and dinner-time. The people at Semla are perhaps at this moment drinking my health, for the English take care of their absent friends in that way, or rather take care of themselves under the pretence of absent friends. Woe to those who, like myself, have nothing but spring water to return the compliment! Adieu again, my dear friend; I embrace you with all my heart.

In the valley of Cashmere, at Safapore, September 1st.

Here I am returned from the mountains, in every respect delighted with my excursion:—no, I must except the stones. It is a devil of a job sometimes to distinguish between primary and secondary limestones; I have here and there some doubts about them. But I have brought some new plants, and, what is of more consequence, two new animals, or at least one; and this latter is a very respectable quadruped, a species of marmot. My friend Rossoul Mallick's sub-brigands, brought me a bear and a species of chamois, the latter perhaps new; but the rogues, in spite of my strongest injunctions, had so mutilated these animals that I could make nothing of them. As

* M. Allard was nominated an officer of the legion of honour, 5th November, 1832.

I was in a discovering vein, I found out a lake here which nobody has spoken of, and which is the lake of lakes in Cashmere, being the only deep one. I am encamped on its strand. I had splendid weather when I wanted it; that is, when I was in the midst of my excursion at the highest point of the rivers Hydaspes and Indus, between Cashmere and Tibet. Rossoul Mallick has loaded me with kindness throughout; and I have repaid him in good advice with regard to his eating opium like bread, as he does. This morning a letter came from the excellent M. Allard; he announces that the interview between Runjeet Sing and Lord William Bentinck will take place on the left bank of the Sutledge, in a little Seikh district under the rajah's domination. He tells me likewise that the rajah has expressed a wish to see me, to converse about the atmosphere, water, and soil of Cashmere, and more besides, in a manner which does not allow me to decline a second visit to Lahore or Umbritsir. He adds that if this circuit thwarts my mountain projects, it is also necessary for their accomplishment. The country of Koolloo, through which I wish to enter the British Himalaya, is difficult of access, and it will be useful for me to go to court and get a new stock of credit, so that I may travel with facility: "Moreover," says he, "the rajah no doubt intends to fill your pockets as he has your strong box;" so I have just written to the king to tell him that I am now carrying on my last campaign in the mountains, that it will be terminated in about twelve

days, and in ten or twelve more I shall leave this country to appear in his sublime presence, according to his wish. I shall give him a map, which I have constructed from numerous bearings taken with the compass, and laid down on a large scale, with the names of the places in Persian characters, and the mountains in horizontal projection, so that he may understand them; and I trust that my second visit to this singular personage will not be less agreeable than the first, without speaking of purse or pocket.

After all, every thing is for the best in the best of possible worlds. With my minerals, plants, beasts and fishes, I should not be able to zig-zag along the Himalaya to the Sutledge. I shall leave these things at Jummoo, the capital of my friend Gulab Sing, who has just written to me. The road from hence across the mountains is tolerably good, that is for pedestrians and horses. At Jummoo I shall find my tent, which, thanks to Providence, M. Allard, and the rajah's camels, I have had sent from Loodheeana. At this period the rajah will probably be at Umbritsir. I shall leave Jummoo in six or seven days, and shall doubtless not quit Umbritsir until the rajah sets out on his journey to the Sutledge. I shall escort my precious baggage so far, and then leave the care of its transport as far as Loodheeana, to M. Allard and the rajah's camels. Equipping myself lightly, I shall again penetrate into the mountains near Mundis (Mundeenagur) where there are some salt-mines which I am very

desirous of seeing. I shall take care to avoid a district situated between Jummoo and that province, in which vast forests of bamboo cause dreadful fevers after the autumn. The lower region of the mountains which I wish to visit on leaving Umbritsir, will not be too cold in the month of November. On the first of December I shall certainly cross the Sutledge. I have no time to write to my father. I am writing to you between a basket of grapes as large as those of the Land of Promise, and some excellent pears; I am, moreover, in perfect health. Adieu, my dear friend; I embrace and love you with all my heart. My next will no doubt be either from Lahore or Umbritsir.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Pergunnah in Cammeradge, in the mountains of Cashmere, on the banks of the Pohour, Sept. 6th, 1831. *(despatched from Sapoor (Sampore,) Sept.* 11*th,* 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER,—A few days since, I wrote to Porphyre, on my return from the mountains through which it is necessary to pass in going from this country to Ladak; and if my letter proceeds safely through the hands of * * * * (but the list would be too long, so I will omit it,) and if on reaching Chandernagore it finds a ship ready to sail for France, you will already know when you receive this that I have had every reason to

be satisfied with the commencement of my last excursion to Cashmere. Since then, I have had additional zoological good fortune, followed it is true by reverses of the same species. Rossoul Mallick, faithful to his promise, turned his mountains and glaciers upside down to find animals for me, and his Afghan greybeards have several times pursued me into the plain to bring me in their game, consisting of monstrous bears, and latterly a species of panther apparently new. A journey of twenty leagues under the sun of the 34th degree of latitude, unfortunately rendered this game so high that, after infinite trouble to make something of it, I have been obliged, not without great regret, to abandon it all. I have thus misspent much time and money; the fault lies, first in the distance between the different places; next in the sun; and lastly in the rain, which is revenging itself for the unusual dryness of the summer at the expense of the beauty of the autumn.

From Safapore, where I was encamped when I closed my letter to Porphyre, I went to the extremity of lake Vooller or Ooller, at Bondehpore. While I was there, dissecting large birds, beasts, and fishes, I was informed of the arrival in my camp of a vakeel or messenger from the king of Little Tibet, and of a neighbouring mountain chief, at open war with the governor of Cashmere. The former I was told brought my lordship presents from the king his master. The other came only to pay his respects; he had two hundred of his mountaineers with him, which much

displeased me. Nevertheless, I put a good face upon the matter, and commanded them to wait at a distance, until I was ready to grant an audience to the vizier of Tibet, and the Cashmerian chief. Having resumed my European dress, and majestically seated myself in my chair, under a sort of canopy hastily set up, mats were stretched on the ground, and near me a privileged carpet. My people formed a line on each side, most of them so ragged that you never saw the like in the streets of Paris; and when I was satisfied with the arrangement of my court, the Mussulmaun officer of my court went in quest of the vizier. This plenipotentiary was a common-place melo-dramatic brigand as to figure and costume. He repaid me all the salaams which I formerly made to the Grand Mogul, and presented on his knees the king's letter, written in Persian, and filled with roses, narcissuses, and basil, in perpetual bloom in the garden of his friendship for me, which occupied the whole of his majesty's heart. Ahmed Shah had received my answer to his first communication; this time he wrote to me that, in order to please me, he had ordered a general battue throughout his mountains; and that, notwithstanding the season being so unfavourable to hunting, forty-two animals had been taken alive, but most of them wounded; and that all had died a few days after their capture, with the exception of the two which he sent me. His letter enumerated the articles which he offered me under the title of a *khelat* or *dress of honour*, this dress, con-

sisting of three large lumps of rock crystal, eight immense sacks of dried fruit, two young live antelopes, and a piece of the stuff in which his Tibetan majesty dresses himself, made of the tender hair of this species of antelope. He described his envoy as having been his vizier for thirty years, his confidant, and a second himself. Aga Sheragh Ali Shah* (for I would not refuse this singular diplomatic personage any of his titles) was not long in informing me that a confidential mission had been intrusted to him; and as he saw that I was surrounded by spies, he told me that he wished to consult me about a complaint of the rajah's. I invited him to relate it to me there and then, but he told me that it was a disease that could be mentioned only in private. This invention, to remove all the witnesses of a secret interview, was not bad. But when he came to acquit himself of his mission, he had eaten so large a quantity of opium, that he could tell me nothing but that his master was passionately in love with the British (whom he has never seen, and who are at a distance of three hundred leagues from his paltry dominions), and that he was their most obedient servant, and his country theirs, &c. &c. I replied that I felt a strong inclination for Ahmed-Shah, and that with all the tulips, narcissuses, and bunches of roses in the world, I was his unalterable friend.

Two men of my ambassador's suite had been frozen

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* Aga, chief; Sheragh, torch; Ali, sublime; Shah, king, in Persian.

to death on the journey; another had his arm broken; a horse had fallen down a precipice. But Sheragh Ali Shah felt so much revivified by the sunshine of my presence as to have no doubt that had he but brought his dead with him, I should have resuscitated them. In fact he gave me my heart's content of local character.

After him, the mountaineer was introduced. He was a man of my own age, perfectly handsome, with a very mild and haughty countenance. I should have loved him with all my heart, but for the two hundred vagabonds he had brought with him; however, in spite of this appendage, he pleased me much. From motives of prudence, I hastened to let him know my kind intentions towards him. I told him that I was a friend of the oppressed and a promoter of peace, that I deplored the state of war and perpetual uneasiness in which he lived, and that if he would promise henceforth to remain in peace, I would ask Runjeet Sing for the liberation of one of his wives and of his daughters, who were captives at Cashmere. He related to me his history, which affected me much, and I certainly will keep my word when I see Runjeet Sing again. But I am convinced that the best way for him to have got his wife and child back, would have been to have carried me as his prisoner into the mountains; and I take it very kindly of him to have left me to be the uncertain instrument of their freedom, instead of making me the assured pledge of it, as he might have done. My design at first was to have visited his mountains, but

I judged it imprudent to prolong the trial of his justice; and I yesterday determined upon continuing my journey round the lake, without penetráting into the valleys which come down to it. Dellaveur-Mallick (that is my new friend's name) accompanied me to the bank of a wide torrent which forms the boundary of his contested domain. In my interest for his safety, I should not have allowed him to have come farther, and was about to prohibit his doing so, when he dismounted to take leave of me. He told me, smiling, that there were no guns truer, nor of a longer range, than those of two mountaineers who always marched by his side; nor was there a sharper sabre or swifter horse than his own. I shall never forget his countenance: it was so handsome, good, and picturesque. Walter Scott could not imagine any thing better.

As for Aga Sheragh Ali Shah, he is nothing at all like a hero of romance; but he is an adventurer, whose stories would be amusing, if the fumes of opium did not obscure them so much. He is a native of Bombay, no doubt of Persian descent; for he is a Sheeah in religion, with a white skin and of low extraction. My Indian servants have found out that he was formerly of their condition. After having changed many times, and travelled from Persia to China, he was retained in Little Tibet by the present rajah, who has actually made him his favourite and minister. He is well known at Cashmere as the principal personage in that country, and moreover as a

very good man, but too much of a busy-body. The man first sent by Ahmed Shah, returned this time with Sheragh Ali, whose head servant he is. This man is infinitely better adapted for diplomatic craft than his master, and I think that the rajah has only sent his incomparable Aga Sheragh Ali Shah, to do me honour and add more lustre to his mission; and that Nassim Khan, the servant, will come and make his report when he perceives me alone; for this morning, as he was walking near my house, he showed me in the scabbard of his sabre a small corner of a letter, folded after the fashion of Ahmed Shah's diplomatic messages.

It is impossible for me to comprehend what these people want with the British, whose agent they evidently persist in considering me. Ahmed Shah is unique in his way—a pattern king, though he is not a citizen king. He is very much beloved by his subjects, and dreaded by his neighbours. He freed himself some years ago from a kind of tribute (almost nominal it is true) which Little Tibet used to pay to China. His poverty, and the frightful mountains which divide his country from Cashmere, secure him completely from the ambition of Runjeet Sing. After all, in spite of my diplomatic genius, I cannot make out what he wants! Meanwhile, the individuals composing his embassy gallop or run among my suite, and have already learnt to gather plants and collect insects; and whether the secret mission of the embassy is

fulfilled or not, when the horseman arrives from Cashmere, whither I have sent him for three hundred rupees, the *sublime torch* of the Little Tibetan empire will receive his present and dismissal at the same time. I have already replied to Ahmed Shah, repaying him all the flowers of his garden of friendship with interest. I am now going to write to Runjeet Sing to inform him of all: because, if he gets into an ill-humour with Ahmed Shah, he has absolutely no means of injuring him; and I will conceal nothing from Lord William Bentinck, because I am convinced that the political character ridiculously assumed by Mr. Moorcroft in these regions, where he secretly gave out that he was the precursor of British conquest, has been loudly and sincerely disavowed by the British Government. Ahmed Shah, who reigns after the devil's fashion, knows nothing of this denial. There can be no doubt that Mr. Moorcroft made overtures directly to him, and now he persists in taking me for an Englishman, and believing that, like Mr. Moorcroft, I have other objects of curiosity besides the minerals and animals of his country. Mr. Moorcroft's conduct was highly reprehensible: he brought a slur upon British honour among the Asiatics.

For my own part, as I am perfectly innocent of Ahmed Shah's mistake, and as I at first did all that depended upon me to destroy it, I am easily consoled for his not wishing to be undeceived, since without it he would never have acted as my zoological auxiliary. His lumps of crystal have no scientific value; but in

Cashmere, they make vases of it very much esteemed in the East, and I hope to take coffee with you out of his Little Tibetan majesty's cups. I am having an immense dressing-gown made of his royal stuff, which possesses a softness very superior to that of Cashmere shawl; in this I shall do honour to Ahmed Shah's munificence, and in it you will talk excellent metaphysics in winter, for I intend it for you on my return. I shall have one left, less admirably beautiful, but such as no natural or moral philosopher ever wore: it is a present from my friend Mohammed Shah, the saint of Cashmere. I regret that I cannot keep for you one of the sacks of dried apricots out of Ahmed Shah's garden. It is a pity to see them devoured by my people, whose jaws are little used to being exercised on such articles. They are exquisite. All this will cost me twenty-five louis for an *obligato* present to the ambassador; but I shall not regret them if my two animals, which are very young, live long enough to show the character of their species clearly. After all, I have hitherto been playing upon velvet, for I have more than a hundred louis out of Runjeet Sing's rupees.

It would be absolutely impossible for a European of my pursuits to travel in this country under any other conditions than those with which I entered it. I remember certain advice kindly given to me by people who had seen a little corner of the East. Nothing was easier, according to them, than to cross the whole of Asia with heavy baggage: they talk of caravans of merchants,

&c.; it is all pure romance. Merchants, it is true, go almost every where: from Cashmere to Teheran, and even to Mashed, they go through Lahore, Delhi, Bombay, Bushire, Shiraz, &c. &c., without passing through Cabulistan, and for a very good reason. The petty eastern princes use discretion in robbing them, because they will see them again: and if some of the profits of their trading are left them, they are to the chiefs through whose territories they pass, like the miser's goose that laid golden eggs: few are fools enough to kill it. But he who passes without intending to return, is stripped to his last rag; and European travellers of course can claim no exclusive privileges. They have but two alternatives: to travel as beggars, like M. Alexander Csomo de Koros, in the national costume of the country they are crossing, or else to surround themselves with a respectable substantial force, or get credit for having what they cannot in reality procure. Thus, I started on horseback from Calcutta in the evening of the 20th of November 1829, without the slightest immediate protection; at Hoogly, two stages from thence, I acquired a sort of janissary, whose place was supplied at Bardwan by a corporal and four men; I was quite a snow-ball till I arrived on the banks of the Sutledge with a serjeant and twelve men, where I found fifty in readiness to receive me; and although, since that time, I have always had nearly the same number, it was too little sometimes, and would have been

so everywhere were it not for the long arms of the powers whose friend I am believed to be. There has been, however, more good luck than address in my ambulating fortunes: for instance, had not chance brought to my camp at the same time, a few days ago, both the king of Little Tibet's envoy and the mountain chief of whom I have spoken, the latter would probably have either plundered me or carried me off prisoner. But in throwing off the yoke of Cashmere, he has become the vassal of Ahmed Shah: he could not therefore venture to harm me in the face of that prince's minister; and, to go farther back, the excellent M. Allard, hearing of me, sent his offers of service all the way from Lahore to the frontiers of China: without him I should never have come here, although without Lord William it would have been equally impossible. My success required a union of acts of kindness, one of which was the effect of mere chance.

Justice in one who has power to be unjust, is a miracle in these regions; at first it is a riddle to the inhabitants, but they are not long in solving it and appreciating it. Throughout the whole viceroyalty of Cashmere, there is no tribunal to settle private disputes upon a basis of equity. But for a month past, people have several times come, and from a distance too, who wished to have me for an arbitrator. They talk of my *adawlut* (justice), which pleases me infinitely. With respect to wisdom, you must know that I have had promotion; Runjeet now calls me

Aristotiles, in addition to my old titles of Aflatoon and Bocrate, (Socrates).

My health has been perfect for the last two months; I am still as thin as ever, but am more hardy and tough. As a proof of strength, I can tell you that I have several times swam an hour and half in still water, without resting, and without any fatigue; I think I could keep up this exercise for four or five hours. This is a great deal more than Leander did. I do not yet well know how to set about breaking five hundred heads with a single blow of an ass's jaw-bone, but my secret is the same as Samson's. What hands would here cut the fatal lock? I should like to see a chorus of Cashmerian country-women make their entrance on the stage of one of our theatres, before the lovers of the Exotic. Night is coming on and my servant is disputing for half my table (which is very small) to place my frugal dinner on. Adieu, then—while writing so familiarly to you about such trifles, I seem only to be separated from you by the bridges; and it is a charming illusion which recals all the serenity of my mind for serious occupation. Adieu, once more, adieu!

8th morning at Baramoola.

Autumn is come with its chilly nights and cold mornings; it is the same as ours in favourable seasons, except the sun, which, in the middle of the day, is much hotter, and still nearly vertical. Yesterday evening, I dismissed the vizier, who is gone back to Little

Tibet with all his suite. Immediately after his departure, I wrote a long letter to king Runjeet Sing. (You no doubt curse the irregularity of my orthography of Asiatic names; it is because they are very difficult, if not impossible, to write in our European languages,—at least those that I can use. The English write *Runjeet.* We ought to write *Rounedgite*, or *Raunedgite*, or *Reunidgite*; but neither *o*, nor *a*, nor *e*, does the business, although *o* is the nearest approximation to the Persian sound. As for the word which the English write *Sing*, if they pronounced according to the analogies of their idiom, it would be *Singe.* What comes nearest in French is *cygne, cygnus.* The name of this country for us, is exactly *Câchemir*, or in English *Cashmere. Delhi* is written a thousand different ways by the English, none of which is the correct one. The best in English would be *Dellee*, and in French *Delli.* The English mode at present is, to write *Bunarus* for the *Bénarès* of the French; in French we ought to write *Bênârèsse.* As for the final *an*, in Teheran, Ispahan, Burdwan, &c., this sound, very easy of imitation to all Europeans, neither exists nor can be written either in French English, or Italian. The Indian and Persian *am*, like *an*, is unpronouncable by one who has not heard it from the mouth of a native. The final *ghur* of many names of places in the English maps, is a stupidly literal translation of the Persian: it is nearly *queur* in French, as in the word *liqueur:*

gueur, *abad*, *poor*, *nagur*, all signify habitation; here I close my parenthesis). I have written then at some length to Runjeet Sing, relating my little adventure to him. I think my letter will amuse him; part of its contents at least will, I am sure, be very much to his taste: this part consists of some pills of the extract of cantharides.

I had forgotten to acknowledge the receipt of young Robinet's note before. I received it at the source of the Hydaspes seven weeks ago. It has given me a very high opinion of that young man; but what is to be done with him here? It would doubtless not be easier for me to be useful to him at Calcutta. I know few belonging to the commercial circles of that great city: I am, properly speaking, acquainted only with Mr. James Calder, a rich Scotch merchant of great zeal for the sciences: the houses of the rest are formed like his. The clerks destined to rise are nephews or cousins who are sent for from Europe very young, at sixteen or eighteen. The others are native Hindoos or Portuguese, a mixed breed between the ancient Portuguese conquerors and the Indians. All children born in India of Europeans in easy circumstances are sent, at six or seven years of age, to England for education. There is only one French house at Calcutta, that of M. Bonaffé; which the English do not count, it being of very small extent. I know no example of a Frenchman having made a fortune in India by the means to be used by M. Robinet. There are a

certain number who came to Calcutta with a small venture in goods, and perhaps with some honesty. After being ruined by bankruptcy, robbery, or a law-suit, they are detained in India by the impossibility of paying for their return to Europe. They live upon the profits of a small clandestine and fraudulent brokerage. I know of their existence only from the police reports, inserted in the newspapers, and in which their names appear. I should therefore advise the young gentleman not to think any more of this country. Having been consulted from Calcutta, concerning the chance of a favourable establishment in that city, by a young physician who was recommended to me by M. Victor de Tracy, I hastened to answer him from Benares, where I then was, that the best thing he could do would be to leave it as soon as possible. Tell M. Robinet, moreover, that what I have seen in other foreign countries of the existence of our countrymen, who go there to make their fortunes, has sufficed to convince me that the great majority of them are very unfortunate at New York; and it is the same at Rio Janeiro and Bourbon. I entreat him to prefer the mediocrity of his present station to the very improbable chances of a better fortune at a distance from our country.

Sampore in Cashmere, Sept. 10th.

Yesterday evening, I received a courier from the king, with a direct invitation for me to repair to him. I might have required pressing, but that would have looked

ill; and, although annoyed at leaving Cashmere a fortnight sooner than I had at first determined upon, I have answered his Seikh majesty that in ten days I shall resume my route towards the Punjab. I shall have to travel rapidly to join Runjeet Sing at Umbritsir, before he leaves it for Rooper (Ropur). Look for this village on the left bank of the Sutledge, at the foot of the mountains near Belaspore. It is the place appointed for the interview between the rajah and the governor-general, which will take place, with the greatest possible pomp, on the 25th of October. Wade and Kennedy ask if I shall be present there. Certainly not. A poor devil of an *Aflatoane*, a *Bocrate*, an *Aristotelis*, like me, would be stifled by the clouds of dust raised by the contact of two such great powers. Then this eastern magnificence is, after all, nothing but a display of rich dresses, where the person is reckoned good for nothing but to fold drapery upon, or button splendid costumes on. I shall therefore leave the rajah's court only to re-enter the mountains near Koolloo, in order to visit the iron and salt mines at Mondi; and shall thus, on my return to Semla, have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with your favourite, Belaspore. Lord William renews, through Kennedy, all kinds of offers of services to facilitate my progress, whatever it may be, in my next campaign. I shall go from hence to Umbritsir by the pass of Pyr, Punjal, Radjouri, and Jummoo, where I shall again see the rajah Gulab Sing, who received me so well at Pindaden Khan

in the month of April last. I am perfectly well, but over head and ears in business and can write to nobody to-day. Adieu, my dear father; I embrace you and Porphyre with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Djamon (Jummoo in the English maps,) October 3rd, 1831.

My dear Father,—I have at length quitted the mountains. I left Cashmere on the 19th of September. The stupid Seikh who is at present in possession of the privilege of plundering that unhappy country (at the expense no doubt of disgorging into Runjeet Sing's treasury at the end of his government) came the day before, to pay his visit of leave; he brought me, on the part of the king, a khelat, or dress of honour, of the value of fifteen hundred rupees (four thousand francs). After his visit, I went to pay one to my neighbour Mohammed Shah Sahib, whose birth, reputation for wisdom, and sanctity, allowed me to pay him that honour without derogating. There is no sort of attention which I did not receive from this excellent man. I was almost obliged to be angry with him when I left him, in order to make him keep a horse and some porcelain vases, which he wished to make me accept. I would take nothing but a very plain though handsome cup, out of which I shall have great pleasure in drinking coffee some day

at Paris. There are good people everywhere, and it is my good fortune to meet with them at all the places where I make any stay: it will be delightful to me to recollect them.

Although I had fixed the day of my departure a week before hand, Sheikh Bodher Bochs, my mehmandar, was not ready. This man is no worse than the other Seikh officers, but I hate him more, because, from the time he has been with me, I am better acquainted with him. He bought six women at Cashmere, two of whom he married before the mollah, and it was the difficulty of transporting them beyond the mountains which detained him in the city. He asked me for a day's respite. I was inexorable; and on the 19th, as I had at first fixed, I mounted my horse at day-break, and took the road to the south. My caravan was much more numerous than on my arrival. Sixty soldiers formed my escort; fifty mountaineer porters carried my baggage, a few captive animals were led in the rear. A confidential officer of my friend Mohammed Shah rode behind me; the Mogul, who had served as my secretary and cicerone during my stay, followed me also. The day before, I made him a present of five and twenty louis, the well-merited reward of his good services; the poor fellow, to whom justice was quite a novelty, and who, I think, was sincerely attached to me, would have followed me anywhere. He hopes, with some chance of success, that by presenting and recommending him to Runjeet Sing, I shall make his

fortune. As Bodher Bochs assured me that he would rejoin my camp at the second stage, I left, through forgetfulness, all Runjeet Sing's firmans with him; but he neither appeared at the second nor the third night's bivouac, and I doubt whether he will rejoin me before I reach Umbritsir. There was perhaps some rashness on my part in throwing myself headlong into the mountains without any mehmandar; but I thought that, in case of obstacles arising, I might show Runjeet-Sing's last letter, in which he presses me to go to him. This ensurer of respect remained useless in my secretary's pocket. It has turned out that some pervanahs or firmans, addressed in my name by myself to the chiefs through whose territories I was to pass, have caused me to meet with the desired reception from them. The rajah of Radjouri, who is bed-ridden with a painful disorder, sent his eldest son to meet me; this young man brought me apologies for his father, unable to come himself. The rajah lodged me in the most picturesque turret of his castle. As a unique exception, this rajah enjoys the reputation of being just and learned. I went to see him without ceremony, and remained more than an hour sitting on his bed near him, talking to and comforting him. I could do no better, for I had no remedies either to give or to prescribe for him.

I had at first resolved to descend from Radjouri to Jummoo straight across the mountains; but the rajah drew me such a picture of the difficulties of this route and its insecurity, that I changed my mind and came

to Bimbur. There, I entered the plains of the Punjab. But I had already found its climate again at Radjouri, and even at Tunna, whither I descended in a day and a half's march from the summit of Pyr Pendjal. This rapid and immense change of climate has not even affected my skin; but several of my people have experienced fatal effects from it. One of my horsemen caught, at Radjouri, the terrible fever of the lower mountains, which almost always kills its victim after exhausting for a year or two by continued suffering. My antelopes from Little Tibet died of the heat at Bimbur. In order not to do as they did, I left off my flannel, and I find that it is comparatively very agreeable to perspire in cotton clothes. It is very odd that this Indian heat (for the Punjab is India,) which every one calls so enervating, does not oppress me in the least. It fires my skin a little as it would the skin of any one else; but I feel myself as cool within, and as vigorous as on the mountains of Cashmere, if not more so. In order to reach this place from Bimbur in three stages, I was obliged to be on horseback fourteen or fifteen hours a day; and besides, I watched during the night, for it would not have been safe to sleep. The tribes at the foot of the mountains in these districts could never be reduced by Runjeet Sing. They frequently descend into the plains, often in very numerous bands, imitating the exploits of Walter Scott's Scotch Highlanders, and Fauriel's klephts, sparing only their more immediate neighbours, who, I think, go halves with them. I was

afraid of being betrayed by the latter. Had I known beforehand the risks of this route, I should certainly have taken another; for I think nothing is more silly for a man of my profession, than to get a gun-shot in a night skirmish, and thus end his days like a dog, without the smallest flower being thrown upon his tomb. Yesterday I left those dangers behind me by crossing the Chinab. I expected to find the rajah Gulab Sing here, to whom I had written to announce my approaching arrival. I was therefore a little disappointed to learn, on going up to Jummoo, that the rajah had left his capital two days previously, and was encamped at a distance of ten coss on the Umbritsir road. However, as he was to lend me a large tent, and camels to go to Runjeet Sing, I persisted in coming here. Gulab Sing is better obeyed at a distance than Runjeet Sing. His vizier received me as his master's friend. All that I can desire comes as it were by enchantment. Plenty is in my camp; soldiers, servants, highland porters, are all lodged at the rajah's expense. The poor fellows had great need to pass through this land of plenty after the privations and fatigues they have endured since we left Cashmere. The rajah's eldest son, who has remained here to receive me in his father's absence, wished to come and see me last night on my arrival. He is a boy of fifteen, a favourite of Runjeet Sing's. I received him only to-day. He interested me with his charming countenance and his modesty; at this age when children

are opening into manhood, and the chance of what they will become is on the point of being decided, they interest me extremely. I therefore promised little Gulab Sing to remain here over to-morrow, in order to spend the morning with him on an elephant's back, in seeing the environs of Jummoo, and preaching morality to him without his perceiving it. The day after to-morrow, on the road to Umbritsir, I shall repay to the father the visit I received from the son. Gulab Sing, who expected me by the direct road from Radjouri, sent one of his viziers with a palanquin and bearers, and a small army to meet me. The young rajah presented me with a purse of three hundred and fifty rupees. Eight months ago I should have thought this proceeding very brutal. Being now well acquainted with the manners of the country, I should on the contrary have been offended if he had come empty-handed, as also if he had not left his shoes at the door of my tent. I am become quite insensible to the pleasure of winning in the lottery of Punjab politeness, because money on this side of the Sutledge goes as it comes, and perhaps still faster.

Yesterday I made a duplicate of my map of Cashmere, on which I write all the names in Persian; it is the present which I intend for Runjeet Sing.

As I was descending the Pyr Pendjal, I received a courier from Runjeet, who brought me, along with a letter from the king, a packet from Semla, containing one from Lord William Bentinck, in answer to the

thanks I had expressed to the Governor-general for the reception which his powerful recommendation caused me to meet with from Runjeet. Lord William wishes to leave me all the merit of my success.

Here follows what he writes to me: I copy this letter instead of sending it you, because his writing is rather illegible, and, being in English, I think it not familiar enough to you for you to be able to make it out.

"*Semla, Sept. 5th,* 1831.

"My dear Sir,—I have not acknowledged the receipt of your last letter, for which I beg to apologise. It gives me great pleasure to find that your accueil by Runjeet-Sing has been satisfactory. It must be mainly due to your own address. You have the *singular* merit of having *at once* (veni, vidi, vici) conquered the distrust of that most wary politician. You must have suffered great fatigue and privation in the course of your present expedition. The thanks and applause of the scientific world will be your best reward. I was in hopes Captain Kennedy had sent you our last intelligence from Europe, but I find that he made you but a partial report. I send you therefore a copy of what has been received from Bombay. I have also seen a letter from a friend of mine, but not addressed to me, who left Paris the second week in April; he gives a favourable account of the stability of things in France, of which my correspondent remarks a less favourable

opinion generally prevailed in England. We expect daily a ship which was to leave England on the eleventh of May.

"We have also still to come the *Circassian*, that left England in the beginning of April, and which contains the missing French papers, which shall be forwarded to you as soon as received. Lady William desires me to present her kind remembrances to you. I shall always be happy to afford you every assistance in my power.

"I remain with much respect and esteem,

"Dear sir, your faithful servant,

"W. C. BENTINCK."

Lord William joined to this letter a manuscript copy of a Russian newspaper, which came by way of Persia, and informs us of the great news of the dissolution of the British Parliament, and the *statu quo* of the armed peace of Europe. Is it not strange that I should be better informed about European affairs, though alone in the midst of the mountains of Cashmere, than the inhabitants of Calcutta on the same day? However, the politics of Europe have for some time interested me less—they hang fire too long.

This evening I delivered a decision, which has gained me the reputation of a Suliman, (Solomon,) at Jummoo. My secretary came to complain that one of the soldiers of the escort had stolen his shawl. I did what the meanest scribe in India or the Punjab never deigns to do in such a case. I went to the spot,

thirty steps from my tent; there I interrogated the witnesses and the defendant, and was easily convinced of the latter's guilt. The commander immediately inquired if it was my pleasure that he should be hanged, or have his nose and ears cut off. I ordered that to-morrow, during my absence, before the assembled troop, a man of the lowest caste should break the prisoner's sabre and gun into pieces, and give him a hundred blows with a stick; after which my servant will give him a month's pay, in order that he may leave the country, from which he will be ignominiously driven. I am afraid the rascal will immediately buy a sabre with the five rupees he will receive after his punishment, and turn highway-robber; but if he does so, Gulab Sing's police has a good chance of catching him before long, and my responsibility ends there. There are no prisons in this country; I shall suggest to Gulab Sing the idea of establishing some in his dominions, and to substitute forced labour for the cruel mutilations so frequently inflicted by Eastern justice Good night, my dear father. The rest at Umbritsir.

Jummoo, 4th evening.

This is to thank you, my dear father, for your excellent and charming letter of last February, No. 24, which a courier from M. Allard has just brought me, together with one from Porphyre, a packet of very recent Calcutta papers, and a letter from my banker, who has received authority from MM. Delessert and

Delaroche, to increase my annual credit six thousand francs for this year, and three thousand for the year 1830; thus making an increase of nine thousand francs for this year, and extending it to twelve thousand for the years 1832 and 1833. So this year I have the fifteen thousand francs which I wished.

Your No. 23 is still wanting, which makes some passages of your No. 24 obscure. I hope my letters from Upper Kanawer, and from Spiti or Tibet, will have reached you a short time after those from Semla and Tchini; and that the continuation of my correspondence up to this day has confirmed your faith in my luck. Seeing me so near Leh or Ladak—for it is all one on the map—you expressed a wish that I should extend my expedition thither. Your ambition then will have been a little disappointed in seeing me return to the high valley of the Spiti without having been there; but you would have pitied me for the cold and hunger which I should have had to suffer, if I had persisted in going to Ladak—not to speak of obstacles of a different description. Pinkerton, whom you were going to read under the heads "Chinese Tartary and Tibet," will no doubt have given you an idea of the lamas (pronounce the word *lommmmmma*) and terrible Tartars, very different from the reality. You seemed to regret much that I could not see Cashmere. I hope I have acted like a dutiful son! have I not? If you had known all the difficulties of that expedition, you would never have thought of my making it, and would have believed

it absolutely impracticable. Many of my English friends, well able to estimate these difficulties, Kennedy for instance, when he knew that I was at Lahore, still did not believe that I should succeed in getting to Cashmere. I do not know who the modern traveller is you speak of, who has given the Cashmerians so bad a character. Forster is the only one who has visited it since Bernier; he was there fifty years before me, but in disguise; and no one before me wore the dress or bore the character of a European. Cashmere is nevertheless very near British India, two hundred leagues distant at most, and its celebrity has constantly excited the ambition of British travellers. I am forgetting Mr. Moorcroft, who perished miserably a short time after he left it.

I laughed a great deal at your conjectures as to the means I should be obliged to employ to raise the money necessary for my last year's campaign. The Great Mogul is not so great as you imagine. He does not tie a trinket worth a thousand crowns to any one's hat. Being reduced to a sort of stage king, he takes care to dress in mere stage trumpery those whom he honours with a khelat. But Runjeet Sing does things in a different manner. I am truly ashamed of the enormous bale of Cashmere shawls with which my baggage has been increased during the last seven months; though if my money should happen to run short during the remainder of my journey, they would prove an important resource. I really do not yet know what I shall do with them. I should like to be able to take them with me

to Europe, with my animals, plants and minerals; they would serve as presents which I should like to make to the wives of my friends. But how could I get them passed through the custom-house?

My letters last winter expressed the enthusiasm with which the revolution inspired me, and the bitter regret I have sometimes felt at being so far from France at that memorable period. Since then my opinion concerning those great events has much changed. It has been modified, like your own, in proportion as I saw so many base, absurd, and ignoble consequences proceed from so noble a principle. I see many people speak in the tribune of the events of the great week, as being their handy-work, as if they had fired a gun in the streets with the working mechanics, and as if it was not solely by the muskets of these mechanics that the revolution was achieved. The hostile tone of all parties in the chamber is a deplorable error. Shall I tell you, my dear father, that I sometimes regret not being a deputy? I know not whether I am strangely deceiving myself; but it appears to me that an honest man, who would play the part of mediator, without art or craft, and simply by showing the acute pain he suffers from these bitter dissensions between men so long united, and the misfortunes with which they threaten the country, would not speak in vain. The artifices of logic in what is termed the eloquence of the tribune, are too far-fetched: they almost always wound the self-love of those against

whom they are exercised. Too great pains are taken to convince, and not enough to persuade. Some aim at oratorical display; I wish they would aim at touching the feelings: this is what I should try to do, if I were in the chamber under present circumstances. Can what is easy in a *tête-à-tête*, or in a small company, be so very difficult in a numerous assembly? Mistakes and differences may arise between honourable men; but they must be very blind, and their advisers very bad, if these quarrels are not soon terminated by a sincere reconciliation, and the mutual friendship and esteem of the parties rendered more firm than ever. All parties have wrongs to complain of from one another, and these wrongs are daily aggravated by the deplorable obstinacy with which each shuts himself up within the circle of his own peculiar views. Rather than be the impotent witness of these fatal dissensions in our own country, I prefer being at the extremity of Asia, removed from them by space and thought.

On my return into British India, it shall be my first care to write a long letter to the Jardin des Plantes, on the results of my expedition to Cashmere. I never had less leisure than since I crossed the Sutledge. I have necessarily had a multitude of relations with the people of the country through which I was passing, such as no other European traveller could, even if he wished it, have any opportunity of forming with those of British India: hence many hours stolen from my work. Sometimes I had measures of safety to take; sometimes visits to

receive and politeness to show. I cannot pass in silence and *incognito*. Yesterday, for instance, I could not excuse myself from losing a couple of hours with the little rajah in visiting the neighbourhood of his capital. Had I been on horseback alone, I could have made the survey in less than an hour. To-day I am encamped near his father, Gulab Sing. While I was peaceably jogging along the plain, on my way hither from Jummoo (nine coss), looking through my spectacles at all the plants, which I held close to my nose in order to discover the new ones, one of Gulab Sing's officers came to meet me and compliment me in his master's name. I am resting a little, waiting for my breakfast; it is past noon, and I have been six hours on horseback. Then comes the ceremony of the moulakat or visit of the rajah, who will condescend to come first. I shall have to return his politeness. If he leaves me late, it will be almost impossible to-day, &c. &c. In India it is quite different. Many an English officer has served fifteen years in India, and travelled all over the Peninsula, without having any intercourse with the people of the country except such of them as are his attendants. Such a line of conduct, which is exceedingly common in the European community inhabiting and governing India, would be highly improper for doing what I am on the point of terminating: I mean making my way in a country where all is not open before me. My caravan having now re-entered India, and marching silently along the roads,

will have all the appearance of a funeral, in which I shall act the corpse; and I shall certainly find the change very agreeable.

Apropos of death and funerals—the plague is making terrible ravages in Persia, especially in the southern and coast provinces of the gulf; very severe sanatory measures have been adopted at Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta, against Arab vessels coming from Busheer, Muscat, and Jedda. This terrible disease has never yet appeared in India. The cholera morbus reigns with fury at Benares, and the towns on the banks of the Ganges, below Patna, Dynassour, &c.

In one of your former letters you regretted that I had not taken a doctor's degree, that I might add the weight of that dignity to any report on the frightful malady of which India is the classic seat. But—but truly I should be very much embarrassed, quite as much as Pariset was to discourse pertinently on the plague in Egypt, and for the same reason,—for hitherto I have neither seen, nor had an opportunity of seeing, a single case of cholera morbus. At St. Domingo, and in the United States, I met with the same disappointment with respect to the yellow fever. I strongly suspect that this will be my lot with the plague.

I have just learned from the Calcutta papers, the death of a Piedmontese traveller, called Count di Vidua, who, for two years, travelled through India in a palanquin, proceeded thence to China, and afterwards to the Moluccas, on his way to New Holland. He was, I

imagine, a mere tourist, with a more decided taste for heaps of stones, and old bits of brick, than for any other kind of observation. He had the awkwardness, I was going to say folly, to tumble into a boiling bog, whence the hot mineral springs of Java arise, and he died from the effects of his scalding. From his manner of acting in all things, according as I have been told, I could have wagered that M. Vidua would never see Turin again. Pliny is excusable for the fatal curiosity which cost him his life; he certainly died in a most picturesque manner for a natural philosopher. But for a poor devil of an Italian antiquary to go and get boiled in Java—what business had he there?

I am going to make arrangements with M. Cordier of Chandernagore about the forwarding of my collections to France. During the winter, they will go down the Jumna and the Ganges from Delhi to Chandernagore. I think it better to trust to the improbable chance of shipwreck than to the certainty of the accidents incidental to land carriage.

Porphyre makes you forget all your philosophy: you would have him lose his identity; well, "*trahit sua quemque voluptas*," and his *voluptas* is to be unsociable. There are few as innocent as he; and if, as times go, every one like him would remain secluded, either from humour, taste, or modesty, public affairs would go on all the better for it. The mild and gay nature of his thoughts, is a proof that he would gain nothing in changing his ways; besides, people seldom change much at forty,

and however extraordinary it may seem, Porphyre has leaped this terrible ditch. When, after dinner, we all take a walk together to the Tuileries, our group will no longer be that of father Horace, as it was ten years ago at the Luxemburg.

Djessur, or Jusser, on the banks of the Ravee, or Hydroates, October 8th.

This time, my dear father, I am writing you a journal, and not a letter. The rajah paid his visit three days ago; and, as I expected, rather late. We talked about his mountains, Cashmere, the immortality of the soul, steam-engines, then the soul again, the universe, &c. &c. Gulab Sing was so pleased with these physics and metaphysics, that we kept it up pretty late in the night by the light of my excellency's torches and candles, which furnished my Rajpoot philosopher with more than one comparison and idea. I decidedly like that man; and my reason for it is that he seems to like me. The rajah earnestly besought me to remain a whole day with him; and I consented, on condition that I should march during the night in order to make up for the loss of a day. The day before yesterday, in the morning, I went to him just as he was getting out of bed, and we remained conversing until they came to tell us that the preparations for the chace were complete—for it was a settled point that we should hunt. Two towers had been built, in a neighbouring forest, with the branches and foliage of trees. We

each took our station in one of them, while the rajah's cavalry, entering the wood on all sides, drove the game towards us. I killed a wild hog. I must have been born with very little taste for the chase, for this did not give me the slightest pleasure, although it was my first piece of good luck with wild hogs. The rajah's Brahminee cooks, who were on horseback, *improvised* a Rajpoot breakfast out of the produce of our sport, which was truly excellent, and was served up in large baskets, filled with little dishes made of leaves. Runjeet Sing himself has no other table service.

Our Mussulmaun people and horsemen, and some of the Hindoo castes, took to their heels when they saw the roasted hog, which they hold in as great abomination as the domestic pig: a horror shared by the Rajpoots of Hindoostan. I spent the day at a short distance from our hunting ground, in the rajah's camp, where tents had been prepared for me. Gulab Sing sent me his presents there: an excellent and beautiful white horse, caparisoned in the most splendid manner after the Seikh fashion, and a khelat, with Cashmere shawls, &c. I went to take leave of him; and found, as he had done the day before, so much pleasure in my visit, that I should be there now, had he not himself, at the approach of night, made me start. I reached Zafferval in the middle of the night; I was there agreeably surprised by meeting a European, the first I had seen for seven months. An old Italian artillery officer, a friend of M. Allard's, and who, like him, has been several

years in Runjeet's service, received me at Zafferval, where he was himself encamped. He is governor of this province, and he loaded me with friendly and flattering attentions. He told me a multitude of things which a traveller would never discover in this country. I was obliged to spend the whole of yesterday with him. To-night, he accompanied me on horseback seven coss from our camp, and I afterwards went on alone as far as the banks of the Ravee, which my caravan has just crossed. I shall cross it to-morrow at day-break, with my light troops, and the day after to-morrow I shall be at Umbritsir with the good M. Allard.

The Italian told me too much. Had he known me beforehand, and been desirous of some friendship on my part, he would have left me in ignorance of the necessary means to enforce command in this frightful country. Gulab Sing no doubt does still worse; but his father did the same. I shall feel real pleasure in continuing my tour in India, on Gulab Sing's horse; because he did not give it to me merely from etiquette, but evidently as a token of remembrance. Is not this familiar friendship with a demi-savage of the Himalaya, very curious? I should scarcely have dreamt of it when I landed at Calcutta two years ago. I believe that this luck in travelling proceeds, on both sides of the Sutledge, from the same principle. I have preserved entire the nationality and individuality of my thoughts. With the English I did not become stiff like themselves: with the Asiatics I avoid the cold complimentary style

habitual to them. I translate my French ideas and personal feelings into the language of both: in short, I retain my identity, as much as I can, in the fetters of a foreign idiom.

You ask if the Indian chief-justice Sir Charles Grey, is any relation to Earl Grey, the British prime minister. He is, but opposed to him in politics. Sir C. Grey is about to retire, after his ten years' judicial services, which give him a right to a pension for life of 50,000 francs (2000*l.*) It is said that Mr. Pearson will succeed him. It is natural that Lord Brougham should dispose of the vacancy in his favour, for Mr. Pearson is his intimate friend: his age, reputation, and knowledge of Indian judicial affairs, acquired since he has filled the office of advocate-general, give him also great right to this high dignity.—Good night.

Between the Beas and the Sutledge, at Captain Wade's Camp, October 19th.

I stayed a week at Umbritsir, with the excellent M. Allard. The second day after my arrival, I had an audience of Runjeet Sing, without witnesses. Guess what he offered me?—the vice-royalty of Cashmere! I ridiculed both him and his proposal, which was, no doubt, only a stratagem to know my mind. He pleased me still more than when I passed through Lahore—of course on account of his caresses. I found that I had changed my title at the Seikh court, and that instead of *Jakman Sahib Bahadur*, I was now known by every

one as the *Aflatoon el Zeman.* Captain Wade, with two other officers of my acquaintance, arrived at Umbritsir three days after me. He came, on the part of the Governor-general, to accompany Runjeet Sing through his dominions to Rooper, on the left bank of the Sutledge, the place appointed for the interview of the two potentates. I met him again with great pleasure. It was the festival of the Unlocked, and I saw Asia in all its picturesque pomp. Wade invited me to join him, and since that day I partake of all the privileges of the British commission. On the eve of the festival, the king had the kindness to have me shown the famous tank of Umbritsir, in the centre of which is the golden temple, in which they preserve the *Grant,* or sacred book of the Seikhs. The fanaticism and madness of the Akhalis or religious warriors, who always crowd into this sacred place, would threaten any European visitant with almost certain danger, if he had not a strong guard. It was not wanting on this occasion. I went to the temple on an elephant, with a strong escort of Seikh cavalry, the animal on which I was mounted, pushing the formidable Akhalis to the right and left, without hurting any of them; and the temple was occupied by a regiment of Seikh infantry. In its precinct I paid a visit to an old man, celebrated for his sanctity; he was waiting for me, as was likewise the governor of the town, an equally respectable old man, who was there by the king's order, to conduct me through the temple. He took me by the hand, and

led me all over it. If he had let me go, the Akhalis would no doubt have done me some ill turn; but I was sacred while under the arms of the old Dessa Sing. At night-fall, the temple, being already lighted with lamps, presented the image of Pandemonium. I humbly offered the *Grant* a nuzzer of three hundred rupees, being part of what the king had made me a present of the day before; and I received a small khelat in return. The Unlocked is a Hindoo festival, and the greatest of all. The Seikhs celebrate it with still greater noise and splendour than their ancestors and Hindoo brethren. On that day Runjeet reviewed his army. I seated myself with Wade, by the king's side, in a magnificent tent, pitched on a platform, in the middle of the plain of Umbritsir. All the chiefs of the Seikh court came to do homage to the king, and then the army marched past us: it resembled a good deal the armies described by the historians and poets of antiquity; and for this once the reality far surpassed my expectations.

The next day (the day before yesterday), the king struck his camp at day-break, and departed with Captain Wade. I could not leave M. Allard soon enough to join the royal cavalry on the road, and did not reach Wade's tents till the evening. Henceforth I shall not leave them, in order that I may not be lost in the frightful melée before which the king appears to flee, and which is in reality following him contrary to his wish. The Aflatoon el Zeman, yesterday morning, on an elephant, walking side by side with that of Runjeet

Sing, discoursed to him like an oracle. As there was no longer the smallest plant to pick up in the sandy and arid plains which we were crossing, I did not regret not being able to stop according to my fancy. However, thinking I saw one to-day, I made my elephant kneel down without ceremony, and descended from it to have a nearer sight of a plant which I recognised, and neglected on being better acquainted with it. Every body stopped with me; you see what privileges Aflatoons enjoy.

I ought not to forget to tell you that I received at Umbritsir two equally long and friendly letters from Mr. Pearson and M. de Melay. The former sends me word that he is shortly expecting his daughter, whose health is completely re-established, and who is returning, without Mrs. Pearson, to bear him company at Calcutta for the rest of the time he has to remain there.

Hatteli, in the mountains between the Beas and the Sutledge, October 28th.

In the evening of the twenty-first, I took my last leave of Runjeet Sing at Ooshearpore. During the morning's march, while on horseback near him, we chatted about my projected journey to Mondi, which I am at present performing; and he had the candour (a rare virtue with him) to confess that the wretched rajah of Mondi was the most refractory of his mountain Rajpoot vassals. He is always obliged to send an army of eight or ten thousand men every year,

in spring, to receive the slender tribute of a hundred thousand rupees. Nevertheless he gave me hopes that, with a little address, his firmans to the rajah, and the assistance of an old Seikh officer, a trusty man, whom he added to my escort, I might succeed in my undertaking. Our last interview was long and very friendly: Runjeet lavished a thousand caresses on me; he took my hand and shook it several times at my well-aimed broadsides of flattery, in which, without seeking it, I infused a degree of feeling. I was embarrassed with his exclusive attentions, on account of his neglect of the British officer commanding Wade's escort, who was visiting him with me. But, with the Asiatics, the English are so awkward, and so unsociable, that I am not surprised at it. They have only *yes and no* to say for themselves, and Runjeet likes to be amused. It was quite dark when I left the king, giving him all sorts of wishes for his glory and prosperity in this world and the next, and taking away with me a magnificent khelat in exchange for those gilded words. On returning to my hut, I found that, in addition, the king had sent me a present of five hundred rupees. Wade, with whom I afterwards supped for the last time, gave me a firman in his own fashion for the rajah of Mondi, who being near the English frontier, will, I trust, act up to its tenour.

It required, I assure you, all my love of minerals to make me leave the pleasures and security which

I found in his society, and again throw myself alone into the mountains. I expected to encounter some difficulties, and have not been mistaken. From the third day of my journey, I had to traverse the pontifical states of the Punjab, a small mountainous district, inhabited and governed by a centenarian, the spiritual head of the Seikhs, who not a long time ago, in a transport of rage against his eldest son—an ambitious youth of eighty—got upon his feet, and without a word's warning, cut off this son's head with a single blow of his sabre. From motives of policy, Runjeet pays this terrible old fellow every mark of respect. I thought that I should appease the Cerberus by throwing him a cake of a hundred rupees. But I was obliged to pass his fortress without being allowed to enter it, lest it should be defiled; and while I was encamped a few leagues further on, near the last village on his frontier, an order came for me to evacuate his holiness's territory forthwith. As his heralds were terrible akhalis, carrying long guns and matches ready lighted, I did not require to be told twice. I therefore pitched my tent in a valley separated from his dominions by a small chain of mountains. I here thought myself in a friendly country, because I was in the vicinity of one of the fortresses belonging to Sheer Sing, Runjeet's son; but the next morning, as I was about to mount my horse in order to continue my route, my old Seikh officer Kadja Sing, showed me, with an embarrassed air, a

score of vagabonds posted in front of my camp with their guns shouldered barring my passage. My horsemen proposed breaking through them by charging with their lances; a silly proposal, which I rejected, with a shrug of my shoulders. Instead of doing this, I wrapped myself up in my splendid dressing gown of white flowered Cashmere shawl, established myself comfortably in my arm-chair, and set about smoking my cigar and drinking a drop of brandy, as a preservative against the mountain fever. In this commodious attitude I played off a little diplomacy with the enemy. Eight months ago this adventure would have puzzled me very much; but being now well acquainted with these customs, I perceived that it was only one of the most vulgar common-places of Punjabee manners. Some day or other by the fireside I will give the details of this negociation; suffice it for you at present to know, that, after a good deal of parley with my two officers, the hostile chief consented to approach me, and I complimented him on his vigilance, ordering him to call his people, upon whom I bestowed the same eulogiums; and that to their great amazement, I, with a majestic and patronising air, bestrode my white horse, bidding them adieu with a slight wave of my hand. They answered with a most respectful salaam, stammering forth some excuses (I do not yet know what for) and witnessed my departure, as confounded as so many geese, while my baggage passed forward. I came hither in three days, marching like a conqueror,

Here, however, I was obliged to stop, in order to treat with the rajah of Mondi, who, I think, will this evening answer my despatches. His capital is fifteen leagues distant, and thither I have had to send Runjeet and Wade's firmans, together with one which I had the impudence to write to him myself. Belaspore is only fourteen leagues off. The rajah of that place being informed, I know not how, of my approach, has sent me an officer of his miserable court and twenty soldiers. His vizier will receive me six leagues from his capital on this side of the Sutledge, so that if I fail with respect to Mondi, which would be a matter of much regret, in a geological sense, I have at least secured a good line of retreat direct upon Belaspore. I confess that I shall cross the Sutledge again with pleasure. It is not that knowing, as I now do, the certain difficulties and possible dangers of a journey beyond that river, I would not, if necessary, recommence this year's campaign; but if a friend of mine wished to repeat it, I confess that, till his return into the heart of the British possessions, I should sometimes think of him with anxiety. Is this courage or presumption on my part? I know not; but I think I can trace a little superstition in my feeling of security. I trust to my address in getting out of a scrape, and to my fortunate star for not getting into any very bad one: and I should not have the same confidence in the good luck and presence of mind of any one dear to me. After all, what I have just done (for henceforth all danger is past) has been attempted by only one,

by Mr. Moorcroft, and there he remained, some say from the effect of fever, others, from poison: but at Cashmere I ascertained for a fact, that he and one of his companions, were miserably killed with sabre and matchlock.

I have certainly exhausted, in the Punjab and the mountains, all my chances of Indian adventures, and I am glad of it. For one travelling "en porte-manteau" an adventure might afford a very interesting diversion; but for a poor devil of my calling, who is not in want of work, it is a very inconvenient addition.

I experience an agreeable feeling of satisfaction, in looking back upon the road over which I have already passed with so much success and good luck. I have executed half my task, and that portion too which, so far as relates to human obstacles, offered the greatest difficulties. With the exception of the first summer, when I was broiled at Calcutta, I can scarcely do otherwise than admire the climate of the places in which I have lived; for during the winter I travelled in the plains, and among the mountains, in summer. Henceforward it will be very different. I must prepare myself for a terrible sweating next summer at Bombay, and then as I journey towards Cape Comorin, winter will be quite imperceptible. But I think that my fibre which has been hardened in the Himalaya, will be but slowly affected by the enervating influence of the humid heat of the Malabar coast. I shall be careful. I shall purchase shade, at the rate of twenty francs

a month, by means of a very large parasol, which I intend to have made at Delhi, and which a servant, walking or running by my horse's side, will constantly hold over my head. I shall buy another large double tent, in order that when I dismount every day I may always find one ready for me. If, notwithstanding all this, the heat oppresses me, I will, in order to cool myself in imagination at least, think of the scenes of ice and snow on the lofty summits of the Himalaya, Adieu!

Subhatoo, November 22nd, 1831.

I had not yet come to the end of my adventures when, nearly a month ago, I wrote the foregoing lines at Hatteli. In order to get to Mondi I had sentinels to force. Their opposition was inexplicable; for the rajah had sent me a pressing and submissive invitation to his capital; he literally gave me *carte blanche* over his subjects, placing at my disposal, his vizier, &c. &c. The latter personage I suspected of treachery; and, as he was not in great force in my cavalcade, I had more than once a great inclination to arrest him and make sure of his person. Every new post that I forced, deputations arrived from the city entreating me to proceed no further. These people assured me that they were sent by the rajah: they promised that their master would visit me the next morning, at whatever distance from the city I might encamp. Thinking them all mad, I paid no attention either to their entreaties or to their remonstrances, and in the evening, reached

Mondi. The whole city was in an uproar: nevertheless I was received not only as a friend, but as a master. The enigma grew more and more inexplicable. At last, while I was encamped in the tents prepared for me by order of the rajah, his uncle, an old man, visited me, and looking very piteously, told me that it was an unlucky day, and that the astrologers had discovered in the morning that if my interview with the rajah took place that day, frightful calamities would fall upon the monarchy of Mondi.

This was on the first of November. I stayed several days in Mondi and its vicinity, embarrassed with the hospitality and humility of the rajah, and was forced to accept several nuzzers. The money I refused: but he passed the bags which he had brought over my head, and distributed their contents amongst the throng, which crowded round my encampment when he paid me a visit. I saw his mines, which are full of geognostic interest; and, after confounding great and small for several days with the profundity and marvels of my knowledge, I left Mondi on the 7th, mounted on a most wretched-looking little horse, one however of the noblest race of Kooloo, a present forced upon me by the rajah.

As I was internally blaming the expensive magnificence of my stud, now amounting to four horses, I arrived at Sooket, where my camp was established. The first man that met me was my groom, carrying a finger of his left hand in his right; the poor fellow

was covered with blood. It was Gulab Sing's stallion which had used him thus cruelly. Without hesitating longer than Candide did when Issacar and the grand inquisitor interrupted his conversation with the fair Cunegunde, I presented my gun, which I had on my shoulder, and killed the terrible animal on the spot. The evening before I had a serious quarrel with him, and dreaded some mishap for the man who tended him. I dressed the unfortunate man's wound, after executing justice on his enemy. He will be well in a few days, and will receive his dismissal for having lied, by declaring when he entered my service that he had been a groom before. Nevertheless, to console him for his mutilation as much as I can, he will receive with his dismissal, two years' wages, amounting to a hundred rupees.

On the 9th I crossed the Sutledge—with what joy! —I cannot express it. It seemed on my landing at Belaspore, from my inflated skin, that it was but a step to the Rue de l'Université. The young rajah, who on account of some new knavery had excited an inquiry on the part of the political agent of Umbala—my friend Mr. Clerk—hastened to pay his respects. He was in hopes of obtaining my intercession with Mr. Clerk; but he only received a severe admonition, and retired in confusion.

All my trans-Sutledgic equipage having become useless, I dismissed the men, giving to each a reward proportioned to his services. This cost me a thousand

rupees. I obtained, moreover, for my escort, the promotions which at my request M. Allard, their general, made among them: Ismael Beg received his captain's commission, &c. &c. &c. My Cashmerian secretary, who had been so useful to me, was in justice the best rewarded. All expressed their gratitude, and their reget at leaving me, in a manner which affected me exceedingly. You know, my dear father, that I am not brave on such occasions: I was choked with emotion. Without waiting for each of them to say his adieu, and invoke Allah and Mohammed for my happiness, I mounted my horse, and rode off with a rapidity which allowed no one to follow me.

I was galloping along the Subhatoo road towards Kennedy's residence, when one of his couriers brought me a letter, which informed me that he was expecting me at Semla. I hastened forward, and on the third day found myself under his hospitable roof.

He was not alone. I found with him some old acquaintances, and a new one, Mr. Maddock, one of the most distinguished men in the country. He has just left the residency of Lucknow for that of Catmandoo, and by this time he must have set out for that place. Must I tell you that it was in order to become acquainted with me that, in defiance of his instructions, he remained at Kennedy's, who, he knew, was expecting me daily? The cold drove us from Semla four days ago; but Mr. Maddock will remain with us at Subhatoo as long as I stay there myself. For

my part, it would require a great effort of courage and unsociability not to remain as long as he prolongs his stay; for I am as much pleased with him as he is with me.

Nevertheless I have given the necessary orders for camels; and when they arrive at Bar, at the foot of the mountains, I shall take the road to Delhi. Lord William Bentinck, who has been detained at Kurnal by serious illness, will no doubt be still in the imperial city when I arrive there.

The excellent M. Allard has written to me since the interview at Ropur between the Governor-general and Runjeet-Sing. In the British camp, he found several of my friends, who received him in the most distinguished manner. He is delighted with the honours paid him on this side of the Sutledge, especially those which he received from Lord William. Nothing can be better calculated to increase the great consideration which he so justly enjoys at the Seikh court. As his countryman and friend, I learn all this with true happiness; and it is not without an increase of pleasure that I think I have aided him powerfully in this affair, notwithstanding my distance from the scene.

Good old general Cartwright has just been summoned to Calcutta, as a witness on a criminal trial. So this time, at Delhi, I shall be at Mr. William Fraser's service, and shall be able, without offence to any one, to spend the time with him that I must stay at Delhi, in order to ship my collections on the Jumna for Paris.

On the 30th or 31st of December I shall leave the imperial city, and proceed towards Bombay. Adieu, my dear father. I wish I could send you health, for I have some to spare; but I hope you have no occasion for that of other people. I am overwhelmed with business, and write this time to no one but M. Victor. A Bourdeaux ship, which sailed on the 4th of August, has been signaled in the bay of Bengal. I hope it brings me letters from you. I have none of later date than February, and they appear quite old. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M[LLE.] ZOE NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

Subhatoo in the English Himalaya,
November 23rd, 1831.

My dear Zoe,—If none of my former letters have been lost on their way from Cashmere to Arras, you must have thought me almost a gossip last summer; but for the last few months you will have had no occasion to find fault with me on that account. Since my departure from the so-called terrestrial Paradise, I have had so much to do that I have entirely neglected my European correspondence. Nevertheless, during this interval, I have, as far as my journeyings and short moments of leisure would allow me, and on my father's account, blotted down a respectable chronicle of my sayings and doings; and this I yesterday concluded abruptly

enough, in order to despatch it to Calcutta. I cannot speak to you of myself without repeating some of that long epistle; and as my father will most probably send you at least some few sheets of it, this present will be very brief. I am as gay as a lark at having done what I have, and at having nothing more to do. This winter I am going to Bombay, and shall make a considerable circuit by way of Poonah, the capital of the old Mahratta monarchy. I shall remain at Bombay as long as the rainy season lasts, during which travelling is impossible; and shall afterwards proceed to Cape Comorin, which is twenty degrees of latitude from this place: but this I think nothing—it seems only hop, step, and jump. I have no more human obstacles to fear; no more rascals ambuscaded in a mountain defile, with their long matchlocks and their "you cannot pass;" no more fears, no more nightly attacks. *Things* will perhaps incommode me still more than the people did in my expedition beyond the Sutledge. The remainder of my Indian pilgrimage will be in a furnace and an oven by turns. Meanwhile, I stake what I have left, and still enjoy the pleasure of being cold here.

I have ceased to be the Plato of the world, the Socrates, the Aristotle of the age, the high and mighty lord Victor Jacquemont. I have no longer any right to cut off noses and ears, or to levy tribute. I shall never again be treated as I was by the rajah of Mondi, who received me as if I had been Runjeet himself, or the band of the old lady his neighbour, as the ignorant

Indians ludicrously term the British Company. On crossing the Sutledge, I lost all my lordly privileges, and am once more plain M. Victor Jacquemont, walking about alone, when I am pleased to have no other escort than my walking-stick. This change keeps me in perpetual good-humour. Notwithstanding the distance from the Himalaya to the good city of Paris, I feel that, by entering the territories subjected to British rule, I am brought some hundred miles nearer to it.

After all, my journey through the Punjab to Cashmere, and the manner in which I was allowed to make it, are singular enough. What congratulations, questions, and envy it calls forth!

A single day's march will bring me into the plains. I despaired of joining Lord W. Bentinck; but he has just been taken ill, which will delay his journey to Jaypore, and I expect to see him at Delhi.

Adieu, my dear friend: I cannot accuse *you* of gossiping; but excess is a fault in everything, especially in the pen. Make the *amende honorable* for the past and write to me in your smallest hand, on the largest sheet of paper. Adieu once more.

TO M. PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, PARIS.

Subhatoo in the British Himalaya, near the Sutledge, November 28th, 1831.

It is a very long time since I wrote to you, my dear Prosper; but you have been still more negligent.

I am certainly at the end of my adventures. They are so rare on this side the Sutledge, that I have scarcely any chance of meeting with more. They have not been wanting beyond the British possessions; but as none of them had an untoward termination, notwithstanding the suspicious preamble of some, I do not regret having become acquainted with the oriental disagreeables of the ambulatory species.

On my return from Cashmere, I saw at Umbritsir the festival of the Unlocked. It is certainly the most magnificent in the East. I was prudent enough to refuse the most picturesque of vice-royalties, that of Cashmere, with an annual revenue of two lacs (500,000 francs),—a piece of folly according to some, and an act of extraordinary wisdom according to others; one, in short, becoming the Aflatoon el Zeman, Bocrate, Aristoon el Feringhistan, &c.

My prudent refusal has still farther exalted my reputation for wisdom. Runjeet has ever since considered me an animal quite *sui generis,* which could not be too highly honoured. If ever you fancy that, in order to

write pretty exotic tales, it is necessary to cross the Rhine and the Indus, you may rely, my dear fellow, on all my protection.

Notwithstanding the *crescendo* of Runjeet's attentions, I find it still very pleasant to be once more among *the perfidious islanders*. My host for the present is an amiable fellow, the best paid of all the captains of artillery in this sublunary world; he is more of a king of kings than Agamemnon himself, without any Achilles to oppose him among the petty mountain-rajahs his vassals. A regiment of Gorkha sepoys insures his absolute sovereignty from the Jumna to the Sutledge. This morning, he paid me the compliment of having a grand review, with firing, &c. &c. to prove to me that he knew something of his incidental profession of colonel of infantry, which I had been disputing; but he insisted upon my being on horseback in full dress of Aflatoon (a black European coat), as he had in store for me all the honours due to a general officer inspecting his corps. The whole time the review lasted, I was near falling off my horse; and when my artilleryman had made his scoundrels perform all their antics, he concluded with a general advance towards the piquet where I was posted, his men presenting arms, and he himself saluting with his sword, and crying out: "Now Jacquemont, take off your hat and make a speech!" He was quizzing me, but I repaid him with interest in his own coin. With the utmost coolness, and in the tone appropriate to inspection speeches, I commenced a

long rigmarole in English, without head or tail, which so upset his gravity, that he ordered the drums to beat, and dismissed the men without waiting for the end. After six months of absolute solitude, every frolic does me good, even an English one. I certainly see the English, for the most part, in a more advantageous light than they exhibited themselves to you. I am particularly fortunate with them. However, I have no very great reason to be vain of this success. They become so heartily tired of themselves in their distant solitary stations, that every new face is a God-send to them.

Those among them who are still bachelors, especially in India, have a style of behaviour which is not our *bonhommie*: but they have much more of the *good fellow* than we have, from thirty to fifty. Two other friends besides myself share Captain Kennedy's hospitality: one is a brother officer of his in the artillery, the other the ex-resident of Lucknow, the largest city in India. I know not how we manage it, but we are carried off every evening bursting with laughter.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Subhatoo in the British Himalaya,
December 1st, 1831.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I answer your letter of the 29th of March last, which I have received only to-day. You remind me of the date of mine, which had only then reached you, a year atter. This mode of corresponding is indeed melancholy, recollection having ample time to be lost. But with so great a distance between us, and the impossibility of writing by question and answer, the only way to meet is to advance towards each other and repeat this kind of journey frequently. We must not wait till we receive a visit before we return it.

When you read these lines, time will have alleviated the bitterness of regret, left by the great and lamentable bereavement you had just suffered when you wrote. I was very young when a similar misfortune happened to me: you must remember it; but I think it was, for that very reason, the more cruel. The affections of childhood divide themselves but little. The chances of an innocent adolescence on the very threshold of youth, had not made me acquainted with the happiness of any but filial love. This faculty of loving still existed in all its integrity, and I thought that I had lost all at a blow!

I do not know, but I should think that when misfortune surprises us in the midst of our career, when

our sensibility is completely developed in all its forms and is successively exercised in each of them, it must be less terrible. There are criminals whom a barbarous chastisement rouses to indignation, hardens, and causes to struggle against their punishment. Well, why do those excruciating torments of moral evil exist in the world? Is not the wounded soul sometimes hardened by a misfortune, the justice of which is incomprehensible to our intellect? Pardon me for talking to you thus, you who have wept so young: forgive me, it is better never to think of such things.

In the world with which we are acquainted, there is no life beyond hope, and the happiest that I can conceive, is that which hope does not abandon for a single instant. Happy, thrice happy, those who can believe and hope. Happy too is the child who has been able to gild the declining years of those who watched his youth! How greatly ought this idea to soothe and mitigate your sorrow.

Perhaps I should have done better by not writing, if I have only increased your affliction. But believe me, I shall always sympathise with you. In my mind I share the happiness you enjoy, in your husband, your daughters, and the qualities with which you are endowed.

Adieu, dear Madam, adieu.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Bussee, in the Country of the protected Seikhs, twenty four miles north of Umbala, December 5th, 1831.

In the first place, my good friend, excuse the thickness of the paper. Let me prose ever so little, this letter will weigh two pounds; but as it is John Bull who pays the postage from hence to Calcutta, and our highly esteemed public from thence to Paris, never mind. Besides, I have not the embarrassment of choice.

The excessive slowness of our correspondence is the very devil. The only compensation is its safety, since we have sent it through the ministry of the marine.—Let us begin with business.

I regret much that the ministerial decision of October 1830, granting me an annual increase to my salary of four thousand francs, has not been rigorously carried into execution, and that its effect has been confined to the last quarter of the said year, which makes the total only nine thousand francs. For, sending off my collections will cost me a great deal of money, and the campaign of 1832 will be a very dear one. I have just discovered that I owe three months' wages to some of my people, and eight months' to others. I shall smart for it at Delhi, where I must moreover buy another horse. I have three at present. One is my *soi-disant* Persian, which brought me here from Calcutta; a rascal that threw me a score

and half of times before I even reached Benares, and which in 1831 ate me more than double his value, during the six or seven months of indolence which he enjoyed in the plains, while I was in the mountains. The second is the rajah of Mondi's famous ghounte, excellent in his way; but in truth he is of no use to me on my journey to Bombay, and I therefore dismiss him too. The third is my charger, which I have ridden since I left Lahore, and has lost his agreeable pace; he continues to rear and is grown hard in the mouth. Moreover, like all the horses of the Punjabee chiefs, he is accustomed to eat nothing but sugar; his keep therefore costs me double that of another, so I shall send him back to M. Allard.

Now the least it can cost me for a general renewal, will be twelve or fifteen hundred francs, and that without being extravagant; for were I to select a horse from one of the company's cavalry regiments, I should have to pay eight hundred rupees, or two thousand one hundred francs for it, that being the price at which the officers are allowed to make a choice of this kind. Near Delhi there are two studs, which my friend Mr. William Fraser knows thoroughly, and I have therefore asked him to make the purchase for me.

I have occasioned M. Allard very numerous expenses, and as, notwithstanding his hundred or hundred and fifty thousand francs pay, he is no richer than myself since the bankruptcy of Mr. Palmer (the most celebrated banker in Asia; he failed at Calcutta twenty months

ago for the moderate sum of seventy five millions of francs); in devising some means of making him a present, I have thought of sending him a lottery ticket which will cost me a hundred and twenty-eight rupees, and may win him 160,000. I should tell you that every six months, there is a lottery at Calcutta, consisting of six thousand tickets, at a hundred and twenty rupees each, regulated in such a manner that only a twelfth of the capital deposited remains in the bank. This sum serves to cover the expense of several charitable institutions, which is only a pretence to sanctify this sort of gambling, and allow the saints to risk their cash, which all of them do as well as those who are not saints. The number of civil and military officers throughout India is about six thousand, being as many as the tickets. There are but few of them who do not from the day of their arrival in India, till that of their departure from it, impose upon themselves this voluntary half-yearly tax of a hundred and twenty eight rupees. Between ourselves, when I have had the ticket bought for M. Allard, I have a mind to do like the rest, and have one bought for myself out of my good friend Runjeet Sing's rupees.

But I am dreadfully puzzled, and you will certainly laugh at my embarrassment. I think myself sure of winning the great prize, 160,000 rupees, or at least the second 80,000, that is to say 500,000 or 250,000 francs. What the deuce shall I do with the money? If I send it to you, I shall be asked on my return,

where I stole all that money—what rajah I have plundered, &c. &c. So that I pray my number may be drawn a blank.

The only consideration which might publicly justify me, and cause me unhesitatingly to confess the origin of my income of five and twenty thousand francs a year, would be the origin of the one hundred and twenty-eight rupees with which the hook is baited; which, of course, are part of the contents of the monstrous bags sent me from time to time by Runjeet Sing. Nothing is more of a lottery than the caprice or favour of an Asiatic prince. I have won some score thousands of francs without staking a farthing, and surely I may risk one bribe to catch another. To hoard money gained in that manner would be miserly. Enough of such folly.

Mr. Maddock fell ill at Kennedy's while I was sharing with him the Himalayan artilleryman's hospitality, and I took possession of the patient. I purged him, gave him an emetic, and made him take quinine and lavements, (a horrible thing to an Englishman,) used sinapisms, camphor frictions, &c. &c., and soon set him on his legs again. There was no time to lose: he was seized with the mountain fever, which is almost endemic in the low, hot, and moist valley all round Subhatoo. It is a pleasure to put one's self out of the way for grateful people. If I were to go to Nepaul instead of Bombay, I assure you I should meet with a splendid reception, for my ex-patient, Mr. Maddock, is the resident at the court of Khatmandoo.

I taught Kennedy, too, to cure himself, without medicine, of a complaint to which he is subject. The fact is, I think myself a better Indian physician than most of the company's doctors. Whenever I have met with any clever ones, I talked to them of nothing but their profession, thus profiting by their experience; whilst, for my own part, my camp, especially this year when it was so numerous, has furnished me every day with some patient or other. Be easy therefore about me, and be persuaded that if I should happen to be taken ill, I shall not drug myself with less success than others. Cholera is fabulous: I have never seen it, and am prepared to surprise the people of Paris a good deal, when they ask me about it. When I crossed the Sutledge, I also left behind me all chance of seeing a woman burned. But as cholera is no joke in Europe, a serious word or two about that disease. It sometimes attacks the large Indian cities, and makes very great ravages among the native population. Europeans are seldom its victims, especially *gentlemen;* but the soldiers of the European corps, all Irish, addicted to intoxication, are swept away by it in great numbers. You see that it is no concern of mine. However, be it understood, that if it pleases to reign in Bombay next May, I shall not dispute its stay in that city, and shall repair elsewhere at a respectful distance.

I will endeavour, when the time comes, to profit by your advice as to the propriety of returning to Europe during the summer. In truth, the thought of a Parisian

winter makes me feel rather uncomfortable. Here, on the level plains of India, in the 30th degree of latitude, with orange and date trees, sugar canes, plantains, mangoes, and other tropical productions on all sides, I am writing to you by the fire-side in a wretched hut, built for the accommodation of the invalids who go to Semla in search of coolness. Meanwhile, I am dressed in my disguise of a white bear of Tibet, with flannel underneath, and a long, broad girdle of shawl over it; and though it be cloudless noon and I am in a house, or rather a kind of house, I shiver at the fire-side though dressed in this manner. I walked this morning more than half the way, my feet being too cold when on horseback. This chilly constitution is admirable in a poor devil who is going as far as Cape Comorin; but if it continues longer, I shall be forced at Paris to mount a puce-colour wadded *douillette*, at the risk of being taken for a priest.

I left Subhatoo yesterday afternoon; and if you look at the map, you will see that I made haste through the valley of Pinjore, which I crossed, without perceiving it, in the very teeth of the quartan ague, which prevails there nearly the whole year. To make up for the time lost at Subhatoo (Mr. Maddock does not call it lost), I shall go to-morrow to Umbala; four-and-twenty English miles, or ten post leagues is a good long day's journey in India. You would be of my opinion, and that of the generality of men on this subject, were you to see the excoriated backs of the half starved camels that carry

a portion of the baggage, the wagons and bullocks drawing the rest; and if you knew the necessity there is of opening, unpacking and displacing every thing in the evening, and of closing up, re-cording in the morning, &c. &c. At this season such things are pleasant, as we have constantly the finest weather in the world; but when the rain comes it falls in torrents. You have had some taste of it in your profession, so I shall spare you all account of it.

It is the jobbing in indigo that is ruining all the commercial houses in Calcutta. If they were to confine themselves to the profits of their commission, they would all make fortunes. I am glad to hear that Messrs. Cruttenden, Mackillop, and Co., do not gamble in that way.

The only thing that makes me object to them is my knowledge of a number of debts due to them which they will never recover. Nothing is more common in India than to owe 50,000, 100,000, or even more than double that sum of rupees: and the debtors are frequently captains at 600 rupees a month, or surgeons at 1000 or 1200; all proceeding from the mania of expending more than their income. The public idea is, that the bankers of Calcutta are a pack of thieves and that it is delightful to over-reach them. The English, so proud, so tenacious of their honour, suffer themselves to be dragged before the king's bench at Calcutta, for debts truly shameful, and for which there can be no excuse, except in the insanity of the debtors.

This is how they argue:—

"I am an English gentleman: that is to say, one of the most brilliant animals in the creation.

"I have forsaken the joys of Europe, and the charms of the domestic circle; I have bid farewell to my friends, in order to come and live in this beast of a country.

"Ergo, in compensation for this, I have a right to eat, drink, dress, live, and ride, &c. &c., in the most magnificent style. And if my income is not sufficient, I will run in debt to meet this necessity."

To most of them, it would seem that an English gentleman who should drink water, would lose caste and become a Pariah, like a Hindoo who drinks a glass of wine, or a Mussulmaun who eats a slice of ham. I should think it must be the same in England. The gentlemen on the other side of the Channel, have need of a strong lesson of politeness from the people, in order to learn that a gentleman may eat a bad dinner without dying after it, and wear an old coat without catching the itch. However, the thing is brewing in that quarter. You and I are destined to see the shell burst. The abolition of the rotten boroughs will do no more good there than did Catholic emancipation in Ireland. That which the Irish most wanted before all,—especially before the equality of political rights,—was potatoes to eat: emancipation has not put a single one more into their mouths. What the English people now want is bread. They have the simplicity to believe, that a reformed parliament will give it them: an error

which they will soon rectify when they come to put their new electoral laws to the test. I would not exchange the lot of France for the next thirty years for that of England.

Lest our papers may make you magnify a fly buzzing about Calcutta into a monster, let me tell you that a band of rogues, fakirs, and beggars, vagabonds out of employ, and all Mussulmauns, have lately been plundering some villages on the left bank of the Hooghly. They have thrashed the "beurkondars and chokidars" (patrol and militia) of the district, and have increased to the number of two thousand men at least, armed with swords, pikes, bludgeons, and matchlocks. A regiment of Indian infantry was despatched against the moolabies (a religious appellation, which the robbers have assumed), with a hundred horse, and two pieces of light artillery. They killed and took a great number in the first engagement; a second will settle the matter. All this was going on ten or twelve leagues from Calcutta.

Farewell, my dear Porphyre. What a capital thing my bad dinners are—a chicken as hard as wood, coarse cakes, and water my beverage! Here am I, after two days of this frugal regimen, the same man again as before I spent a fortnight with Kennedy, who would most infallibly have made me ill if I had stayed longer with him. The English have no conversation: they remain at table for hours after dinner in company with numerous bottles, which are kept in constant

circulation. How can one help drinking? Having nothing to do can of itself make one drink. I smoked like a steam-engine, in order to let the bottles pass without making them deviate from their elliptic orbit round our oval table. But I was obliged to do like others. Hence, disturbed sleep, indistinct ideas next morning, and the necessity of galloping about a couple of hours like the English, in order to digest the dinner of the preceding day. I have determined, therefore, to keep my savage manners whenever I chance to moor in any port of British civilisation, and to drink my milk, water, and eat my cakes among guests who will laugh at my meagre fare. With what pleasure I shall bid adieu to this system, when we are all collected round our old father's little round table with the intention of doing justice to a good soup, a leg of mutton, and a few bottles that may have patience enough to wait in the cellar till my return!

Delhi, December 21st 1831.

My DEAR PORPHYRE,—At this place, where I arrived on the evening of the 16th, I found four immense packets of letters waiting for me. None of the preceding ones are wanting for the last two years; I am going to answer them as fast as I can. I send you what I have ready for you: I shall only say one word now as it is growing dark. Know then that I am wonderfully well; that I arrived in time to spend six and thirty hours with Lord and Lady William; that I am delighted

with them; that in ten days I shall start for Bombay, when I have shipped on the Jumna my collection, now being enclosed in tin and hard dry wood, an inch thick. I love you and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Bussee, between Subhatoo and Umbala, Dec. 5th, 1831.
Despatched from Delhi, Jan. 10.

A FEW days ago, my dear father, I sent you a long letter from Subhatoo, which I began at my departure from Cashmere, and continued at different times during the remainder of my journey beyond the Sutledge, and terminated at Semla, at Captain Kennedy's. Porphyre will tell you why I availed myself of the captain's hospitality longer than I had intended, or than was convenient for the continuation of my journey.

Your No. 25, of the 13th of March last, reached me on the 1st of December, at Subhatoo, and there is not one line in its three long pages which has not afforded me pleasure. It is delightful thus to pass the period of our separation to our mutual satisfaction.

You ask me at the beginning of your letter what I was doing on that day? It was the 13th of March. I was just arrived at Lahore, and was walking alone in an Arabian Night's garden, thinking of my good fortune, or giving my arm to the excellent man who

invited me thither from the centre of Tibet. I made my first appearance at the court of Runjeet-Sing, and came from this first interview much pleased with the Seikh monarch. In the elegant hall of the little palace in which I resided, I found, on my return from the rajah, a table laid out luxuriously and tastefully, after the French fashion; and by a friendly fiction I did the honours to the very persons who had provided it. A select troop of the king's Cashmerian amazons came by his order to amuse me with a concert and ball. The concert was execrable, Oriental music being one of the most disagreeable noises I know; but the slow-cadenced and voluptuous dance of Delhi and Cashmere is one of the most agreeable that can be executed. I will also admit that my Cashmerian *danseuses* had an inch of colour on their faces, vermillion on their lips, red and white on their cheeks, and black round their eyes. But this daubery was very pretty: it gives an extraordinary lustre to the already beautiful and extraordinarily large eyes of the Eastern women.

And as the *danseuses* of Lahore are quite as virtuous as those of Paris, it is useless to tell you more of the 13th of March.

A year before, and on the same day, if I have a good memory, I was paying my devoirs to the shade of the Great Mogul at Delhi. What shall I be doing on the next 13th of March?

In casting a paternally complaisant glance at the commencement of my ambulatory grandeur at Seran,

you ask me what I did with the rajah of Bissahir's present, his bag of musk. Why, I played the republican, according to Montesquieu's notion, and exercised self-denial. The rajah's musk stinks at the bottom of a bale of shawls, treated with as little ceremony as itself. When it is cold enough for me to put on a girdle, I take it from another uninfected bale of shawls.

M. de Melay read M. Marle's* book, of which you speak, at sea; but he used to speak so ill of it, every day, that I drew back in affright from his six volumes. They have confirmed you, you tell me, in your contempt of the ancient literature of India. But you inquire whether Sanscrit is sufficiently well known for all the beauties of the mythological poetry of the Indians to be appreciated; to this I will reply, that, errors excepted, Mr. Horace Wilson is the only European in India perfectly acquainted with Sanscrit. There is but one of the Brahmins at Benares who knows it better than he; and whatever may be our new pretensions to the knowledge of that language, and those of the Germans, not excepting even the Baron d'Eckstein, I believe that not one of the adepts in Europe knows one quarter as much as Mr. Wilson does. The latter gentleman, of course, says that the language is splendid, that its grammatical structure is admirably logical, ingenious,

* Histoire générale de l'Inde ancienne et moderne depuis l'An 2000 avant Jésus Christ jusquà nos Jours. 6 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1828.

and perfect; and that its literature, which is exclusively poetical both in form and matter, is equally worthy of admiration.

I conceive the eulogiums lavished on the instrument to be deserved and sincere; but I suspected the honesty of those awarded to the works.

I have no doubt in my own mind that the Brahmins possessed much information to which they are now strangers. In this respect, India resembles Egypt; and the similarity between the two countries is not confined to this circumstance.

You are curious to know the degree of information at present possessed by the upper classes in Central India. I might, without wronging them, anticipate the continuation of my journey, and tell you, beforehand, that in general they are as ignorant as the lower classes. But next year I shall have, no doubt, an opportunity of seeing a good many Rajpoot and Mahratta chieftains; I will then tell you what I have seen. From Delhi to Seringapatam, the Hindoostanee is the colloquial language of the courts, as Persian is the written language of their chanceries. I now speak the former with great ease, and understand the latter tolerably well. Thus, my curiosity will be neither deaf nor dumb, when I find an opportunity, in the sequel of my journey, of exercising it on this object.

The *Journal des Debats*, which you sent me, told me nothing that I had not previously read in the *Constitutionnel*, in the month of September, at Cashmere.

I know neither when nor how the British sway in India will terminate; but of this I am certain, the poor Tartars will have no effect in accelerating its downfall. India, in a military point of view, is too civilised to have any thing to dread from the mounted hordes of Turkistan, even if she had not European officers to command her armies. Look at Runjeet Sing; he has only twenty-five thousand well-disciplined troops, and with so small a force he makes his northern neighbours tremble.

The British power in India will never perish, I think, by foreign aggression. Of physical strength, the English will always have more than could be brought against them, on the Sutledge or the Indus; but their material force possesses no other basis than moral force at present—very powerful, it is true, but which caprice might overturn. Then all would sink at once! What event can produce this shock?—undoubtedly the re-awakening of religious feeling. This may occur to-morrow, or it may not happen for a century to come. But although much may be said on this subject, I am going, my dear father, to wish you good night (for it is very late), and fall asleep with the same certainty you have at Paris, of finding every thing in the same situation to-morrow that it occupies to-day. Indeed, I even believe my chances of finding the morrow the same as the previous day, much greater than yours.

Adieu! I embrace and love you with all my heart.

TO M. PROSPER MERIMÉE, PARIS.

Soneeput, thirty miles North of Delhi,
December 15th, 1831.

My dear Prosper,—Excuse this large sheet of foolscap, which is any thing but select. May you never have to write on such paper with a peacock's feather. In India, such pens have all desirable local character, but apart from that, they are not worth a rush.

Great is my joy at finding myself once more among the British. On the other side of the Sutledge, especially in the mountains, there is always a chance of encountering a band of vagabonds, armed with match-locks, who say to you, "you pass not here;" and this unlucky chance has often been realised in the course of my journey. Upon that, my secretary would pull out of his pocket a terrible firman of Runjeet Sing's, in which he enjoins his friends and lieges of the plain and the mountain, not only to give free passage to the Plato of the age, alias the Lord Victor Jacquemont, but also commands them to provide hay, straw, &c., for the aforesaid lord, and to do all that he requires. This sublime passport having been read, the rascals with match-locks, said, very quietly, that it was all Hebrew to them; that not one of them understood a word of Persian; that, besides, they were not Runjeet Sing's servants, but those of such and such a petty jaguirdar or zemindar (vassal chief), and that they recognised no orders but

those of their master; and with these words, knocking the ashes from their matches, and repeating "you pass not here." I assure you, my dear friend, that it required no mean diplomatic abilities to get on in spite of all this, and that more than one secretary of embassy would have been very much puzzled; for, however numerous my escort, its adversaries were usually in so large a majority, that it was only by negociation that I could succeed in obtaining a passage. Once only (and that was during the expedition with which I terminated my campaign beyond the Sutledge) I judged that the strength lay on my side, and I laconically showed the matchlock men the long and sharp lances of my horsemen. They saluted me down to the ground, and presented arms, after their fashion, as I passed. I almost regretted their civility: it deprived me of a pretence for having a tussle with this odious body of match-lock-men, in which they would have been losers.

On this side the Sutledge the people are very much tamed. No one ever thinks of saying to the bearer of a tolerably white face, that eternal "you pass not here!" so much used in the Punjab. The British have destroyed in their possessions the originality of Asiatic manners, beyond the domestic circle of each individual. They have no longer any picturesque feature, but are very convenient for use.

I gave the stones of the Himalaya a great proof of attachment, in leaving Runjeet Sing on their account three days before his interview with the Governor-

general. We Indians, who do not think less of this interview than of that between Napoleon and Alexander on the Niemen, fancy that your papers will be greedy of the details with which those of Calcutta will supply them, as if people at Paris cared about the Sutledge, Rooper, Runjeet Sing, or Lord W. Bentinck.

In order that, when you are minister for foreign affairs, you may be tolerably acquainted with these matters, take a map of India and look quite at the top of it for the Sutledge, where it leaves the mountains. If the map is at all minute in its details, you will find on the left bank of that river, Rooper, Roopur, Rupar, Ropour, or Ropur.

In general, you may consider as belonging to the British, all the country on the left bank of the Sutledge, and lower down the Indus, after its conflux with the former river.

This is a bad line of military defence.

The Indus, on the contrary, especially in the middle part of its course, between Attock and Deyra-Ghazi-Khan, would be an excellent one.

The Russians might present themselves before it in force, almost without meeting any obstacle on their route. They would march at their ease through Persia; whilst Afghanistan, which for the last twenty years has been divided into a multitude of little independent and extremely weak principalities, would be unable to arrest their progress for a single day. It is, moreover, beyond doubt, that the Afghans would spontaneously

swell the numbers of any army marching to the conquest of India. To plunder India, was the former trade of the Afghans, the road to which they would joyfully resume.

Orders have therefore come hither from the honourable Court of Directors to gain by treaty with the ameers of Sind and Runjeet Sing, the navigation of the Indus, in order to bring British troops by steam from Bombay, in case of any hostile demonstrations in Persia on the part of Russians.

The ameers of Sind are the chiefs of Tatto, Hyderabad, and other places in the vicinity of the mouth of the Indus. They have been independent ever since the dissolution of the Afghan empire. For these twenty years past, Runjeet Sing has been coveting their country, and would long ago have seized it, had he not dreaded the displeasure of the British.

The ameers have just been informed that if they do not afford every facility and protection to the commercial and military navigation of the British on the Indus, they will be left to Runjeet Sing's tender mercy. They have hastened to reply that they are the submissive slaves of the old lady of London, and that it will be their pleasure as well as duty to establish dock yards on the banks of their river for the British steam-vessels.

In the event of a threat from Russia, the British would go up the river and take up a position on its left bank, consequently in Runjeet Sing's dominions.

The interview at Rooper was no doubt intended

to cement more strongly the union of the two powers, flatter Runjeet's vanity with the attentions shown him by the old lady's pro-tempore husband, and induce him to form a defensive alliance with her against any indiscreet adversary coming from the North or from the West.

This time, many good hard lacs of rupees were expended without advancing the business one jot.

Runjeet will promise, sign, swear, all that is asked; and when the Russians come, if they ever do, which I do not think will happen very soon, he will consider himself quite as free to act according to his fancy, as we approved of his Catholic Majesty's doing so, after the taking of Cadiz by the hero of the Trocadero.

If he thinks that by his aiding the Russians they will succeed in dislodging the British from India, he will most certainly assist them, being well persuaded that these new comers will not be able to maintain their conquest, and that then his own turn will come to attempt gaining possession of India. He is already rather old, and rather too infirm to accomplish such a project, and if but half a score of years elapse before he commences it, he will fail in the undertaking.

If Runjeet were sincerely allied to the British, he would deprive the Russians of every chance of success. The folly of the cabinet at Calcutta consists in their imagining that there are diplomatic means of assuring themselves of the Seikh Monarch's fidelity.

The Governor-general gave him grand fêtes, which

Runjeet returned with no less magnificence. The Bombay and Calcutta newspapers for the last month speak of nothing else. This wretched trifling is transcendant policy with them. No style is noble enough for the recital of these things. The journalists thus find it impossible to depict the Seikh prince with his most characteristic features. Not one of these papers, for instance, has dared to say that, on his second visit to Lord William Bentinck, Runjeet gravely *committed a nuisance* in a corner of the superb tent, in which he happened to be with Lord William and his whole court.

The backs of my camels are one complete wound, my bullocks are lame: and I shall be clever if with such an equipage I can breakfast the day after to-morrow at Delhi. I long to arrive there; for I have every reason to hope that I shall there find two packets of letters from France: and the last I received are dated in March.

Write and tell me all that has happened to every one of our friends since the month of July 1830. Some news of the literary world, if it has not been entirely swallowed up by politics. Is M. Gerard still first painter to the king? Who is that M. Cavagnac whom I never heard of, and who without giving warning made such a splendid speech in the Cour Royale? What is become of the Scheffers, the Thierrys, the Globites, and the Globulars, the Baron de Saint Lazare, and the Baron de Stendhal, and of a fair lady whom you told me I frightened very much one very rainy morning?

Write, my dear friend, with your largest pen, on the strongest paper, for John Bull pays the postage, and you see I do not stint myself in quantity.

I should like to increase this packet with a couple of pages for Madame Mérimée: but I have been gossiping too much with you. I must therefore return to my work. Tell her however that from the substantive *mahogany* we have in India derived the verb *mahoganise*, which not only expresses the alteration of complexion, but also the radical mummification of the person; and assure her that in spite of my three years' service under the rays of a tropical sun, I am not too much mahoganised. If I were to go to London I should stand no chance of being admitted into the Oriental club, my complexion is so fresh-coloured.

P. S. Notwithstanding this fresh colour of which I here boast, I think the following a very decent proof of mahoganisation. Four days ago, I was at Kurnal, a great British military station on the Seikh frontier. I alighted at the house of a young officer of my acquaintance, whose regiment was to give a ball, next day, to the whole station. I was pressed to stay four-and-twenty hours. I was promised that I should see some very pretty girls at the ball. Now it is nearly two months since I saw a European female; and yet I continued my course, and refused to heave to. I should say at once of the prettiest English face at the ball, "what does it prove?"

Adieu my dear friend, I embrace you heartily.

TO M. NARJOT, CAPTAIN OF ENGINEERS, BREST.

Delhi, December 22nd, 1831.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

WHEN you become commander-in-chief, with a poor devil of a secretary, and a few aides-de-camp, whom, by way of pastime, you may amuse yourself with driving mad during wet weather, when it occurs, then, my good friend, you will be at liberty to write as illegibly as you please. But so long as you remain a simple captain of engineers, with the mere appendages of that rank—and, what is still worse, so long as you remain, what, alas, you appear insensibly to have become, a downright plebeian—cross your t's and dot your i's in a plain citizen-like manner: your hieroglyphics put me in a perfect fever during a whole hour. In future, write in well-formed Roman characters.

With regard to matter, you say so much, my good friend, in your two yards of pot hooks of last June, and I have so little time to devote to you to-day, that I must content myself with acknowledging the receipt of your charming letter. Why do you not give me the same treat every three months? Your letters now run no chance of miscarrying, except indeed by shipwreck, which, however, is scarcely heard of since the revolution, except in novels. Sea voyages are performed with so much safety, that out of eight-

and-twenty packets which my family have forwarded to me, only one has been lost; and I have ascertained how that happened. It was in the depths of the Ganges that the misfortune occurred, along with thirty Arab horses, and a due proportion of Christians and faithful (I mean Mussulmauns). This occurred two years ago. Besides which, you see that it is but a six months' trip from Brest to Delhi.

On my return to Delhi, a few days ago, I found, with your letter, about fifty others, the greater part of which require answers, and some so urgently that I must obey. I shall therefore be brief, if indeed it is possible for me to be so. If, therefore, I spin out my letter, do not thank me, for I solemnly assure you that it will be contrary to my intentions. As Lord W. Bentinck, whom I have been fortunate enough to meet again here, had sent me the French papers of June and July, previously to my receiving my letters from the post office, and as I had also read the English papers up to the 8th of August, your political intelligence came rather late. Nevertheless, for Brest politics, that is to say, coming from the world's end (finisterre, or *finis terræ*), it is so good, that I have derived both entertainment and instruction from it. I experienced a great deal of difficulty in making out your abridged formula for *henriquinquists*, which, during two days, I read *quinquinists*, without feeling much wonder at it, considering the age of folly in which we live. I took these quinquinists for some political society or club, or association

composed of young doctors or apothecaries, who had succeeded in becoming an authority. Quinquinist is not bad, but henriquinquist is excellent. Whenever my stupid Indian attendants make a more than usually gross blunder, I will call them henriquinquists. It will have a prodigiously good effect. I do not recollect at what time I wrote to you last, but it must be long ago.

I will bring with me a cargo of Cashmere shawls, enough to make every husband tremble. During eight months I have been a man of great consequence, very rich, very magnificent, very benevolent, and consequently as poor now as I was before this singular journey. I have sometimes been a prisoner, frequently a diplomatist, and a warrior as seldom as possible; for in spite of the strong escort with which my friend Runjeet supplied me from his own body guard, I have seldom found myself the strongest either on suspicious occasions or in hostile encounters. But it is in politics that I shine the most. You will see that they will make a diplomatist of me one of these days. Our men of talent would have been sometimes embarrassed in my situation. These extensive regions are closed against the curiosity of Europeans by the not injudicious jealousy of their rulers. Hitherto, every thing has gone on well for me: here I am, returned safe and sound, and, I assure you, quite alive, from Cashmere, where the mountain range is not so high, the valley not so picturesque, nor the women so beautiful and the

men such knaves as it is asserted. My portfolio is filled with letters from kings. The successor of Porus wrote to me every week. I sent him from the mountains very sorry dissertations upon natural philosophy, in order to satisfy him; it was such science as Seneca displayed in his *quæstiones naturales*. But the king of Lahore is a better judge of horses, swords, and matchlocks than of the sciences of Europe, and my Persian dissertations upon the four elements were fortunate enough to please him.

A six months' residence among the Mohammedans and Hindoos, has rendered me very tolerant. Religion is the favourite topic of conversation among the inhabitants of the East. It was our usual theme in the stern-cabin, or rather under the awning of my gondola, when I used to invite some fashionable long-beards to accompany me in my excursions on the lake of Cashmere, during the hot summer evenings, in order to breathe the cool air. I have learnt to speak only in terms of respect of My Lord Mohammed, because the prophet received the same distinction from Mussulmaun guests, who invariably gave him the title of Excellency. Christianity is monstrous, revolting, extravagant when compared with Mohammedanism. If ever I become a devotee, I shall certainly commence by turning Turk! There is only one thing that can be made a subject of reproach to the religion of Mohammed: it is, that principle which condemns the female sex to a state of abjection. A respectable woman cannot, without in-

curring shame, have learnt to read and write, to dance or to sing. These talents and accomplishments are considered disreputable, and are the exclusive attributes of courtesans, who, according to the usage of this sect, are alone allowed the privilege of pleasing.

The consequence of this custom (which indeed extends over the whole of the east, from China to Constantinople) is the dissipation of married men, the coldness of domestic affection, and the kind of love prevalent among the ancient Greeks and Romans.

I am occupied here in getting all the collections which I have made since my arrival in India, shipped and sent down the Jumna. I hope to see them, in a week, properly enclosed in tin, and in a double casing of the driest and hardest wood, ready to proceed on their journey. I shall then bid an eternal adieu to the imperial city, and take the road to Bombay. I have now done with the scenes of snow, ice, and desolation of the Himalaya. I experienced a heaviness of heart on losing sight of those mountains where I had spent two years of my life, and which I shall never see again.

New scenes await me during the remainder of my journey—scenes of tropical climes. I shall travel by land as far as I can. From Cape Comorin I shall return to the north by the plains of Mysore in the blue mountains, the highest of the Ghauts. I shall spend there the summer of 1833, and shall then think of returning to Europe, though not through Persia: the politics of Europe preclude the possibility of my

adopting that route; besides it would destroy the character of my journey. I prefer remaining entirely Indian.

Adieu, my good friend. I embrace you.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.*

Delhi, December 22nd, 1831.

COLONEL FAGAN, who has been a protecting divinity to me in India, is about quitting this country for ever, to return to Europe, and will probably take up his residence in France. He has requested me to introduce him to some of my friends. It is with you that I intend commencing the circle of epistolary visits which I make for him and with him. Colonel Fagan, who is of Irish origin, was brought up in France. At an early age he entered the India company's service, and was in the expedition which the British sent against us from Bombay to Egypt, and which arrived after our capitulation. He there became acquainted with M. de

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* Others might yield to the apprehension that this letter might prove uninteresting. For our part, we believe that it would be doing an injustice to the intentions of Jacquemont, did we not allow him to express publicly the gratitude and friendship which he professed for Colonel Fagan. The sentiments contained in this letter are as honourable to the writer as they are to the person who is the object of them.

la Fosse, with whom he returned to France, where he remained a couple of years, during which, he contracted the intimate friendship which now connects him with M. de la Fosse. Since that period Colonel Fagan has twice revisited France. This gentleman is an officer of the highest distinction. He has for many years been *adjutant-general*, that is to say, major-general of the Indian army, which, is in fact the chief command, for the nominal commander-in-chief is an English lord, who remains here four years only, and then returns to Europe, without understanding a word of the language, or having the slightest knowledge of the very peculiar manners of the army which he commands. Colonel Fagan is the object of universal regret, esteem, respect, and affection in the army. I made his acquaintance through the introduction of M. de la Fosse, and it has proved of the greatest service to me; there is not a military station in India, where he does not possess some friend, and at those places I am always sure of meeting the most generous hospitality.

I had the pleasure of seeing Colonel Fagan only for a short time at Calcutta; but our friendship was quickly formed, and since that period our correspondence has rendered us still more intimate. His manners and habits are noble, grave, and elegant. His opinions upon the great questions of the moral world are the same as ours.

I have given him a letter for your father: pray introduce him. Colonel Fagan cannot but be proud to know

M. de Tracy, and your father will, I am convinced, reap great pleasure from the acquaintance of so distinguished a character. Pray, my good friend, introduce him to your sisters and brothers in law. Is it necessary to beg of you to present him first to Madame Victor?

Adieu. It is a friend I recommend to you; I trust that on my return to France I shall find him as much yours as he is mine.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Delhi, December 23rd, 1831.

YOUR letter, marked Y, is extremely brief; the Annual for 1831 arrived at the same time, after a lapse of eleven months. I do not know whither it has been travelling all this while; certainly not in India, for I have become one of the most easy of individuals to find, though at the same time the least sedentary of its inhabitants. You recommend me, on my return home, to beware of the foreign powers. Every thing is settled on that score, as I have decided upon returning by sea. There are indeed examples of Englishmen having been intercepted in Persia by the Russians, and sent to Siberia, there to spend the remainder of their lives in skating. These atrocities have lately transpired, and I presume have led to energetic remonstances from the British government.

Whenever you see my father secretly preoccupied with some thought which disturbs his quiet, try, my good friend, to reason with him on the subject. At twenty we see things under the most glowing colours; at your age, we see them as they are; but at our father's time of life they represent themselves even more gloomily than they are in reality. Thoughts of the future sometimes absorb his mind; in that case reason quietly with him about the chances of the future. If you must quit him to enter the army, show him the probability of a speedy termination of the war, and the certainty of your reaching high rank. As he advances in years, he concentrates all his affections in us, and I am convinced that the thought of seeing us again happy, would make him support his solitude with resignation. During the months of May and June he thought I was at Lahore, and he received with lively satisfaction every communication that tended to prove that I was out of the British possessions. The supposition that after having visited the Punjab and Cashmere, I should return to India, and continue my travels as I had commenced them, caused him considerable pleasure. All my letters since that period must have proved very satisfactory to him. The happiness I have experienced in my journey has been greatly heightened by the thought that he shared in it. I hope that, on my return, my future fate will be settled in such a manner that I shall no longer be a cause of anxiety to him.

Although the subject has much occupied my mind,

I have not yet decided upon the form I shall adopt in the different publications I intend to produce. I trust nevertheless to be able to extract from the very considerable mass of manuscripts which I shall bring with me, an instructive work, and at the same time of general interest.

Apropos of the new organisation of the artillery you speak of: I must inform you that in the Indian army the foot artillery is drawn by bullocks; but they are of a peculiar race, very large and very active, at least for bullocks. The horse artillery, in speaking of the other, never call them foot artillery, but bullock artillery, which appellation is horror and abomination to the latter.

What do you mean by your fears that any indiscreet communication of the letters which I write could excite the suspicions of the British, whose guest I am, upon the real nature of my travels, and my intention of visiting India with the most minute research? This absurdity is most monstrous: it surpasses all belief. I entirely belong to the country. I am upon terms of familiarity with the greatest portion of the civil officers. It is they in general who receive me, because they rank the highest, and are of the greatest importance to me. There is never any *Monsieur* or *Sir* between us. It is my dear Maddock, my dear Wade, my dear Kennedy, &c., on one side, and my dear Jacquemont on the other. At the Governor-general's I am considered one of the family, and consequently relieved from the

restraint of etiquette, to which others are subjected. A secret agent! It is perfectly well understood by all my English friends that I shall gather other information from my travels than what may relate to natural history, when I have emptied my collection of stones, and analysed my trusses of plants! Why, here, at the president's table, between whom and myself the difference of age precludes very familiar intercourse, do you think that I fear to speak about the policy, the financial and judicial administration of Northern India, of which he is vice-regent? It is almost always the theme of conversation, and I am myself the promoter of it. Whenever I cannot perfectly understand some point of statistics, and feel vexed at my ignorance, I instantly write to the minister of state, and beg of him to make the necessary inquiries and calculations in his department, to ascertain what I want to know. A secret agent, indeed! Could that appellation, think you, be applied to me! In truth, the supposition is the height of absurdity. Every body in India knows who I am. I have concealed nothing, and I have found people almost everywhere who inspired me with sufficient confidence to make them acquainted with my situation in the most precise manner. It is perfectly well known that I arrived here with a salary of six thousand francs a year: I at once boldly owned it, and that it was afterwards raised to eight thousand, and ultimately to twelve thousand. I make no secret of what I have received from Runjeet. In short, my

good friend, as I play an honest part, I do it in a straightforward open manner. I have adopted an open and candid line of conduct with the most suspicious, false, and deceitful of Asiatic princes, Runjeet, and I believe that Runjeet himself would laugh at any one who would insinuate to him that the stones and plants of his mountains were only a pretence of mine to investigate the rest. If ever, my dear Porphyre, they speak to you of a secret agent, you may boldly assert that there never was a stranger in India who enjoyed such testimonies of respect as those which I every where and continually receive. It will not be a very modest assertion, but it is proper that the truth should be known in that respect.

Though much further from Great Britain than you are, I am in reality much more favourably situated for judging of the future prospects of that country, by the occasional opportunity I have of reading its public journals, and my acquaintance with many of its natives. I consider the prospects of Great Britain to be truly alarming. I am persuaded that if the peers are mad enough to throw out the reform bill proposed by the commons, the present ministry will either make a *coup-d'état* with the liberal party, or else resign, and then a sanguinary revolution must be the consequence. The crisis will be a fearful one, because there does not exist a country in Europe where the inequalities of the social order offer more

frightful contrasts. The mother country does not extend that solicitude to her Indian possessions which they deserve.

Farewell. I am dying with fatigue. Yesterday the engineers of the garrison of Delhi gave a ball to the still remaining red coats and black coats. I was obliged to show my long dark face, and anything but dancing physiognomy: and the mistakes which occurred among the carriages, palanquins, and horses, kept me upon a sharp trot the greatest part of the night. I did not get to bed till three o'clock in the morning, and such late hours do not at all suit me. Adieu, my dear and excellent friend. I love and embrace you from the bottom of my heart.

January 10th, 1832.

My boxes are not yet ready, which is the very devil. As there are a number of vessels always sailing from Calcutta for Havre and Bordeaux, I will write again. Nothing new. I work very hard, and my health is very good.

Your's most affectionately.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, SENIOR, PARIS.

Delhi, December 26th, 1831.

My dear Father.—Shall I tell you, that your notions on the politics of India amuse me greatly? Your quotations, made from memory, and borrowed from M. de Marlès, on the subject of the history of Runjeet Sing, are truly delightful. But is it decorous for a son to speak thus to his father? You will, I am sure, forgive me this liberty, now that by my letters from the Punjab and Cashmere, you ought to be better informed respecting the state of the Ultra-Sutledge and the fallibility of your oracle M. de Marlès. I possess all the materials requisite for a history of the Punjab for the last fifty years, but it would not interest any body. The biography of Runjeet Sing, would perhaps be amusing, but it is replete with events which could not be written in the vulgar tongue, and which it would be necessary to insert in Latin notes. In spite of every thing that is blameable in Runjeet, pray love him a little, were it only for my sake. You were alarmed lest he should make me marry, and force me, *nolens-volens*, to remain with him. I feel pleasure in thinking that you must have received, a long time ago, my first letters from Lahore, which will have destroyed any apprehensions on that score.

But what was that war of Runjeet's which made you tremble for my safety? The rajah of Belaspore

would be highly flattered if he knew that the troubles of his empire had caused you such alarm. If I were to visit the Himalaya again, I trust you would do me the honour of believing me to be absolute lord and master at Belaspore.

I have entirely lost the thread of European politics, and can no longer prophecy as formerly. Did I tell you that I predicted the events of July 1830, six months before I knew them, to a friend at Calcutta, and that my letter, which he showed to others, gave me an extraordinary reputation? Every one now asks me what will happen in the Punjab and Cashmere at the death of Runjeet. To this I reply, that for the present, Runjeet, notwithstanding his grey beard and attenuated frame, has not the slightest idea of dying; and if they insist on having my opinion, I shall write my *siege*, like Vertot, and mention the chiefs who will wage war in the plains, and those who will do battle on the mountains, showing the chances of each. Wade, with whom you now are acquainted, will inform me of all these things in Paris, whenever they come to pass.

I arrived on the evening of the 16th, and found here Fraser, who I thought was on a judicial circuit. He informed me that the Governor-general's camp was still under the walls of Delhi, and that during the night it would be transported to Cuttob, on the ruins of ancient Delhi, from which it is four leagues distant. I consequently got into his palanquin, and was conveyed to Cuttob, where I remained two days with Lord and Lady

William, with whom I was still more delighted than even during my stay in Calcutta. It is impossible to describe the flattering attentions they have shown me, and the real friendly feelings they have evinced towards me. I conversed at great length with Lord William upon the countries I had visited, and with Lady William about Paris and their own journey. So many things had occurred since I had parted from them at Calcutta! I drank water with great intrepidity, to the health of all those who, according to the custom of their nation, saluted me with their glasses; and this feat was not a little admired. There were several persons of my acquaintance in the Governor-general's camp: Mr. Toby Prinsep, secretary of state; General Wittingham, who commands this division; and Mr. Metcalfe, my first host at Delhi. Lord William marches towards Rajpootana. Lord Clare, the new Governor of Bombay, comes to meet him: they are intimate acquaintances. Lord and Lady William, independently of their verbal recommendation, will both give me a letter for that nobleman; I expect it every day. I am alone in Mr. Fraser's immense house, which is a kind of Gothic fortress, built by himself, at an immense expense, upon the very place where Timour Lenggue pitched his tent when he laid siege to Delhi. My host is at the camp with the Governor-general, whom he accompanies to the limits of his jurisdiction. I am busied the whole day, undisturbed by any noise, except that of the workmen who are packing up my collections, and am perfectly free from any

restraint of society. In the evening, when the weather is fine, I mount my horse; and if rainy, I take my palanquin and repair to the town, where I always dine with the resident. This gentleman has a cultivated mind and an acute understanding; his habits are retiring, but his conversation is more varied and pleasing than that of most of his countrymen. Mr. Maddock lived with him; and, to make up four persons, a young diplomatist, full of wit and spirits, never fails to dine with his patron.

The resident at Delhi receives five thousand rupees per month (or thirteen thousand francs), for table money. As he seldom has more than five or six persons at dinner, and feels himself conscientiously bound to expend this extra allowance in the object for which it is given, you may easily imagine that the dinners I have at his house do not much resemble my ambulatory meals. I, however, completely edify our little society by my stoical sobriety. At ten o'clock we wish Mr. Martin (the resident) good night, and with Maddock and Bell (the lively and witty assistant diplomatist I have just mentioned), I retire to the apartments of the latter, where, round a good fire, we talk till midnight. There is no inducement to go to bed, so cheerfully do we three spend the time together. Besides, they will not let me quit them easily. When however, the time comes, I light an excellent Havannah cigar, and folding my Cashmere morning gown round my limbs, mount my horse, and, preceded by

two men, who run before me with torches in their hands, a short gallop soon brings me to Fraser's fortress. This last evening, I returned to my lodgings with a heavy heart: I had shaken hands for the last time with Mr. Maddock. He departed this morning for his new kingdom of Catmandou, and before setting out from Delhi, he wrote me a farewell letter which has affected me much. If, instead of proceeding to Bombay and to the Ghauts, I took it into my head to go to the further end of the Himalaya in Nepaul, what support should I not find in Catmandou?

You say in one of your letters that since the British are so amiable towards me, they must be very different in India to what they are at home. There may be something in that, especially among those who inhabit the superior provinces, to the north of Benares; but I take upon myself the greatest part of the merit of this kind of miracle.

You also state, that you are greatly satisfied with Frederic's opinion of my English, which he says is perfect, and the language of good society. I have at present too great a knowledge of that language to accept of his fraternal compliments. I have remained during my stay among this foreign nation too completely French—I have retained too much the individuality of my own character in the turn of my thoughts, not to betray instantly, by my language, my foreign nationality. It sometimes vexes me, but I more frequently rejoice at it. My English is English apart,

which from not being perfect is not the less good. You must forgive my impertinence. I have left off writing in English to Frederic as well as to Zoë, who has also forbidden me to write in that language, on account of the *you*, which alone can be used in English. Zoë, however, in her reprimand, has hazarded a few words in the language she condemns. Tell her I did not find one single word wrong; she appears to me to understand it already perfectly well.

You will observe, that I write by fits and starts.

I cannot conceive how the London papers could assert that Lord William Bentinck had, as you state, arrested the commander-in-chief. The general in command was Lord Combermere when I arrived in India; at present the army is under Lord Dalhousie, who, after two years of service and ill-health, is going to resign the command to Sir Edward Barnes (ex-governor of Ceylon). The governors of Madras and Bombay are not, by right, so absolute as you imagine. The governor of Calcutta possesses the power of arresting both these governors just like any other European; but for these last thirty years there have been only two or three instances of arrest of Europeans. The one which created the greatest sensation was that of a Mr. Buckingham, the editor of a Calcutta paper, who was politely requested by an *acting* functionary at Calcutta, to leave the country, the tranquillity of which he endangered by his violent incendiary declarations. This Buckingham, who is a man of talent, is now in Lon-

don preaching a crusade against the Company's government; but he does not enjoy great respect. Lord William has hitherto arrested nobody, for which I decidedly blame him. The number of civil and military British officers in the whole of India amount to six thousand. The European army consists only of twenty thousand men—that is all. It is evident therefore that it is not by physical force that we keep under the immense population of those vast regions. The principle of our power is elsewhere: it is in the respect with which our character inspires these nations.

A European of degraded morals ought immediately to be arrested and sent to Europe. Such a man does more injury to the European character, and to the future prospects of the British power in India, than a formidable insurrection could do. At Calcutta, where there are so many Europeans of every class, the lowest Bengalee burgher keeps his shoes on at the Governor-general's!! At Delhi, the greatest Mogul lord takes off his in the presence of a British ensign.

Runjeet Sing, a monarch absolutely independent, and possessing the greatest power in Asia after the British, always received me barefooted. If, in the Punjab, any native lord whatever had presented himself at my residence without leaving his shoes at the door, I would not have received him, but have written instantly to Runjeet to demand satisfaction for the insult. The idea, however, of so enormous an offence could have entered no one's head.

At Calcutta, the Indians every day see European sailors led away drunk by Indian police soldiers. They likewise see Europeans stand as culprits at the bar of the criminal court. There the powerful illusion attached to the name of European is dispelled. In the whole of the Delta of the Ganges, which for the most part is cultivated by indigo planters, either British or half-caste—an opulent class of men, but violent and gross in their habits—the spell is also broken. In no other part is the European population so numerous in proportion to the natives; no where are the latter so timid as here; and yet there is no province where Europeans are less respected.

My excellent friend M. Allard writes to me from time to time, since my departure from the Punjab. Runjeet Sing has presented Mirza Hede, my Persian secretary of Cashmere, with twelve hundred francs, and a pension of one thousand francs. I did not dismiss him at Belaspore without charging him with a farewell letter to the Maharajah. Poor Mirza writes me this in the overflowing of his heart, and promises me that himself, his mother, his brothers, and all his family will offer up their prayers for my happiness during the rest of their lives. This really has affected me. Allard has received a very kind letter from Lord William: he despatched it to me in order to translate it; I sent him back with the translation a lottery ticket, which I sent for on purpose to Calcutta, and which may make him gain a hundred and sixty thousand rupees, if it so

please the blind goddess. This is a present of three hundred francs. I regret much that my want of means prevents me from testifying my gratitude in any better manner for the innumerable obligations I am under towards this excellent man.

Jaypoor, Ajmeer, Nusserabad, Indore, Aurungabad, and Poonah, are the most remarkable places on the road which I shall take from hence to Bombay.

I shall proceed first to the country of the Rajpoots, then to that of the Nizam, then to that of the Mahrattas. Jaypoor was not quiet last year; but order has been restored. I know the resident at Ajmeer; further, his diplomatic aide-de-camp is the son of Colonel Fagan. A son-in-law of the latter commands a considerable body of troops near Ajmeer, and so on as far as Bombay. As, however, these English posts are at a great distance from each other, in the west of India, you must not be uneasy if my letters succeed each other only at long intervals.

It appears that I forgot last year to relate to you my visit to the Begum (the Persian for princess) Sumro, at Serdhana, near Meerut. You must know, then, that Colonel Arnold introduced me to her one Sunday morning in the month of December last, whilst I was at Meerut with him. I breakfasted and dined with this old witch, and was even gallant enough to kiss her hand. Like a true John Bull, I had the honour of drinking wine with her at dinner. On my return to Meerut, on the following day, I received an

invitation to dine with her on Christmas day. She must be a hundred years old, she is bent in two, and her face is shrivelled like dried raisins; she is, in fine, a sort of walking mummy, who still looks after all her affairs herself, listens to two or three secretaries at once, and at the same time dictates to as many others. Only four years ago, she caused some of her ministers and disgraced courtiers to be tied to the cannon's mouth, and fired off like shot. It is related of her, and the story is true, that about sixty or eighty years ago, she had a young female slave of whom she was jealous, buried alive, and that she gave her husband a nautch (a ball) upon this horrible tomb. Her two European husbands met with violent deaths. She was, however, as courageous as she was cruel. Some Italian monks have gained possession of her mind, and inspired her with a tremendous fear of the devil. She has built a beautiful Catholic church at Serdhana, and a few days ago, she wrote to the Government to request that, at her death, a portion of her domains may remain attached to the church to meet the expense of its service. She has addressed the Pope, asking to have a bishop at Serdhana: nevertheless she is not yet in her dotage.

Of the sixteen lacs of rupees which compose her revenue, she every year buries four in her gardens. These she might now give to whom she pleased, but at her death they will belong to the British Govern-

ment. Runjeet has also, within a few years, been seized with the mania of burying his money, and since this fit came upon him, there are no bounds to his avarice.

My friends, the diplomatists of Delhi, wished to procure for me, from the Emperor, some splendid title: for instance, the pillar of science, the light of posterity, the sword of the state, high and mighty lord, &c. &c. But the imperial chancery is worse than the commission under the great seal. It spins out a dreadfully long account against those whom the Great Mogul honours with his titles; so that I have abandoned the yoke, and continue to live upon my Punjabee titles. which are not indeed standard ones, as you are no doubt aware that Runjeet is a soldier of fortune—in other words, a usurper.

Poor Jussieu, in his last letter, informed me that his wife was in the family way, and that he hoped to have a boy. I had begun a letter of congratulation to him at Subhatoo, which fortunately is still in my portfolio, so that I can destroy it. With his quiet and retiring habits, and the domestic tastes of his family, Jussieu must have severely felt the loss of his wife.

As I am determined to be amiable for once, I will address a few lines to Madlle. Duvancel. There is more gallantry in this than is usual with me; for, living, as I do, secluded from female society, I become daily more bearish than even I used to be, and I always

had a terrible inclination to be so. With increasing years, I have corrected myself of a few of my defects, but I am sadly afraid I shall carry this to the grave.

We have a very extraordinary winter for this country. The weather is rainy and windy, and yet not cold. It is fortunate that this fit of bad weather takes place while I am stationary; for when rain falls during a march, it is most distressing whilst it lasts. The tents become enormously heavy; the camels which carry them, slip upon the wet ground at almost every step; for their thighs, very badly articulated in their sockets, are easily put out of joint, and frequently cannot be reset. The bullock-wagons, which carry the heavy baggage, sink into the mud. All the attendants, bullock-drivers, camel-drivers, and soldiers, look downcast and dispirited; they become deaf and dumb, and half paralysed. Thus, all is not pleasure in a wandering life.

In spite of all these drawbacks, the traveller ultimately ends his journey, it is true, but always late, wet to the skin, and not exactly certain of finding a shelter, or much to eat. At all events, he arrives, resumes his toilsome labour next day, and by dint of persevering in this way, you will see me, my dear father, in the course of about thirty months, arrive in your fourth story, or third story, above the *entresol*, as landlords usually express themselves.

January 10*th*.

One more word of adieu! My dear father, I am still detained here by my workmen, and by a variety of trifling domestic details tedious to settle. I shall be as poor at Bombay with my twelve thousand francs, as I was at the residence of Calcutta with my primitive ration of six thousand; for every thing there is exactly twice as dear as at Bengal.

There are in the Ganges half a dozen French vessels about to sail. Each of them will bring you a packet from me.

I embrace you with all my heart.

February 13*th*.

My dear Father,—I intended setting out to-day after breakfast, but luckily discovered that the casks which I have had made at a very great expense, and filled with essence of turpentine to preserve the fish, leaked considerably. My caravan was already on the move. It was a kind of rehearsal of departure; but I trust it will be the last, and that this subtle fluid, which is almost on a par with your *essences*, will be duly imprisoned in copper vessels. This is the devil! In the dreadful confusion of my table, it is impossible to write you a word more.

I shall certainly see Lord William again at Jaypoor, or between Jaypoor and Alvar. Adieu! I embrace you with all my heart, also Porphyre and Frederic, if the latter is still with you.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Delhi, January 11th, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—On my arrival in this town, I found what I looked forward to, a long letter from you. In recalling its date to your memory, I shall perhaps remind you also of the subjects which it contained. Its date is the 25th of last May, a short time before the elections.

As your friendship has got into the habit of paying me a thousand compliments which I do not deserve, I shall, in return, adopt the practice of commencing by a little act of humility. Many a man who is amiable and witty in *tete-à-tete*, is perfectly at a loss when a third person happens to come in. With regard to myself, I only feel at my ease, and confident in myself—I have facility in expressing my ideas with those alone whose kindness and good-will I know I enjoy. I am too expansive, especially with my pen, to be a general favourite. When the time comes to make an author's bow to the public, instead of epistolary visits to my friends, it will be a most trying moment to me: so much so, that if I could manage not to give my name with my prose I should consider myself very fortunate. The ground of that feeling usually termed modesty, is nothing in the world but suffering vanity, with which is mingled a sort of moral delicacy. Can you, without its costing an effort, expose how you think and feel, to men whose thoughts and feelings you know to be

entirely opposed to yours, which they cannot even comprehend. I have never tried to pourtray scenes of nature and human life. I write much as I go along; but my notes are disorderly. It is not sufficient that I should make a choice among them; and before I undertake the arrangement and labour they will require, I must describe a number of plants and stones, and perhaps by that time I shall acquire a facility of writing which I have hitherto been unable to attain. But what shall I ever be able to make of the immense cultivated plains of India, slowly travelling, as I do, with bullocks and camels?

It is indeed kind of you to talk to me of science and literature. Two friends, *savans* by profession, and who have nothing else to do, forward me from time to time their bulletins. These are Adrien de Jussieu, and Elie Beaumont; but they have I believe little taste for the art, at least the latter, and they never speak upon that subject. It is natural that the house should be covered with *barricades* at the annual exhibition of pictures. In speaking of Scheffer, whose talents, like yourself, I esteem more than those of any other artist, I could have wished you had mentioned whether he still wholly confines himself to painting.

The announcement of the plays at the bottom of the Paris papers had already informed me, a long time since, that the stage was entirely invaded by Robespierre, Murat, Napoleon, and even their very contemporaries, though yet living. All this is in very bad taste. In

placing on the shelf, the Greeks, the Romans, and the marquisses of our ancient stage, we have not been fortunate in the choice of their successors. Are then Delavigne and Lamartine entirely dimissed by these lovers of the horrible?

But this is carrying questions and answers too far. At the distance which now separates us, it is better to speak only of ourselves. Well then! I arrived here on the 16th of last month, just in time to join the Governor-general's camp a few leagues distant, as he had just left the imperial city. I spent two delightful days with Lord and Lady William Bentinck; and returned here to ship on the Jumna all my different collections. It is a most tedious affair, and takes up much more time than I expected: it will detain me at Delhi a great deal longer than I had imagined. The dreadful spring of India will overtake me before I can pass the Nerbudda. Others would perhaps not dare to undertake so late in the season the very long journey to Bombay; but my excellent constitution, and great abstemiousness, allow me to support with ease the excessive heat of India.

I feel exceedingly happy in the small circle of acquaintance, or, to speak more properly, of friends which I have formed here. My host, the superintendant of the province, enjoys a celebrity which extends a hundred leagues around. He is man who, delighting in the emotions of danger, goes to war as an amateur, whenever there is fighting going on, and never returns

without a few gun-shot wounds; but his humanity is such, that in the midst of the many scenes of carnage to which his monomania has hurried him, he has never struck a blow with his sword; his heart fails when his arm has been raised to cut his enemy down. He is half Asiatic in his habits, but in other respects a Scotch highlander, and an excellent man, with great originality of thought, a metaphysician to boot, and enjoying the best possible reputation of being a country bear. I have succeeded in taming him, which does not prevent my being looked upon by certain persons as something of a bear myself; but with others I pass, and I believe with more justice, for a perfectly sociable being. The resident is a man of very retiring habits, and perfectly cultivated mind. In spite of the dissimilarity of our tastes and tempers, we agree admirably together, and are fond of each other's society; in short, my dear friend, I receive on all sides in this country the most unceasing marks of kindness.

I meet a great many Indians here. They are almost all Mussulmauns of Mogul extraction, the wreck of the nobility of that court. My host is the only officer of government, who, to my knowledge, keeps up any social relations with the natives. Last Sunday I paid a few visits with him to some of these long-beards. This politeness and condescension is, I fancy, blamed by the other British officers. A few days previously it was the anniversary of the nominal accession of the emperor; and the resident, who on that day owes an annual tribute of congratulation to this

shadow of royal power, had the kindness to take me with him to the durbar.

Every thing is in preparation for my journey to Rajpootana. At the fifth station from hence I shall quit the British territories, but shall not want for their protection with the Rajpoot princes. The resident, whom they look upon as the successor of the Great Mogul, their former sovereign lord, has written to all of them, and I rely entirely upon their hospitality. With these still independent nations there is other protection than the friendship of the prince. A traveller who cannot claim it as his safeguard, is exposed to a thousand vexations, without mentioning the pretty certain chance he runs of being plundered. In spite of myself, therefore, I am obliged to add a Persian secretary to my little caravan, in order to decipher the abominable *chekestea* of the Rajpoot chanceries, and to carry on my correspondence when necessary. The department of foreign affairs thus makes a dreadful hole in my budget.

This secretary is a descendant from the Prophet, which is not always a recommendation; but he appears clever, and my intention is to make him earn his five louis a month, so that on my arrival at Bombay there will be no such thing as Persian hieroglyphics for me.

There is a coolness between Runjeet Sing and us—I mean the Government. The British wish to occupy the Lower Indus, and push their trade in that direction. They will unquestionably be obliged to establish

military posts on the banks, in order to protect it. Hence the ill temper of Runjeet, who cannot resist and is forced to suffer what he cannot prevent.

That which he allowed me last year out of compliment to the Governor-general, he would no doubt refuse me now. In spite, however, of his dissatisfaction against the British, he still thinks kindly of me. I have lately received a letter from him, informing me that he had just granted a pension to the native of Cashmere who was my secretary in that country and in the Punjab. There is, however, no war; indeed there is nobody for the British to wage war against. The last quarrel with the Chinese was terminated amicably, though much more serious than the preceding ones. The day will however come, and no doubt we shall see it, when the British will be compelled to take by force the tea which the Chinese will refuse to sell them. It would be very easy to invade China, but I question if it would not be difficult to retain possession of it.

Good night, my dear friend. I have spent the whole day among plants, stones, and animals; this is the reason why I do not speak of anything that relates to them. The winter here is as cold as in the south of Spain, and I leave you to go, according to the expression of the country, and *eat the air*, the fresh air which I shall inhale no more during the remainder of my stay in India. I wish that you and yours may enjoy health equal to mine. Adieu, &c.

TO M. DE MARESTE, PARIS.

Delhi, February 6th, 1832.

If this be not a specimen of local character, seek it elsewhere, my dear De Mareste. Learn that it is even of the finest kind, and that royal and serene highnesses alone are treated with this paper *. But the writing only commences at the middle of the page, or even lower, if one desires to be still more stylish. During six or eight lines, a regular file firing is kept up, directed against the vanity of the correspondent. The high, the exalted, the sublime, the just, the merciful, the charitable, the generous, the mighty, the victorious, the invincible, the sage of high renown, the ornament of the universe, the pillar of the world, the great prince, the prince of princes, the king of kings, the master of the world, the arbiter of one's destinies, hail!—after this preamble, the business of their epistle is begun with protestations breathing unalterable friendship. The jasmine and the narcissus are the principal ingredients of these rose-water metaphors, nicely perfumed with this sweet essence. It is a wish as violent as the longing of a lady in the family-way, to see the king of kings, and a cruel privation to be unable to do more than pay half a visit by means of a letter. At

* This letter was written upon a large roll of paper, called by us *Chinese paper*, bespangled with particles of gold.

length, when the eloquence of the writer has become like a garden dried up by the parching winds of the desert, and in which not a single flower remains to be culled or added to the epistolary nosegay, then he thinks of saying what he has to say. However simple the business may be, it is always couched in ambigious terms, and accompanied with innumerable reservations. He then finishes in a laconic manner, like the Indians of Cooper, with "That is all," or "I have said,"—or, if he prides himself upon the highest refinement, he ends with "after that, what could there remain for me to say?"

When a virtuous woman wishes to write to her absent husband, she sends for an old priest, an intimate acquaintance of the family, and explains to him from behind a curtain what she has to communicate. The scribe, if he be sagacious, writes the despatch in the name of another person, and not of the wife—it being considered the height of vulgarity for a wife to write directly to her husband. Thus, if she has to inform him that she has lately been brought to bed, a little boy of six years of age is often stated to be the person in the straw. Notwithstanding this excessive delicacy of the ladies of the East, their husbands are by no means better off than their brothers of the Western world, especially in the middle and lower classes. Among the Rajpoots, whose country I am about to visit, bad spelling is as common in palaces as in cottages. Their manners resemble, to an astonish-

ing degree, the chivalrous manners of France in the feudal times.

Read Colonel Tod's huge book.

Adieu, my dear friend. As we never write upon the back of this paper, I must abruptly offer you my farewell wishes. May Mohammed vouchsafe you his aid, and may the all-powerful Allah preserve you! When free from the burthen of my plants, animals, and other objects of curiosity, which I am going to ship on the Jumna, for the bridge of Austerlitz, I shall set out.

TO M^{LLE.} ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

Alwur, between Jaypore and Delhi,
Tuesday, February 21*st*, 1832.

I DID little more, my dear Zoé, than acknowledge the receipt of your long letter and little note, the date of which I do not recollect. I intended to answer you on my journey, after having quitted Delhi; but here have I been on the road for this last week, and have so much business behind hand, that, for fear of giving you more time than I can really spare, I will not re-peruse your two letters. This candour may appear something like rudeness; but, my dear friend, what can I do? Without a little bluntness of proceeding now and then, I should never get through my labours.

Do you know what occupied my thoughts this morning when returning from Ramgur on horseback?—our walk to Saint Cloud, which you recalled to my memory in so delightful a manner in your last note. You said that you had often returned alone to walk in that charming place. Indeed I have also frequently visited it in imagination since the day we were there together. I have since that period been in places of far superior beauty: the forests of North America in autumn, Hayti, Rio Janeiro, the Himalaya, and Cashmere: but since I have left them I return to them less often than to Saint Cloud. The temper of a traveller varies and follows the changes of the weather. This was a grey morning. The bullocks and camels, exposed all night to a dreadful storm, dragged themselves painfully along the wet roads. My horse, which had not escaped a single drop of this nocturnal deluge, drooped his ears, and did not obey the bridle. I was myself in a serious mood. I thought it would be melancholy to die without visiting once more together those places where we first knew each other. What happiness to meet there again! How much we should have to say to each other! I have seen and felt so much since that period! You know that I am not prodigal of friendship; but I have bestowed it upon a man whom I think I have mentioned to you in one of my preceding letters: his name is William Fraser. I have just spent six weeks with him, and, thanks to his kindness, Delhi will remain one of my happiest recollections of India.

How singular is my fortune with the English! These men, who appear so unmoved, who, among themselves, always remain so cold, unbend with me, in consequence of my openness. They even assume towards me an expression of kindness, in spite of themselves as it were, and probably for the first time in their lives. Your friendship for me, my dear Zoé, would enjoy the miracles I thus operate and without effort. Shall I be able to bring back the secret with me to Europe?—I doubt it. It appears that when there I did not possess it: I was little inclined to society, and left but few friends. You were able to judge of my disposition during the short visit you paid us in Paris in 1826. It is true I was extremely unhappy at that time; but I had never been happy for twenty-four hours in succession, and after my return from the Alps in 1824, my temper was always uneven. It was my voyage to America which changed me and made me better. I feel happy in being indebted to Porphyre for this.

My herbarium is a store of recollections. I commenced it at Lagrange in the month of May 1818. Every succeeding year I have added to it, not only by my own gleanings, but likewise through the presents of my friends. How many lively associations of thoughts and feelings does it not present! Paray at different periods of my life—before I rose into manhood, during the innocent enjoyments of youth fortunately prolonged beyond the usual term, in 1818 and 1819; Paray in 1821, in the first dawn of youthful emotions;

Paray in 1822, on my return from the Alps, after I had reached man's estate, initiated into the great ideas of life, alive to the feeling of arts and poetry; Paray in 1824, during the tumult of the passions. Hervy * at different periods. When you came to Paris my connection with Jaubert had ceased. From the bottom of my heart I accused him of weakness and almost of ingratitude towards me. But since that period I have forgiven him for separating himself from me, and the recollections of our friendship have assumed their wonted charm. So much for Hervy. I will one day explain to you how I came to lose a friend to whom I was once attached. When I knew him, he had a greater knowledge of botany than I had, and he gave a more philosophical direction to my studies in that branch of science. I still love to remember it. A kind-hearted German, with whom I became intimate in Switzerland, and who showed me the friendship of a brother, has enriched my herbarium with the plants of the North and East of Europe. His name is Charpentier; and he is a first-rate geologist. Mr. Ramond, an old man, who has left some good works upon science, and was the first who explored the Pyrenees, gave me the plants of those mountains, which were unknown before his travels in those regions. Contrary to his usual demeanour towards others in general, he was very kind

* The seat of M. Jaubert, Member of the Chamber of Deputies.

and amiable towards me. My herbarium will often recall him to my mind, for I shall constantly find in it the plants of the Pyrenees ticketed in his own hand-writing. I pass over the others, my dear Zoé, to tell you that you ought to furnish your share to this depôt of recollections. I sent you some plants from Cashmere and Tibet. For professional persons, each of these plants is worth a hundred of the plants of Barly. Your friendship, I am persuaded, does not prize them less than the dry passion of the learned. Well Zoé, you must pay your debt, if you have an opportunity. Do not fear to send me only common plants. It is to think of you rather than to study, that I ask you for them. Besides, it was only on my return from America that I decided upon poisoning my herbarium with corrosive sublimate, for the worms had made great havoc among the old specimens, those of the common plants which I had collected the first. Your gifts will then come very a-propos.

Good night, my sweet friend. I answer you playfully, as you write—what can be more agree-able? I do not speak to you at present of myself, because my father will forward to you the letters which I shall write to him from Ajmeer, and the subject of *me* will be treated as fathers will have it from their sons, that is to say, in great detail. After the atmosphere of society I breathed at Delhi and Subhatoo, my solitary and wandering life pleases me much. To teach you to laugh at what you call my so-styled Hindostanee characters (it is you who thus

call them), and which were true and good Persian, I will converse with Fraser in that language only, if ever chance brings us three together at the same table. I cannot be too modest: I can read with tolerable ease a letter not very well written, which is very difficult, and which many Englishmen cannot accomplish after a residence in India of ten or twenty years. But I have given myself much trouble, without speaking of the money I have spent to attain this. My Persian secretary costs me fifty rupees a month, and a camel, which is more than a hundred and fifty francs. The fellow has three servants. It was impossible to get one for less, and equally impossible to do without, obliged, as I am, to correspond with the princes whose dominions I traverse. Who would believe this at Paris? Who would doubt it in London? Adieu, my dear Zoé. Write to me often. Remember me to George, if he is with you; let him also write to me.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, SENIOR, PARIS.

Ferozpore, S. W. of Delhi, between that city and Jaypore, February 19th, 1832. Sunday.

My dear Father,—I treat you like a crowned head, for it is only to such that this paper, strewed with gold and silver, is made use of. It is the finest manufactured at Delhi, which by the way, does little credit to Indian industry. But bad as it is, the pen runs over it more glibly than over ours. You have only

to sit before the table, and if you have but a pen in your hand, in the course of half an hour you will, without any exertion, find the long sheet filled on either side.

Ferozpore is not less agreeable to the ear than your favorite Belaspore: I find it much pleasanter on account of its Persian origin. Feroze, in Persian, means sublime, excellent. It is the name of the pretty stone which we call turquoise—and that is not all. Two leagues from this very Ferozpore, as I was coming this morning on foot from Naguinah, with weather as delicious as our lovely April mornings, I saw a troop of horsemen advancing, headed by a fine young man whom I recognised as the nawaub. He alighted from his horse to approach me. We embraced each other as on the stage, upon each other's shoulders, and after exchanging some other expressions of Asiatic politeness, we re-mounted our horses, and he conducted me to the elegant villa whence I am now writing to you. The guns of the adjoining fort were fired as I alighted at the garden gate. Breakfast was served up when we entered the hall, and in the European fashion, with all the elegance and style imaginable. As it is the Ramazan, my host, who is a Mussulmaun, could not with propriety set me the example at table, but he did the honours in the most graceful manner. He did not insist upon my taking tea, nor partaking of the good things which covered the table. He allowed me to drink my constitutional bowl of milk and eat a few

oranges only. But his politeness knew how to avail itself of my frugality. He said to me that the most brilliant creatures of the Divinity lived only upon the honey of flowers, and that he was not surprised to see so great an *aflatoune* and *aristoune* as I, imitate their delicate frugality.

After breakfast I dismissed Shaïm-Shouddin (the name of this young man); at noon I shall pay him a visit in the fort, where his little palace is situated, and where I suppose he is now breakfasting in secret on account of the Ramazan. We will then take a turn on an elephant for a couple of hours, to see the environs of his capital, and I shall return to work for the remainder of the day.

This young man is the eldest of a grand Mogul family, the chief of which, thirty years ago, had the good sense to join the army of Lord Lake against the Mahrattas. The British government recognised his services by confirming him in the possession of his principality which he had formed in those troubled times. He is like a German duke. In the event of war, he is obliged to furnish his contingent of cavalry to the British government if required, and this contingent is in proportion to his revenues. The Grand Duke of Ferozpore is richer than many members of the German diet: he has four lacs, or a million of francs, a year.

My well-known intimacy with Mr. William Fraser was quite sufficient to insure from the young nawaub

the polite reception he gave me; but Mr. Martin, the resident, who is to all these nawaubs and rajahs what Prince Metternich is to the German dukes, had himself written, a long time previously, to announce my arrival. It will be the same so far as Bombay. I was much affected at leaving Fraser. In order to spare each other the pain of leave-taking, we had tacitly agreed that I should depart, and that he should let me go like a thief, without crying "stop him". But when my servant came to tell me that the camels were already gone, and my horse ready, I forgot my stoical determination of the preceding day. Fraser's heart was as full as mine, and we quitted each other after a silent shake of the hand.

Tuesday last, the 14th instant, I encamped at Cuttob, upon the ruins of ancient Delhi. I could not succeed in banishing the melancholy impressions of my departure. In the night, one of Fraser's attendants came galloping to me with a note from his master, saying that he experienced the same grief, and had resolved to defer his business and run after me to spend a few more days with me. I wished it more than I dared hope for it, because I knew that Fraser ought to have left Delhi five weeks previously, to preside at the assizes of his district; and that, to accompany me, he neglected the duties of his office, and exposed himself to the censure of Government. I therefore went the following day, in very low spirits, and pitched my camp at Goorgaon; however, on my way, I met two singular

characters, who came very a-propos to divert my sorrow. The first was a young officer who recollected having seen me at Calcutta at Mr. Pearson's; he accosted me by name. He was coming from Agra, to get change of air for his young wife who was unwell. I do not know how he came to discover that I was not a fanatically zealous Christian; but discover it he did, and in order to make a proselyte of me he related his history, which in no wise resembled that of the Savoyard curate. Quarrelsome, and a duellist, he had killed one of his brother officers at Calcutta, during the time I was there: all the circumstances of the duel tended to render the result of it deplorable. My young friend told me he was near losing his senses on the occasion: he ought to have said that he became entirely bereft of them. He fell into the hands of priests, and a young and rather pretty girl who was of a religious turn; they have succeeded between them in making him the most determined Christian I ever met. He had a good stock of bibles with him, and begged me so hard to accept of one, that I conferred that favour upon him. He promised me that his wife and he would pray with all their might for my conversion; and, wishing him every success in his prayers, I took my leave of him until we meet again in Paradise.

As, however, I was travelling on foot, the very compact bible of this friendly zealot felt very heavy in my pocket. I soon gave it in charge to my secretary; this descendant of the Prophet, caring very little for the

divine work, put it into the geological bag, along with the stones and hammer.

On my arrival at Goorgaon, I received the visit of the nazer, or Hindoo judge. Forming a most extraordinary exception to the inhabitants of Northern India, he spoke English as well as I did. He also related his history to me, in which there were no men killed; but the termination of which was deserving of perdition. He was a Brahmin of high caste, but very poor, and by his handsome countenance and precocious intelligence had interested in his favour an old British officer of the highest rank, who had brought him to Calcutta, and bestowed upon him a European education. His masters, who were English missionaries, had endeavoured to make him a christian; but he found that the bible was not superior to his *shasters*, maintained that, although his *vedas* did not reach excellence, still they were better than the bible, and that even they were not good enough for him.

In this manner he had become what I have heard called in Philadelphia a *frightful Deist*. This Brahmin was a man of sense; I kept him with me until the evening, in order to make him explain the particulars of his judicial duties.

Towards the close of the day, I was walking alone, in a sorrowful mood, in the great desert plain, where I had pitched my tent, when I saw a tall white figure advancing towards me. It was Fraser. I was going to dine, and he partook of my bowl of milk and cakes.

We made a princely dinner upon this simple fare, under the shelter of my little night tent, which I have carried with me to Tibet and Cashmere, and under which I have so often awakened among the most lovely and extraordinary scenes in the Himalaya, recalling to my memory that which I shall never more behold. It is impossible for me to finish this simple story: the nawaub has sent his elephants to fetch me; and, as the greatest test of politeness is punctuality, I go that I may not be waited for.

Sunday Evening.

The favourite pastime of the nawaub is to have his elephants beaten; the consequence is, that they are as vicious as devils. In order to have no altercation with them this morning, I paid my visit in a calash, for Shaim-Shouddin had sent me one. I returned much later than I expected, and it was only to mount my horse and set out for the neighbouring mines. Neighbouring, did I say?—not so much in the neighbourhood either; but I did not begrudge the distance, which was filled up in the most agreeable manner; for I travelled through a forest of date trees, extending over a wild glen between dark and bleak mountains. The mine was, as I expected, of the same formation as the surrounding soil.

On my way back, I saw four poor little quails, sporting innocently in the beams of the setting sun. I approached softly and treacherously, and killed them

all four at one shot; they formed a great addition to my next day's dinner. Would you believe that my host has treated me with ices in the desert? I have just given him, at his own request, a certificate of hospitality, drawn up, in due form, for Mr. Martin. He deserves it.

To return to Fraser. From Goorgaon, we walked together to Sonah, on the 16th; on the 17th we arrived at Noh, on the frontier of his district, and of the British territory. He is as plain as myself in his habits, and we did not acquire the certainty how well we agreed in travelling without regretting not having visited Cashmere together. Yesterday morning, he bolted from Noh, before day-light; and although I am a very early riser, when I left my tent, I could perceive not the slightest trace of his, at the place where the previous evening we had dined and spent the evening together. He will come some day and see me at Paris. How many good and amiable men you find among the British of Northern India; I do not know why, but at Bengal it is not exactly the same thing. There is less cordiality and less intellect. This difference is proverbial in India, and not the less true because it is proverbial. Good night, my dear father: it is getting late, and I should be telling an untruth were I to state that I am not tired. I am going to bed. Good night!

Oojein in Malwa, April 3rd, 1832.

I continue, my dear father, my long history of Ferozpore. Fraser, as I mentioned, accompanied me to the British frontiers at Noh. I reckoned without my host, for I expected to have received some civilities from the rajah of Alweer, and he was, on the contrary, most singularly uncivil. I paid him off for it, which I could allow myself, and indeed was in a manner obliged to do. I encountered him as he was going to meet the Governor-general, at that time returning from Ajmeer, where there had been a kind of, I believe very useless, congress of Rajpoot princes. I received from Lord William the kindest invitation to proceed to his camp, and at the same time the means of doing so without loss of time; namely, relays of saddle horses, and horsemen stationed upon the road to serve me as guides. Leaving, therefore, my caravan to proceed at a bullock's pace on their route to Jaypore, I gallopped off to the left, and from Rajghur, reached at Kalakoh the Governor-general's camp. This was on the Saturday morning. Lord William always halts on the Sunday, because God Almighty, they say, rested on that day. I remained two days with him, and received greater kindness than ever from him. I have written all that to M. Victor, but by mistake in English, and my writing is so bad, that I doubt if he will be able to make it out. As I find that water agrees with me, since my departure from Delhi I have resisted the temptation of Champagne and Sauterne, which

wines circulate freely at Lord William's table. An excellent orchestra played the "Parisienne" during the meal; in the middle of a desert in Rajpootana! What say you to that? In order to give me an idea of a Rajpootana court, Lord William took me with him to receive the visit of the rajah of Alwur, and the following day Lady William lent me her elephant to accompany Lord William, who returned his visit. But the poor devil of a rajah was much disappointed, as he did not receive the khelat. A great number of complaints had been made against him, and, in order to punish him for his want of civility, he was refused this distinction, granted to the other Rajpoot princes. Lord William spent the best part of Sunday in talking politics with me, and of course India was the theme of our conversation. He asked me also a number of questions relative to the Punjab. We left each other perfect friends. Lady William took up all the time which the Governor-general left me, and when I quitted her she gave me a letter of introduction to the Earl of Clare, the new governor of Bombay, who is an intimate acquaintance of hers. A few hours' gallop brought me up to my caravan, which I found in the sand; but this had given me no uneasiness, as the baggage had been guarded since our departure from Delhi by a serjeant and fourteen men. I arrived at Jaypore on the 1st of March, and remained there three days to see this town and its environs. It is, without comparison, the finest city in India, and the surrounding country is extremely interesting. Thence

I proceeded to Ajmeer, the prettiest place I have seen; I mean of those on the plains, for I prefer Nahun and Mundeenaghur in the Himalaya. From Ajmeer I made an excursion to Beawr, the capital of Mhairwarra, a mountainous country, inhabited by a race of men indigenous in India, and following no other industry, for centuries past, than that of freeebooters, exercising their depredations in the adjacent plains of Marwar and Mewar. They have been, within the last ten years, miraculously converted to order and liberty; the latter however being only for the men. The husband buys his wife, the father sells his daughter, the son sells his mother. Among the women, dishonour consists not in being sold, but in being ill sold. I will show you in my portfolio a few of those tender fathers, and delicate husbands, and respectful sons. Beg of M. Victor to read or translate to you my history of Mhairwarra. It cost me eighty miles, or thirty-four leagues, in thirty-six hours, on horseback and on an elephant. I was fairly worn out on my arrival at Ajmeer. Between Delhi and Rajghur, I had been fortunate enough to discover some very interesting geological phenomena. I had the same good luck at another Rajghur, situated in the mountains which separate the valley of Ajmeer from the plain of Nusserabad, where I remained only one day to change my bullocks, my camels, and my escort. These Rajghurs must perplex you dreadfully, by their constant repetition on the map. *Ghur* signifies a fort or castle; and every lord of a village has a

great propensity to give himself the title of rajah. Thus every village has its rajghur, and often has no other name, unless it be *rajpoor*, or *rajepoora*, or *rajekote* or *kajekoti; poor*, *poorât; kote*, *koti;* and *nagkur*, which I was nearly forgetting have nearly the same signification as *ghur*.

I pitched my tent at the foot of Fort Chittore, celebrated in the history of India. I should have liked to have been able to have visited it, not on account of its antiquities, for which I care little, but for the sakes of the stones of the mountains which it serves to defend. I found the grapes sour: for having no express order from the court of Odeypoor to be admitted, I could not enter it.

I wrote to Porphyre from Khachrode, which you will find close to this place, although I made a considerable circuit to get there. I went to Rutlaum, from curiosity to examine in their places some singular stones, which I had seen used at Joura, and where I had no other trouble than to get myself carried in Captain Borthwick's palanquin. This gentleman is a political agent of the British government in these provinces, allied or tributaries to Malwa. You must add this name to the list, already rather long, of Indian saints; for Captain Borthwick was excessively kind to me. I visited the quarries, which I was so justly anxious to see. I returned to Khachrode this morning, and left it again for Oudgene with the minister of the young nawaub of Joura, whom Mr. Borthwick begged

to accompany me here, and who will be my cicerone. He is one of the most intelligent Indians I have met with; he is a Mussulmaun, as are almost all the people here of whom any good can be said.

We are very apprehensive of a revolution in England. Not that such an event would shake the British power in this country, but on account of the numerous failures which it would occasion. For my own part, I entertain fears of something worse; indeed I fear every thing. Our revolution appears to me much less decisive than it was a year ago, when it had allies. Wade has, with a great deal of difficulty, made Runjeet-Sing consent to open to the British the navigation of the Indus. There is something of fear of the Russians at the bottom of this negociation. Towards Hazarubang and Ramghur, on the road from Calcutta to Benares, there are some regiments employed in making a terrible example of the revolted Coles. Adieu.

Mundlesir, on the borders of the Nerbudda, April 25th.

My dear father,—I passed through Indore without finding any letters from Europe, neither were there any at Mow. Thence I proceeded to Maundoo, immense and almost unknown ruins, on the border of the plain which supports the mountains of Vyndhia. The heat had become intolerable. I there found much to enrich my herbarium. The table, on the corner of which I am now writing to you, is covered with stones which I have brought from thence. I next went to

Mheysur, on the banks of this river, and three days ago I arrived at Mundlesir. It is the residence of Captain Sandys, a British political agent, who had the extreme kindness to send me, on the mountains of Maundoo, some horsemen and guides to show me those beautiful and extraordinary places. I had no other recommendation to him than a letter from Mr. Martin, the ex-resident of Delhi, and at present resident of Indore, one of whose lieutenants is the political agent of Mundlesir; and besides that, my name is now known to everybody in India. How I know not; for I avoid appearing before the public in whatever manner it may be, though others, no doubt, in my situation, would do so in order to enjoy more consideration. I here draw back from every species of publicity, and only present myself to individuals. There are some very ignorant scribblers who have not the same reserve, and are continually thrusting themselves into notice. I should be little flattered to have any thing in common with them, and I remain as quiet as possible. But my wandering life brings me into connexion with so many men, in a country where men (I mean men from our country) are not very numerous, that I find myself known to the greatest part of this community of Europeans. In short, Mr. Saudys overwhelms me with kindness and civility; and, although Mundlesir is one of the hottest places in India, I recruit myself perfectly here. My attendants were more in want of rest than I was. They had suffered more than I from the excessive

heats of my last marches. My bullock chariots had broken down in the mountains. I left half my army, and the most intelligent of my attendants, to take care of them, and get them repaired, and I came on here with the camels. The rear guard has now rejoined the camp. There is no want of sick. I physic them as well as I am able, and with success. As for myself, I enjoy the immense luxury of a house. There are in a town life in Europe many admirable advantages which we enjoy without appreciating them, and, whatever my future fate may be, I think I shall always find in my European destiny enough to be thankful for and attach to me to life. There are a thousand things of which we only know the value when we are deprived of them—the luxury of eating bread every day, of sitting upon a chair, of sleeping upon a mattress, of drinking wine, whether good or bad. After my travels in Asia, little will, I hope, suffice for my physical comforts.

I am here in the country of the Bheels, a nation indigenous in India, and robbers by profession. Their Mahratta sovereigns were incapable of governing them, and within the last ten years the British have undertaken to govern the country, handing over the revenues to the Mahratta prince. They have already operated an immense salutary change in the manners of these savages.

I shall probably pass to-morrow on the Nerbudda, which flows at a hundred paces from hence, and enters

the Bombay territory; and at Ajuntah, I shall enter that of the Nizam. This country, the geological structure of which is quite peculiar, has also a singular configuration: it differs entirely from every other country I have seen before in India. The Nerbudda possesses an original character of beauty which no other river has ever presented to me; it is of a most extraordinary nature.

This morning I received a parcel from Chandernagore, the sight of which filled me with joy; its thickness made me hope that I should find some letters from Europe. There was only one from the Jardin, announcing to me the supplement of indemnity which the minister of commerce and public works has granted me, of three thousand francs for the year 1831, and three thousand francs for the current year, in all, and once paid, six thousand francs, which I have requested my banker to add to my credit. These gentlemen inform me that they have not yet verified upon whose proposal it is that M. D'Argout granted me this indemnity. I suppose it is a reply to the demand of funds which I addressed from Kurnaul to the minister, in February, 1831. They acknowledge the receipt of two of my letters, the last dated from Lahore in March, 1831; I hope, therefore, that at the time they wrote to me (November 21st, 1831) you had also received your share of my packet from the Punjab. The last letter which I received from you is dated June, 1831, and is already very old! Adieu, my dear father, remember me to all around you. One word more: M. de Melay, whom

I had consulted upon the means of converting a simple knight of the legion of honour into an officer of that order, begs me to address him a short memorial on the subject of M. Allard; he writes that he will support it with all his bureaucratic eloquence in transmitting it to the minister, and that he does not doubt of the success of our united prose. I am, therefore, going to write the best prose in my power; and shall feel happy if I can contribute in procuring for a worthy countryman a recompense for the manner in which he upholds the honour of the French name in the distant regions of the Punjab.

Adieu, once more, and for the last time; and now guard against cold, heat, and damp. Farewell my dear father; take care of yourself for your own sake and for mine. Think of the pleasure of talking at our fireside of that burning furnace Mundlesir, and of so many other things of which I shall be full when we see each other again. I love and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS*.

Camp, in Malwa, between Chitton and Indorre,
29th March, 1832.

My dear Friend,—About the middle of February I have left the beautiful Delhi to see it no more; and

* This letter was written by Jacquemont in English, and is given *verbatim*.—Tr.

since that time I march in a southerly direction. I border already on the tropic: the sun in mid-day appears to be almost vertical, not a cloud in the sky, and the breeze rises gently on the morning, which when it is not yet wanted, becomes a gale of hot wind about nine o'clock; yet this is only the beginning of the monsoon. It will be fairly set in, and rage in all its fury when I shall have to cross the valleys of the Nerbuddah and of the Taptee. I should not think so much of it, since I am doomed to it for the remainder of my travels in India, and I hope I shall get by and by accustomed to it; but it is a hard trial for one lately from the Himalaya.

I wish I were again on my way to Cashmere, flying from the sun every day, instead of facing it as I do; how gladly would I take again the chances of the adventurous journey! But, alas! the drama of human life is performed once only, and my imagination, which pictures to me such beautiful scenes of the Himalaya, makes me feel bitterly that I am dead already to the reality of their actual enjoyment. You remember Dante's lines:

> ——Nessun maggior dolore,
> Che ricordarsi del felice,
> Nella miseria.

Well, there is no great difference between hell itself and a tent exposed to this Indian sun, so far, at least, as temperature goes; and this is true misery, and

is felt the more so when one thinks of the cool shades of Cashmere, of its streams, and of its forests.

You know already how I was detained at Delhi so much beyond my expectations. And now, suffering as I do from the excessive heat, I cannot yet say that I regret to have made so long a stay in the imperial city. There I lived with a friend; and the sweet remembrances of friendship are blended with those of the place where that friendship originated. Delhi shall ever be one of my dearest recollections of the East. My route to Jaypore led me first through a country exceedingly interesting in a geological point of view—Ferospoor and Alwur. I spent a pleasant day at the former place with the young nawaub Shemkoodden-Khan, whom I had met with already as a visitor at my friend Fraser's; he entertained me with the greatest hospitality. By way of compensation, the Alwur rajah proved very industriously uncivil towards me. Had I been an obscure traveller, I would not have taken the least notice of his want of courtesy; but, introduced as I was to his notice by the very highest British authorities, I could not but resent it for them; and, acquainted as I am, since my journey across the Sutledge, with Eastern manners, I found it little difficult to make the foolish prince apologise for his backwardness. The Governor-general was then marching from Adjmeer to Agrah; his route was almost parallel with mine, in an opposite direction. I received from his camp an exceedingly flattering invitation to join it; horses were sent to me,

and stationed in the way, with horsemen to guide and escort me: and, leaving my caravan, on the 25th of February, long before day-light, I arrived before noon at the tents of the Governor-general, after many an hour of hard riding. Lord W. Bentinck was to stay two days in the place where I met him; however attentive he and Lady William had been always to me since the day of my arrival in Calcutta, never did I receive from them such a kind reception. I spent with them two days, which I shall never forget. The camp was pitched in a weary desert of Rajpootanah. It appeared like a moving city. Though exceedingly averse to any thing like state, Lord W. Bentinck cannot dispense altogether with the pomp by which the former Governors-general of India surrounded themselves in their journeys. Many of the chief officers of the state must accompany him to despatch the business of the various branches of the service. Every one of the heads of departments has a number of deputies and assistants. Then comes the personal state of the Governor-General, then his escort, consisting of a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, his body guards, a light battery, and comes after all an immense number of camp followers. The sight was quite new to me, and very interesting, as you may fancy. To welcome my arrival at head-quarters, my friend the Alwur rajah arrived there also on the same day. He had been summoned, that, after paying a visit to his lordship, he might receive one in return; an attention which

had been paid by the Governor-General to all the other Rajpoot princes, except to him, in a first occasion. The rajah expected also to receive a khelat, or honorary dress, a distinction bestowed on many other chieftains of his rank. The reception afforded me an opportunity of seeing a Rajpoot court in all its gaiety and glittering. After the Asiatic exhibitions of the day, I sat in the evening by the right of Lady William Bentinck, at a large table, to a superb dinner. The party was numerous; an excellent band was in attendance in a contiguous tent; Lady William told me she had lately received from the Palais Royal *la Parisienne,* and desired it to be performed for me. What a strange concourse of circumstances! I felt inwardly grateful for it: I enjoyed it thoroughly. The evening before, at that time, alone in my little tent, pitched in a solitary spot at the foot of a hill, sitting to my usual meal, a plain pillau; a single candle burning on my small table, often blasted away by the wind; no noise but the loud shrieks of the jackalls about my cattle, bullocks, and camels; every thing about me of the country where I was. And but for twenty-four hours what a complete change around! All the luxuries and refinements of Europe! Lord William, the next day, was able to command some hours of leisure, which we spent together in his tent, talking of his country, of its probable destinies, glancing, too, at Europe, and concluding by exclaiming, how strange was our meeting *there*, and talking *there* of such things. He, a

man from England, one of the crowd there; here the absolute ruler of Asia: I, quietly engaged in my philosophical researches amidst barbarous tribes! We smiled at the idea of deeply-laid combinations to bring in such extraordinary circumstances, which have arisen chiefly from chance and necessity. How little understood is this political phenomenon in Europe.

On the 27th, long before day-light, the tents were struck down. I found a horse and a couple of horsemen in waiting at the door of mine. I mounted, and trusting to the good eyes of my guides, and to the sure footing of my chargers, I rushed forward at a sharp canter, on a rough path intersected by ravines; and, changing horses and guides on my way, in a few hours I joined again my poor little wretched camp, where I could not but fancy that the whole of the two days past was a dream.

I have since seen the superb Jaypore, and the delightful Adjmeer: and, during my very short stay in the latter, I have contrived to visit Mhairwarrah, the former Abruzzi of Rajpootanah. It was well worth eighty miles riding in little more than twenty-four hours. I saw a country, whose inhabitants since an immemorial time had never had any other means of existence but plunder in the adjacent plains of Marhwar and Meywar, a people of murderers; now changed into a quiet, industrious, and happy people of shepherds and cultivators. No Rajpoot chiefs, no Mogul emperors, had ever been able to subdue them; fourteen

years ago every thing was to be done with them; and since six or seven years, every thing is done already. A single man has worked that wonderful miracle of civilisation; Major Henry Hall, the son-in-law of Colonel Fagan, of whom I have written to you at Delhi. As I know it will be gratifying to your feelings and to your opinions on the subject, I shall add, my dear friend, that Major Hall has accomplished this admirable social experiment without taking a single life.

The very worst characters of Mhairwarrah, he secured them, confined them, or put them in irons at work on the roads. Those who had lived long by the sword without becoming notorious for wanton cruelty, he made them soldiers; they became in that capacity the keepers of their former associates, and often of their chiefs; and the rest of the population was gained to the plough. Female infanticide was a prevalent practice with the Mhairs, and generally throughout Rajpootanah; and now female casualties amongst infants exceed not male casualties; a proof that the bloody practice has been abandoned, and scarcely has a man been punished for it. Major Hall did not punish the offenders, he removed the cause of the crime, and made the crime useless, even injurious to the offender; and it is never more committed.

Major Hall has shown to me, on the field, the corps which he has raised from amongst those former savages, and I have seen none in the Indian army in a higher state of discipline. He was justly proud of his good

work, and spared no trouble to himself that I might see it thoroughly in the few hours I had to spend with him. Upwards of a hundred villagers were summoned from the neighbouring villages and hamlets; I conversed with them of their former mode of life, and of their present avocations. Most of these men had shed blood. He told me they knew not any other mode of life: it was a most miserable one by their account; they were naked and starving. Now, poor as is the soil of their small valleys and barren their hills, every hand being set at work, there is plenty of clothes, of food; and so sensible are they of the immense benefit conferred upon them by the British government, that willingly they pay to it already 500,000 francs, which they increase every year, as their national wealth admits of it.

Often I had thought that gentle means would prove inadequate to the task of breaking-in populations addicted for ages to a most unruly savage life; such as the Greeks for instance. Yet the Klephtes were but lambs compared to the Mhairs; and the Mhairs in a few years have become an industrious, laborious, and well-behaved people. I see by the Bombay papers that M. Capo d'Istrias has been murdered: I wish Major Hall were his successor; for, now, I have the greatest confidence in the efficiency of *gentle means*. But a peculiar talent, too, which is a gift of nature, is required in the ruler, without which the most benevolent intentions would prove useless. We know, by a Persian

express, the fall of Warsaw, and the rejection of the reform bill by the Lords, with the outrages which have taken place immediately after it. Unsatisfactory as may be the state of our country, England is much worse. Things might be settled in France without collision, whilst in England it appears to me that it cannot be done without hurting many private interests. Inequality in every thing there has grown to a monstrous degree. It must be somewhat lessened: will the gentle measures of the laws of inheritance, &c. &c. be quietly waited for? The working classes in the large towns of England are horribly degraded by usual drunkenness. I believe that in the course of our first revolution, atrocious as it was, there was scarcely a scene more shameful for the human species than the late riot at Bristol. Thanks to that revolution of ours, there is now in France such a gradual transition between the higher and lower classes, and such an absence of lines of social demarcation, that we have nothing to fear of the calamities with which England is threatened. In England there are two classes perfectly distinct. The gentry (which includes the nobility), and the people. The natives of India have long since smartly enough made the distinction. They have two expressions only to mention a European: a *saheb logue*, a lord, a gentleman, or rather of the caste of lords or gentlemen; and a *gora logue*, or one of the caste of the whites, a white man. The former

character is much respected by them; the latter may be dreaded, as it is indeed very often quite dreadful, but respected never.

There are disturbances in a district of Central India, which I have visited two years ago, just after leaving Calcutta. They are of a more serious nature than it was at first anticipated, yet I believe the insurrection completely put down already. It was not political at all, but called for, it appears, by the mismanagement of the local authorities. The more I know of this fabric, the more extraordinary it appears to me. No guess can be made at its durability, it may last centuries, and may be swept away in a few months. However, this I will foretell: the British power in India will not perish by foreign aggression. Foreign aggression indeed may do much towards its destruction, but more by the spirit of rebellion it will raise every where throughout the provinces of the empire, than by the actual collision of the invaders with the British armies. *Si vis pacem, para bellum,* has been of late a maxim too little acted upon. For the sake of economy, several corps, which, it is true, were but very little useful, have been disbanded; and India is the country of the world where men are the less prone to change their profession. There are few *Major Halls,* to work the miracles he has done. Disbanded soldiers turn out robbers. There are many well organised gangs of highwaymen in these independent states, and without a strong escort I should be plun-

dered to a certainty. Lord William will leave to his successor a more satisfactory budget, but I apprehend he will leave to him also ample occasion for many new expenses. I hear from Lahore sometimes by M. Allard. Some uneasiness is felt there regarding a claim from the English Government, supported by its diplomatic agent, to have the navigation of the Indus freely open. Runjeet-Sing is very reluctant to it; but he is too wise not to submit, though reluctantly. His son, Cheyr-Sing, is now viceroy of Cashmere. 'Tis a great pity he did not fill that situation a year ago, when I was there, for he is a great friend with the French officers in his father's service, and very friendly to the Europeans; besides, for a seikh, let it be well understood, a high-feeling, noble, young man. The low villain who pressed so hard upon the poor helpless Cashmeerians during my stay in Cashmere is likely now brought to his accounts, and severely retaliated upon. Runjeet-Sing's treasury and Cheyr-Sing's favour with his father will benefit by it, but not the poor Cashmerians certainly.

But what do you care about Runjeet and Cheyr-Sing and Cashmere? I will speak of me to atone for so much lunary matter. My health has been lately a little tried by the immense changes of temperature I was subject to. In the sandy deserts of Rajpootanah, such is the dryness of the air, the transparency of the sky, that, in the starry calm nights of the winter, the thermometer reaches the freezing point, owing to the principle of

radiation. I marched two or three hours in that cold atmosphere every morning, and the sun early was so powerful as to raise the temperature of my tent, where I spend the afternoon, to 35 and 36 degrees, by and by it will be 43 and 44°, if not more, but then the nights will be almost equally hot. I caught a very bad cold, for which I was obliged to put up three days at Nemutet, the last English station which I have passed through, and where I was most kindly taken care of by a good old gentleman whom I had seen at Simlah and at Delhi, now the superintending surgeon of the army in these quarters; I made there a new acquaintance with a Swiss family, the gentleman having got a commission in the company's service some twenty years ago, is now in command of a regiment, with the reputation of an excellent officer; ten years ago he went on leave to Europe and married in his country at Berne, just at the time when I travelled in Switzerland. They knew some of my acquaintances in their country, and most of the places which I had visited, we spoke of them, helping each others' memory, and forgot entirely the Jura which makes France and Switzerland two distinct countries; we felt like countrymen, the simplicity of their manners was a thing which I had not witnessed since I left France; I was quite delighted with them, we spoke of the English as if foreigners to us, although we were adopted members of their society. Both husband and wife proved very accomplished persons, I have spent some happy hours with them, and not parted

with them without a sincere promise to inquire after them whenever I may visit their country again, as they intend to retire there in a short time.

Adieu, my dear friend, through the bamboo screen of the door of my tent I see the sun setting behind a grove of date trees; no such things in your Paray, but your temperate countries have their poetry also, variety makes up abundantly for magnificence. It is time for my hot spiced pillau, after which I write a couple of hours more, before sending my caravan ahead by the cool of the night. This would-be English of mine is quite French: ten times more so than when I write to an Englishman, why the difference? I assure you without vanity that I speak and write it quite differently with the English, much more like them: perhaps because with them I think more like them and for English feelings find more readily at hand English expressions; whatever may be the incorrectness of my speech in their tongue, I have seldom to be ashamed of it with the English in this country, as Lady M. Bentinck is the only person that ever offered to speak French with me. Adieu again, the blank beneath I shall fill it up at Indore, whence I shall forward this to Calcutta.

* I must leave off writing to you in English, since it would be impossible for me to tell you in that language that I love you and embrace you with all my heart.

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* The remainder of this letter was written in French.—Tr.

Vojein, 5th April.

A few words more, my dear friend, to fill up the page, it is not that I am in want of occupation, but I cannot work, liable as I am to receive numerous visiters. This city is the largest and most celebrated in the dominions of Scindia, at present under the British protectorate; my arrival was announced in such a manner that I found a pretty little palace prepared to receive me, and the constituted and other authorities came to make me their salaam; I answered them in my best Hindostanee; I received from Neemuch the last gazettes of Calcutta, and this morning, on horseback on the road, read the sixteen immense columns of Lord Brougham's speech in the house of lords, on the 7th of October last. What talents! but what a perverted use of talent! What a disagreeable kind of talent is that which disgusts the hearer instead of conciliating him. If I were a public man I would study Lord Brougham in order not to resemble him; what is the use of that cutting irony, that bitter sarcasm, that supercilious pride? What is the use of these quotations of Greek and Latin verses? The English entertain a sovereign contempt for our parliamentary debates, with regard both to the form and to the matter. For my part, I have the same feeling, and from the bottom of my heart for the forms of theirs, what think you of them? Adieu once more, I shall rest here two days, this letter will go from Indore, remember me to your family.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Khacherode, in Malwa, 31 *March,* 1832.

I WRITE you a few words, my dear friend, before the arrival of my basin of milk and its accompaniment of chepatties; and on the conclusion of my breakfast, I shall sit down to my occupations for the day. In the afternoon I shall certainly not be in so good humour, because then there will be ninety or a hundred degrees of heat in my tent, and a poor devil condemned to be baked can scarcely feel any disposition to be merry. The summer has set in these six or seven days; its arrival has been something like that of a cannon-ball, which gives no notice of its approach, and I am caught. You must recollect reading in the papers of the day, that Dr. Oudney was reported to have died of cold in the deserts of Africa: well, only a week ago, at sunrise, in the desert and sandy plains of Rajpootana, the thermometer fell almost to freezing point; in the course of the day it rose to ninety, and, under a tent exposed to the sun, to a hundred and five. The cold and hot air-baths which I was thus obliged to take, whether I would or not, produced a bad cold on my chest; I completely lost my voice for several days. I wanted to cover my throat and chest with leeches on my arrival at Neemuch, where I stopped and remained three days at the house of an old gentleman of my acquaintance, chief physician to the army in these pro-

vinces; but the good man had his prejudices against leeches, and although I had not the slightest confidence in his medical talents, I allowed him, through politeness, to do as he pleased, and contented myself with fasting, and drinking expectorating ptisans. Five days since I resumed my journey, and am almost cured; the notes of my voice, however, are still singularly hollow and sepulchral. It is evident that my throat is always my weakest part. This little accident appears to me almost a periodical return of the one which made me spend last year at Prountch, between the Punjab and Cashmere, a month later than this year, but under similar circumstances of temperature. Last year the disorder was much more severe; I experienced great pain in the chest, from which I am free this spring. It is true I had then suffered considerable fatigue since my arrival in the mountains of Mirpore; instead of which, ever since my departure from Delhi, I have, comparatively speaking, travelled very comfortably. I have nevertheless made much longer marches than in any of my preceding campaigns. But I have two horses, and even three since I dismissed the moonshee (Persian secretary) whom I had engaged at Delhi, and mounted upon the Ghounte of Koulton, which the Rajah of Mondi gave me last November; in spite of the bad state of this cavalry, there is always one of them capable of carrying me. One of the horses is lame through the stupidity of the farrier who shod him; the ghounte has a sore back from the saddle of

my moonshee, and were it not for my faithful sorrel of Calcutta, I should be obliged to walk the remainder of my journey. This creature is more vicious than ever, and, about a fortnight ago, he threw me, without my being able to know how it happened, upon a heap of stones, from which I got up much bruised. This was near Ajmeer; he had not taken that liberty with me for two years past. I have been taken in by my friend Fatteh-Oulla-Beg-Khan; the horse which he sold me for four hundred and twenty five rupees (nearly eleven hundred francs) is nothing but a sorry jade. When the back of the ghounte is cured, and can again bear a saddle, I shall get rid of this pest at any price. The wags of Bombay may joke as they please about my long legs, and the smallness of my horses.

It is most fortunate for me that I met the governor-general at Rajpootana. He, as well as Lady William Bentinck, assured me that I might rely upon the hospitality of the Earl of Clare, Governor of Bombay, whom they knew personally before they met him at the species of Indian congress which Lord William had lately held at Ajmeer, and where the Governor of Bombay was present, as well as a dozen Rajpoot princes. I suppose that the fine work of Colonel Tod has put these latter in vogue in London and even at Paris, and that you have heard a great deal respecting them. Were it not for the protection of the British government, there is not one of these proud kinglings who would not long since have become a pensioner and

prisoner of Runjeet-Sing. This is all fudge. I should only like to see two or three hundred of Runjeet's grey beards in the midst of as many thousands of these bullies of Rajpootana.

In India, my dear friend, every one has the pretension to smoke the tobacco of Bhilsa. The real amateurs have some doubts about it, founded upon the very limited extent of the territory of Bhilsa, which you will find somewhere in the principality of Bhopal, in Central India. But what is still better, I am assured that there never was a plant of tobacco at Bhilsa, and that the far-famed tobacco of that name is nothing more than the Khacherode sent there for sale. I am going to try it, and if I find it good I will bring you a small packet of it. I have not accustomed myself to smoking, but merely indulge in it now and then, and sometimes at intervals of months. Since my departure from Delhi, I drink nothing but pure water and milk, which is a regimen of my own choosing, entirely *ad libitum;* I find it agree with me very well. I do not eat meat every day, and find that also agree with me still better. Thanks to this regimen, I suffer much less from the heat than any other European. At this season of the year, no Europeans travel; all the movements of troops have ceased since the 10th of March; every one remains quietly at home behind mats of vetiver, kept continually wetted, which produces an agreeable freshness by evaporation of the water; or else under the draft occasioned by screens attached to the

ceiling, or fanned by attendants, and pass their time in cursing the country, in drinking brandy and water, and smoking the houkha. At break of day they take a short gallop, which is continued only until sun-rise; and in the evening, at sun-set, an airing in a carriage, and that is all their exercise. This is very different from the life I lead. I have stood it now for three years, and trust I shall hold out until the end. I anticipate one thing with pleasure on my return: it is that of bringing back myself, not the least difficult thing to do, for how very few return! At Delhi I found several persons who confessed to me, that when I set out for Lahore fifteen months ago, they little expected to see me again.

A great number of robberies take place in these provinces; but beyond the Sutledge a European has seldom or never been attacked. Besides, I have a strong escort for my baggage, which without this protection would infallibly be plundered; I march on alone with few attendants, but well armed. Your arms are excellent. I lately shot an antelope at two hundred and ninety-four of my long paces, with your double barrelled gun, and you will see by the extreme smallness of the two holes made in the skin that the ball had lost nothing of its strength; sportsmen are not aware how far a good gun carries a ball, and in a straight line too.

Did I tell you that I sent from Delhi a Cashmere shawl as a present to Madame Cordier? I was appre-

hensive it might have been stolen at the post office, which sometimes happens; but I found at Ajmeer a letter from her husband, thanking me for the present, which had arrived safe at Chandernagore. But it seems that there was a deliberation at Chandernagore, to know what use was to be made of my present, for they had never seen a shawl of that kind. M. Cordier wrote to me that they hesitated between a shawl and a gown, and asked my opinion. It will surprise him, for I voted for breeches, according to the Cashmere and Persian fashion; in those places these shawls, called jamevars, are made use of for the immense trousers of the ladies.

The news of the Reform Bill being thrown out by the British peers, has caused considerable anxiety among the merchants at Calcutta. Several very large houses are already shaken.

I quitted Delhi, in possession of a pound of green tea, a thing quite unprecedented in my store. I make use of it now and then as fancy guides me, and I find it do me much good during this frightful heat. I drink it cold, with very little sugar, and very strong. My father would be quite alarmed if he were to see the colour, and would expect to see my nerves get completely shattered; for although I take it about half as strong as the English, I still use more tea in one day than would suffice him for a month. This beverage prevents also that excessive thirst which I could otherwise only quench by an enormous quantity of sugar and water. I wear neither stockings nor cravat, but

wrap up my face and head with linen when I go into the sun. Talking of tea, as I laughed at the Tibetans who throw away the water in which it has boiled, and eat only the boiled leaves, I must not spare the Parisians, who throw away the first water poured in the tea-pot, which is exactly the best. Forget forty years of prejudices, and try.

I shall not bring you any tobacco of Bhilsa; it may perhaps be very good, still, as I have smoked scarcely anything in India but the usual mixture of moist sugar, dried raisins, conserve of roses, and tobacco, tobacco alone, even after its fumes have passed through a bottle of water, seems so powerful and so acrid, that I am incapable of smoking it.

I told you that I had dismissed my moorsha. I ought to have added the reason. He was very mild, very submissive, and even very punctual: but he appeared so very unhappy at the obligation he was under of walking, sometimes trotting, and even gallopping on horseback, that the sight of him made me melancholy. He was a Sayed, or descendant from the prophet. Before my arrival at Jaypore I had been under the necessity of sending away another attendant of high caste,—according to his own account a brahmin. I am pretty well satisfied with my other servants, but their wages ruin me. In four days I shall be at Indore, where I have some hopes of receiving letters from Europe. My last are nine months old, but through the English papers I have a little French news of the

month of November; and the Hugh Lindsay steamer, which goes between Bombay and Suez, and is shortly expected at the former place, will bring us later news. I do not know how things will end in England. The line of demarcation between the rich and the poor is still more defined in that country than it was in France forty years ago. The people, who are so wretched and so ill-used, have become brutalised by the use of ardent spirits, and have sunk low in moral degradation. If there is a revolution, it will be a frightful one.

Mr. Le, President of the War Committee, becomes more and more insolent towards the British at Canton. Lord W. Bentinck has lately written him a letter perfectly to the purpose. It was necessary to make this Chinese screen understand that he may be insolent once too often. He took no notice of the warning, and even peremptorily refused to receive the captain in the navy commissioned by Lord William to deliver his letter; he would only receive it from the hands of another, and gave an evasive answer through the medium of another person of inferior rank. This will end in a war, and it will not require much to crush Mr. Le's power. The insolence of these rascals is really inconceivable. Their means of resistance amount to nothing, and they never speak of us but as of the barbarians of *Europe*. This president talks of his infinite commiseration for us, poor little creatures that we are! nothing but atoms! mere dust!

With the exception of the newspapers of Calcutta, scarcely anybody in this country thinks of the renewal of the company's charter; and it is probable that in England, amid so many great domestic interests which are now the subjects of parliamentary debate, it is not much more thought of than here.

Adieu. I have written at greater length than I intended when I began, but it was a long time since I had chatted with you. I am going to resume my occupations, or rather to begin them. Adieu, &c.

Mundlesir, on the borders of the Nerbuddah, April 24th.

I rested at Ougein, and I do the same here. This is the hottest place in India, but I am perfectly recovered. I shall be fortunate if I reach Bombay before the rains. Overwhelmed as I am with business, I have only time to forward some letters which I find in my portfolio, commenced on the road. Adieu, my dear Porphyre.

TO M. DE TRACY, PEER OF FRANCE.

Mundlesir, on the banks of the Nerbuddah,
in Central India, April 25th, 1832.

DEAR SIR,—Here I am returned within the tropic, among far different scenes than those of the Himalaya; scenes less varied and less beautiful. The provinces

which I have traversed since my departure from Delhi are either occupied by the British, or have been visited by them; and notwithstanding any moral observations I may make upon their physical and natural history, they no longer possess for a European traveller that inexpressible charm of a new country, which attracted me so powerfully to my researches in the valley of Cashmere and the desert mountains of Tibet; and my occupations in natural history left me no time or leisure to pursue other studies. I have often regretted that I possessed neither sufficient time nor knowledge to make researches into the origin of the different nations inhabiting India. They are most probably all of them descended from the same branch of the human species; having been for centuries subjected to the same circumstances of climate and regimen, the slight differences of organisation, which perhaps at first distinguished their original varieties, have disappeared, so that it is impossible at present to discover among these nations characteristic features peculiar to any of them. It is by comparison between their domestic habits, their religious rites, and, above all, their languages, that we must endeavour to trace and unravel the mystery of their original migrations and filiations. This task ought to be accomplished by the British, who are permanently established in India. Colonel Tod has lately attempted it with regard to the Rajpoots; he was most favourably situated for these researches. But if you have read some parts of his work upon Rajpootana,

I presume you will scarcely have found any other basis for anthropological comparison than some strained etymologies from the Latin and the Sanscrit. But, as I have already owned to you, I am perfectly ignorant of the latter language, and only know as much of it as an Englishman does of Latin who has not learnt it: that is to say, a few isolated words, because the vulgar Indian tongue which I speak has borrowed its vocabulary partly from the Sanscrit, partly from the Persian, the Arabic, and the Turkish, just in the same manner that the Latin has given to the English language for the last eight centuries more than half of its existing vocabulary, which at first was exclusively Saxon and Gaelic.

Notwithstanding my ignorance of the Sanscrit, I maintain that it possesses scarcely any other than a philological interest. There have been already too many translations from this language without advantage either to science or to history, for us to expect any benefit from future translations.

It is the same thing with the Tibetan, of which a learned Hungarian, M. Csomo de Koros, was preparing a dictionary and grammar in conjunction with the Lamas of Kænam, when I visited that part of the Himalaya. I then had the honour, notwithstanding my unworthiness, to inhabit a temple celebrated in Tibet for the literary treasures it contained. M. de Koros often came thither with the Lama bishop, (I say bishop, because the Tibetan priest had adopted the

mitre and crozier like our prelates.) He showed me several hundred volumes, rudely printed with wooden characters, in the grand monasteries of Chinese Tartary. One of these works, which passed for the most admirable of all, and which at Calcutta has received the pompous appellation of "Tibetan Encyclopedia," was composed of no less than a hundred and twenty volumes. At my request, M. Csomo translated me the title of several, and the nineteen first volumes only treat of the attributes of the Divinity, of which the first is the *incomprehensibility*, which, in my opinion, may dispense with endeavouring to discover the others. The remainder is a medley of theology, bad physic, astrology, fabulous legends, and metaphysics. This abominable trash has not even the merit of originality. It appears, like most of the Tibetan books, to be nothing but a translation or compilation from the Sanscrit, made a hundred and fifty years ago, when the religious persecutions, by Aurung Zebe, caused a great number of Brahmins from Benares to fly to Tibet.

M. Csomo de Koros, who, when I passed through Kanom, had almost completed his philological labours, was preparing to proceed to India, to carry thither the result of them; that is to say, his Tibetan Dictionary and Grammar. I asked him, if, in offering to the Orientalists the key to a new language, he had not thought it proper to present them with some choice translations from Tibetan books, in order to give them a foretaste of the literary pleasures, or of the sound knowledge which

they might derive from a perusal of them. He replied in the negative; and I thought he was right, for I fancy the titles of the principal works of the sacred library of Kanom, would be quite sufficient to effect the radical cure of even the most dreaming German enthusiasts with regard to Tibetan researches. The poor man has been at Calcutta for the last year, where he cannot, to his great mortification, find a single person who has the curiosity to learn the language of the Lamas. The Lord preserve us from the Tibetan language! I feel quite indignant at seeing this theological, cosmogonical and so-styled historical trash fill up the greatest part of the works which treat on India. We adopt in Europe a completely false notion of the real intellectual habits of the Indian nations. We generally suppose them inclined to an ascetic and contemplative life; and, upon the faith of Pythagoras, we continue to look upon them as extremely occupied with the metamorphosis of their souls after death. I assure you, sir, that the metempsychosis is the last of their cares: they plough, sow, and water their fields, reap, and recommence the same round of labours; they work, eat, smoke and sleep without having either the wish or the leisure to attend to such idle nonsense, which would only make them more wretched, and the very name of which is unknown to the greater number of them.

It is only on my return to France that I shall be able to discourse leisurely with you about this singular

country. If the same good fortune which has accompanied me since the commencement of my travels does not fail me before the end, I shall enjoy this pleasure in a couple of years. My father will, perhaps, be somewhat displeased with my not bringing him back some very profound system of Indian metaphysics, but I have at present upon the Ganges a boat which descends from Delhi to Calcutta, laden with things much more real than the *real essences:* they are the archives of the physical and natural history of the countries I have hitherto visited; and if these collections, which have cost me so much labour, arrive without accident at Paris, as I have every reason to hope, I shall find on my return wherewith to congratulate myself on having limited my researches to the objects of my undertaking.

Farewell, my dear sir; my last letters from Europe are very old, and I shortly expect fresh news. If my letter from Cashmere is not lost, if it has reached you, and if, on arriving at Bombay, I find a few lines from you in reply, need I say how great my delight will be? Once more, adieu, my dear sir; believe that I shall ever acknowledge by the feelings of a son, the paternal affection of which I have had the happiness of receiving so many proofs from you during my youth.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

42—, 43—, 44—, sometimes only 40 degrees, I mean centigrades; such, my dear Porphyre, is the average state of the atmosphere in which I exist during the day, that is to say, the temperature of my tent. At a much lower temperature than that I was quite exhausted only a few months since. I then trusted I should get accustomed to it, and I was right, for I now find myself perfectly comfortable at 43 and 44 centigrades. What say you to that? I should not like to see you here; I should prefer hearing that you had recommenced a promenade to Moscow. A stout and strong man like yourself would melt here like butter; in the course of a week nothing would remain of you but skin and bones. Here is the triumph of the mathematical axis; the straight line like myself, without any other dimensions but length! This dreadful heat is in every respect inconceivable; when writing, I have no other covering than a thick white muslin turban to keep my head cool; and breeches, which, although the name is not very compatible with delicacy, (in English, at least, it is frightfully indecent,) I look upon as one of the most decent inventions which human wisdom ever thought of; jacket, waistcoat, shirt, flannel waistcoat, shoes and stockings, the devil take them all; I make a bundle of the whole, upon which I seat myself, and in the course of an hour they are wringing

wet, as becomes the reservoir, the cistern of all the animal pores below the waist. It is, nevertheless, most incredible that I feel myself as fresh in mind and as light (I was again going to say fresh) in body as if, instead of having 43 centigrades, we had only 14 or 15.

It is fortunate for me that the equilibrium of my fluids is perfect, for if I were obliged to take a lavement at this hour of the day in my tent, the water, by the grace of God—(I am the only one in India who in this case says by the grace; every one else would say by the malediction of God)—the water, I say, is almost at the boiling point. Now you know that animal heat is considerably less; the lavement therefore would be too hot. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

I breakfast upon milk and plantains, that fruit of all hot countries, of which you have heard talk, and which resembles stale jasmine pomatum, very sweet. I dine upon onions fried in ghee, which is the representative of butter in India; melted butter as rancid as a Turk. I drink lukewarm water with that, and in the course of the day lemonade warm or hot, because everything is warm or hot. I have become sufficiently Indian to like rancid butter, and on the first day of my arrival at Haity, the 18th February, 1827, I found the plantain a delicious fruit, contrary to the opinion of many Europeans, who get quite angry with any person offering them the first taste; and after having tasted it, say that a plantain is a very unseemly jest against an honest man.

I have been these four days past in the Bombay territory, the first post of which is the celebrated fortress of Asseerghur. I was admirably received by the commandant, and moreover I found there a letter from the Governor of Bombay, informing me that he had sent to all the civil and military officers stationed upon the route I intend to take towards his capital, the necessary orders that I should want nothing.

Whilst I am writing to you, a man, one of my attendants, is in my tent, looking after something I want out of my trunks, and to my utter confusion has drawn out things I had not cast eyes on for several months past; I mean my dresses of honour (khelats) of the Punjab and Cashmere. How the devil shall I make the people at the custom-house comprehend that these are my clothes, and that consequently I have a right to wear them.

This is pretty nearly the list of them :—

Five pair of large Cashmere shawls; eight odd Cashmeer shawls, large and small; five pieces of China silk and Multana silk shawls, with large gold borders; seven muslin turbans—(*Nota bene*. A turban has by no means the look of a turban, when not in use; it is a piece of magnificent muslin, very narrow, from forty to sixty feet long); two scarfs of black Cashmere shawl, embroidered in silk and gold; seven or eight pieces of muslin; two pieces of gold brocade, &c., &c. All these things are prohibited in France. I should find it very hard to sell them in this country for a very

small part of their value, and I am particularly desirous to bring them to France, to give myself the pleasure of making presents during the remainder of my life. I should like to encase you, my dear fellow, in a beautiful and immense morning gown of Cashmere shawl, well wadded, and I am persuaded you would feel an inexpressible luxury in indulging yourself in such a comfortable covering.

As I am sentimentally inclined, I must tell you that I should like uncommonly to see you smoke the houkha which my kind friend, Mr. Fraser, has given me, because I am convinced you will find that this elegant little gift, which was manufactured at Delhi and given me by the best friend I have acquired in India, will recal to my remembrance Delhi, my friend, and the Himalaya, where I met him for the first time, and excite a host of agreeable recollections.

I will then return to you your beautiful and excellent pocket pistols, upon which I shall have slept in very strange places, and where sometimes their presence under my pillow—my pillow! I wish you could see what I call by that name—has made me sleep with more security. You will find them nearly the same as when you gave them to me, but if the stocks are a little scratched, you will not like them the less; is it not so, my good friend? Oh! how delightful will it be to find ourselves together again after so many years of absence, and to me of solitude. What a delight to dine all three, or rather all four of us, at our small

round table, with lights; to eat soup and drink French red wine, and to rise from table only to go into your room or my father's, leaving the others to seek their pleasure out of the house, and we remaining in ours to relate our mutual adventures during our separation! I shall have dined alone and drunk water for such a length of time! What a pleasure to live in a house after so many years spent in the open air, or under a light canvass tent, admitting the rain, the wind, and the burning sun-beams! What a happiness to sleep upon a mattress! A tear starts into my eye as I think of all those joys. If I recollect right, my dear friend, the last time we embraced each other we shed no tears, and it was all the better that we did not; but the next time we have that happiness, we will allow nature to resume her sway: she can procure us nothing but enjoyment. And my father, how happy he will be! especially if we are all three with him. What a tour I shall have made! London, Philadelphia, Hayti. I have seen more of America than Frederic, who scarcely quitted New York during the two years he spent in the United States. The Niagara, a forest at the Brazil, the boreal winter of the United States, the peak of Teneriffe, Mont Blanc, all the lakes of the Alps, the Mediterranean, the table mountain of the Cape of Africa, a hurricane at Bourbon, the Ganges at Benares, Delhi and the Great Mogul, the source of the Jumna, one of the sources of the Indus, the Lamas, the Chinese; in short, Cashmere and the highest mountains

in the world! During so many years, a life so essentially different, both in feeling and existence, to that which I thought myself born to, and to which I shall return after immense travels by sea and land;—the constant habit and complete knowledge of foreign languages!—Heavens! Porphyre, when we are re-united in your little apartment, how extraordinary will all that appear to me! I shall almost doubt my own identity.

Listen to me, my dear friend; you are getting old, and, besides, you have remained too poor to think of matrimony, which, without some fortune, is but a sorry thing. I, too, shall be none of the youngest when I return, and shall most probably be one of the poorest; the probabilities, therefore, are that we shall remain bachelors. Well! we must do our best to live together. In our old age we will take our walks together, play our game of backgammon together, and together we will now and then indulge ourselves in going to hear some good music. It would be much better if one of us could find a rich and good wife, who would become the sister of the other. We shall see! After all, why should it not be so? Adieu, my good brother. It is a matter of course that this foolish effusion is only for yourself and my father.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, SENIOR, PARIS.

Ellora, May 22nd, 1832.

My dear Father,—I am here encamped this morning in a place of so much celebrity, that I cannot pass it without, at least, addressing you a few lines. Between the mountains of Nindhia, and those of Adjuntah, in the valleys of the Nerbudda, and of the Tapti, I had perfectly accustomed myself to 105 and 110 degrees of heat; nay, I had almost begun to find that it was not too much. The country is wild and mountainous: my bullock wagons broke down several times during the night marches; but there is an especial providence for broken wagons, provided you have with you a corporal and four men, who proceed to the nearest hamlet and return with a workman, and an axle-tree to replace the broken ones, and who officially put in requisition the assistance of the passers by, in order to get up the overturned wagon; for providence quite alone, without the corporal and the four men, would prove awkward in repairing the disaster. The tigers, also, twice spread terror through my caravan, and ate a poor devil of a peasant. He was not one of my attendants, who have not my permission to be imprudent. I do not allow them to scatter themselves on the road, when there is the slightest danger. Both man and beast march in a compact troop: as for me, I always belong to another small band, lightly armed,

without soldiers, trotting and galloping right and left, and looking at every thing that appears. I need not tell you no tiger has crossed my path. It is certainly ordained by fate that I shall not see a tiger in India. Indeed, unless you are seated upon a good elephant, the meeting, they say, is a dangerous one, as is proved in the instance of the poor devil of a peasant, carried off the other day behind my caravan. Firing at these devils has scarcely any effect; a tiger receives sometimes twenty balls before he dies, and when he is wounded he becomes furious.

The famous fortress of Asseerghur was in my route: it was there I entered the Bombay territory. Boorhampore, which you may discover a few leagues from thence on the banks of the Tapti, belongs to Scindia, the Mahratta prince of Gwalior. At length, at Adjuntah, I entered the dominions of the Nizam, and at the same time the immense bed of the Godavery. On the 17th, I arrived at Aurungabad, the miserable remains of a great city, founded by Aurung Zebe. I was expected by the commanding officer, a colonel in the Bengal army, who commands a division of the Nizam's troops. The nawab of Hyderabad, has also sixteen thousand British troops, and commanded by British officers, in his pay. This accounts for his existence as sovereign of a great state. If he were thrown on his own resources, dependent upon the incapacity and treason of his Mussulmaun and Hindoo officers, he would lose his throne in a few years, and

his monarchy would be divided into several hundred independent lordships, continually exposed to the depredations of the Maratta hordes.

My host, Colonel Seyer, is a man of great merit, in his private, as in his professional character. He literally crammed me with information; and when I left him, he filled my bags with books of the most valuable description. They will remain there a long time, as I have no leisure for reading. Coming from Bengal, where I had known so many people, I was almost a brother officer to Colonel Seyer. I was much less a stranger to him than an English officer of the Bombay or Madras army would have been, who might have come to him at the same time I did; for there is but little friendship between the officers of the three presidencies: they are jealous of each other, seldom meet, and even when they do, almost always avoid each other.

At Aurungabad I hoped to have received some letters from you, but it appears that, for several months, no French ship has arrived in India. Very few even come from England at this season of the year; but very shortly the arrivals will take place.

Lord Clare, Governor of Bombay, to whom I had written from Indore a few lines officially to inform him of my arrival within his presidency, forwarding him at the same time a copy of my passports from Calcutta, wrote to all the officers of his government, stationed on the route I intend to take, to apprise them of this great event, in order that they might make the necessary

preparations on the occasion. I thus found at Aurungabad letters from these gentlemen, offering me their houses, their porters, their palanquins, &c. &c. I immediately returned an answer to the Governor and to them, assuring them that I felt both overwhelmed and flattered by their kind hospitality. Colonel Seyer told me, when I took leave of him, that he had also received instructions from the government of Bombay equally kind towards me, and that no doubt Lord Clare would invite me to remain with him during my stay at Bombay. If I am to remain but a short time in that city, the governor's politeness may prove very desirable to me; but if I prolong my stay, I shall look out for some kind of house, which does not admit too much rain, and take possession of it like an absolute monarch; for a traveller of my consequence ought to be at home. But I have heard so much of the insalubrity of Bombay during the season I intend to spend there, that if I can derive equal advantage by remaining at Poonah, I shall probably take up my abode at this latter place, for three months, and become housekeeper for the first time since my arrival in India; for my pretty bungalow at Cashmere scarcely deserved the pompous appellation of a house. I think, moreover, that Poonah will offer great attractions as the head quarters of a naturalist. If it turns out so, all will be for the best; because Bombay is very unhealthy during the rainy season, and Poonah,

on the contrary, enjoys a great reputation for salubrity at that period of the year.

When I have filled my cases at Poonah, and the rains have ceased, I shall go down to Bombay, to ship them off, before I proceed to the south. I should like to be able then to send you my Cashmere wardrobe, with the animals, plants, and stones for the Jardin des Plantes; for besides that these various matters fill two trunks, which in travelling is excessively inconvenient, I am sometimes apprehensive of being robbed of them. I own I should feel the loss most acutely, as it would deprive me of the only opportunity I could have on my return of making pretty presents replete with *local character*. Aurungabad has fallen with its founder, according to the oriental custom. There is a Mogul mausoleum, much admired by those who have only seen the south of India; but after Lahore, Agra, Delhi, and their superb mosques of Shâh-Jehan, Akbar, and Jehangire, the ruins of Aurungabad are scarcely worth notice.

The most remarkable things that surround the town are the magnificent subterranean passages dug in the mountains, which extend from thence to this place, where the most celebrated are. The conclusions to which all the writers on this subject have come, is that no one can tell, when, by whom, or for what purpose, these excavations were made. The Hindoos claim these works as theirs, asserting they were executed by

one of their numerous divinities. There are no longer any Buddhists to dispute their claim; but Christians, perfectly disinterested in the discussion, decide the question in favour of the Buddhists. We believe in India, that Buddha formerly reigned in the north, his power extending even beyond the Indian Caucasus. Near Cabul there are caves and idols, supposed to bear some resemblance to those of Ceylon and of Ellora; but although for the last fifty years several Europeans who have attained a perfect knowledge of the Sanscrit, have read many volumes on the subject, it has not yet been ascertained at what period Bramah played Buddha, in the east, the same scurvy trick that Jesus Christ played Jupiter and Co. in the western world 1800 years ago.

The other day I read, at Aurungabad, an analysis, made by the learned and ingenious Mr. Wilson, of the translations from the Tibetan of my friend of Kanum, M. Csomo de Kôros. They have a wonderfully soporific effect: there are about twenty chapters upon the kind of shoes that the Lamas ought to wear. Among other nonsensical absurdities, of which these books are full, priests are forbidden to help themselves to pass the ford of a rapid river, by laying hold of the tail of a cow. There is no lack of profound dissertations upon the properties of the flesh of griffins, dragons, and unicorns, and upon the admirable virtues of the horn of winged horses. To judge of this nation by what I have seen of them, and by what the translations of M.

Csomo disclose of them, one would take them to be a nation of madmen or idiots.

Yesterday I visited the famous fortress of Dowlatabâd. Both Hindoos and Mussulmauns attribute the building of it to some unknown divinity. For my own part I know not what to think of it.

This morning I encamped here by moonlight. I passed near the tomb of Aurung Zebe, who was a very wicked man, but a tolerably good king. He made roads and canals instead of building palaces. There is the same difference between him and his father Shâh-Jehan, as between Louis XI. and Francis I. or Louis XIV. Baber is the Henry IV. of this family of Tamerlane.

As I was carelessly riding on, without much regarding the essential conditions of my equilibrium, I was twice on the point of being thrown, by my horse starting at the sight of two hyenas which passed very quietly under his nose. I fired at the second, which did not induce it to accelerate its pace in the least, but made my frightened horse start worse than ever. I am too bad a horseman, I ride with too great disregard to the classical rules of horsemanship to experience many falls. I sometimes totter, but that is all. This reminds me of the little quarrels which I used to have with that excellent Madame Micour, because, in reply to her fears at the danger of travelling, I used coolly to reply, "No one kills himself."

When I was in Provence, and sometimes also in the

mountains of Auvergne, which were very hot in the month of July, Jaubert used to be angry with me, because I sometimes said "It is pleasant to be in the sun." If he were with me here, I should not be able, in spite of the 105 degrees of heat, to say otherwise, for I have at last found out, that 105 or 107 degrees of heat are very agreeable. I should drive him mad by this involuntary discovery.

This reminds me of the letters you used to write to me when I was at Grenoble or at Geneva, and the curious details of the precautions which your affection led you then to recommend me to take. You have since that period been converted to my belief, or rather to my incredulity. Although we are badly enough constituted, since our machine is so often out of order, and ultimately stops altogether without remedy, still we are not made of glass, thank God! let us then take care, great care of this outward case of ours, which resembles a violin without which our soul would be but a useless bow. Do you avoid cold and damp, whilst I battle here against the contrary elements. I meant to have written to you only half a page, and I have covered two pages with my hieroglyphics!

Adieu, then, until my arrival at Poonah, unless I take a fancy to pay you another visit. There are few fancies I can indulge in in these deserts, and I seldom fail to gratify them when they do occur.

TO MADEMOISELLE ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

Camp near Ellora, in the Deccan, May 24th, 1832.

As you have no opportunity at Arras of gaining any information about Asia, perhaps, my sweet friend, you are even ignorant of the name of this place of wonders. Formerly in Europe we had, from time to time, the plague; now we have the cholera morbus. In like manner in India, where Brahminism has been for several hundreds or several thousands of years the endemic malady of the mind, Buddhism formerly exercised the same ravages on the common sense of the poor Indians. Ellora, now a wretched village, was undoubtedly at that period a flourishing city, and the head-quarters of the madmen, fools, and scoundrels, who lived upon the stupid credulity of the nations of southern Asia. All the mountains towards the east are hollowed out into spacious halls, galleries, and subterraneous palaces of colossal structure, and sometimes of exquisite workmanship. I have a large volume in 4to, several in 8vo, and a great number of manuscript notices, to inform me by whom these immense works were executed, and how long ago, and for what object they were intended, &c., &c.; but after perusing all, I know no more about these wonders than the poor Brahmins who do the honours of them, and do not fail to attribute the merit of their construction to some of the fifty thousand divinities whom they worship.

This morning I discovered one of these subterraneous temples, of a form entirely different from that of all the others, being that of a Gothic church in miniature. Nothing is wanting: the nave, the choir, and that kind of gallery which contains the organ in our churches—all is there. Building the pyramids of Egypt is but a trifle compared to the labour which must have been required for excavating these palaces and temples out of the hard rock. The effect is most extraordinary; but the idols always put me a little out of temper; they give the idea of bad reasoning, and the caves of Ellora are peopled with them. An English artist, more than twenty years ago, made some beautiful drawings of these astonishing ruins*, which were engraved in London. I hope one day to explain them to you in Paris.

Curiosities here are most abundant. The day before yesterday I was encamped under the celebrated fort of Dowlatabad, which plays so conspicuous a part in the history of modern India. I am well persuaded that the engineer who built it knew less than our uncle Saint Paul in his little finger; but Dowlatabad has a finer aspect than Lisle, and even Mons, where all the discoveries of Carnot have been put in practice. George and Porphyre, and all their brethren, wholesale killers, would here waste their powder and shot. One of our countrymen however, M. de Bussy, who, about fifty

* The artist to whom Jacquemont alludes is Mr. W. Daniell, R.A.

years ago, was a personage of importance in India, took this impregnable fortress; not with artillery, however, which would have made no impression, but with the aid of that irresistible argument which made Bazile yield to the not very proper whims of Count Almaviva.

To-morrow I am going to visit the tomb of Aurung Zebe, a most abominable man, and yet a tolerably good king for this country; he was besides the last of his race who deserved the name of man. Since passing the river Nerbudda, the heat is very intense; 105, 107, and 110 degrees from ten o'clock to half-past three or four in the afternoon. In the valley of the Nerbudda, the night was almost as hot as the day. The heat of the soil stings the face and eyes in the same manner the flame from burning straw would do, if placed close to one. I have accustomed myself to it, because the French resemble dogs in that respect, and can accustom themselves to heat better than any other animal; and now that upon the elevated plain of the Deccan, there are only from 100 to 105 degrees, I almost find the nights cold. Every body else at Aurungabad, where I spent these last days, were under process of suffocation, and cursing their existence; but these were British, who drank one or two bottles of wine every day, and ate one or two pounds of animal food.

But the rains will shortly appear, and as much will fall in six weeks as usually falls in three years and a half at Arras; it will put the sun's rays to rights.

I hope to arrive at Poonah before the wet season sets in.

Since this hour yesterday, I have written the trifling number of sixty-seven pages, in which I have extracted several manuscript memoirs in English of great interest, and my hand is quite stiff; indeed it would require less to make it so; I shall therefore leave off for the day. Besides, without being unwell, I have not been quite right for these last two days; I sleep little, and have no appetite, and it is anything but enlivening to have a soul pent up in a suffering body. I take leave of you, therefore, requesting you will forgive me for not having done so before, for nothing is so tiresome as a man suffering under weariness of mind. And what am I now going to do?—throw myself upon my bed and endeavour to sleep. A man is behind me, fanning me. I hear you exclaim, "what luxury, what magnificence!" to which I reply that the thermometer is at 105, and I should like to see those who tax me with luxury exposed to it. Good night, then, although it is but noon-day.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, SEN., PARIS.

Poonah, June 6th, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I arrived yesterday in this town, which was the capital of the Mahrattas, when Mahrattas existed otherwise than merely in name

and in form. Lord Hastings, in 1808, exercised an act of justice upon this nation, whose last chief, the Peishwa, repaid by frightful treachery the benefits conferred by the British government, whose alliance he had himself voluntarily sought. It is now one of the strongest military stations of the British in the Peninsula.

You see me on the oriental side of the Ghauts, and from the distance to the sea of Coromandel and the proximity of the sources of the Kestnah and the Godavery, you will be able to judge of the elevation of the country above the level of the sea. It is not less than six hundred metres; this is sufficient to produce a very sensible difference in the temperature, which is much milder here than at Bombay. The rains, which will very shortly take place, are neither so violent nor of so long a duration as at Bombay, and on the rest of the coast. They tell me that these rains will keep me a prisoner at home during whole months. I shall therefore very probably pitch my tent here during the rainy season, and shall perhaps hire a house, in which I shall establish my head quarters for three months, and avail myself of the intervals of fine weather to make my researches in the neighbourhood. The situation of Poonah appears to me favourable for researches in natural history. Every thing, therefore, turns out for the best.

I found here, on my arrival yesterday, a great number of letters from all parts of India, and even from the

Punjab. A few days ago I received one from China, which I send you, because it will inform you better than the Chinese politicians who write in our newspapers, concerning the present quarrel between the company and the viceroy of Canton. Mr. Inglis, from whom it comes, is the kind and amiable man whose acquaintance I made two years ago in Kanawer, and of whom I certainly have spoken to you in my letters. He is a very rich merchant of Canton, destined to take a share in the government or controul of Indian affairs in London, either as a member of the court of directors of the company, or in parliament. Let Zoé translate this letter for you, if you cannot make out English written in so bad a hand.

The most delightful part of the treat which awaited me here, was your letter of October, 1831, No. 31, written at different times, together with those of Porphyre, Frederic, the contribution by Zoé and Adelaide, and a very long and friendly epistle from M. Mirbel. I have as usual kept you for the dessert, and read your letter over again in my bed, upon which I fell asleep in the best of tempers, and in the happiest manner possible.

Your numbers 29 and 30 are still behind hand, but the essential is this 31. When you wrote it you knew of my arrival at Lahore, and you conclude, as you are justified in doing from these fortunate beginnings, that I shall terminate in a manner no less satisfactory than I did my expedition beyond the Sutledge. This is

good logic, and I shall not belie your expectations. Your letter delighted me by its gaiety, which I take for the surest sign of good health. My letters from Lahore will not have diminished your friendship for the king of that country. You ask me, what his sons do! He has only one of his own, named Curruk-Sing, a man of thirty (Runjeet is about fifty-two), without talents, without being in any wise distinguished, and, in my opinion, without any chance of succeeding to the entire power of his father. But this man so distrustful, this Machiavelian sovereign, is a good, forbearing kind of husband, and whenever he absented himself a few months from his capital and harem, unceasingly engaged as he was in distant expeditions, his family multiplied in a most extraordinary manner. All his wives (he has about a dozen) were brought to bed one after the other, each giving him a boy, and fine ones too, and seldom less than two at a time. Runjeet-Sing either thought himself, or pretended to think himself, the father of some of these children, and has brought up one of them to enjoy great honours. This is prince Cheyr-Sing. Notwithstanding his high-sounding name (literally *Lion-tiger*), Cheyr-Sing is a very good young man. He very naturally execrates Curruk-Sing, and will wage war against him as soon as Runjeet dies. I wish him good success. He is extremely brave, and, for a Seikh, not without humanity, but he possesses no talent. I met him at the palace, at the festival of the Unlocked, and conversed an hour

with him. He knew me perfectly as the friend of Allard, and as the *Plato of the age;* he therefore overwhelmed me with civilities. Runjeet cares no more for his legitimate eldest son than for the equivocal younger one. His principles in politics are, "After me comes the deluge." You can form no idea of family ties in the East, especially among the higher classes. I will explain them to you some evening by your fire side. How different this world is to ours.

You ask me if Runjeet has allowed me to continue my journey upon the humble and modest tattoo, as tattoo there is, which had brought me from Calcutta to Lahore? Yes, until the festival of the Unlocked took place. On the evening of the festival, his minister, Fakhir-Ezis-el-Din, came to the camp of the British envoy, whom I had joined, with the Maharajah's compliments, and a horse a-piece, which he sent us as presents. They were superbly caparisoned, but were vicious beasts. Wade, by the rules of the service, could accept no present from the king; he therefore had his horse registered to the *credit* of the honourable company, to whom I also abandoned mine. Each horse might be worth thirty francs, and the saddle three thousand. They were both sold at Loodeeana or at Delhi, for the benefit of the said company. I thought that this liberality of a poor devil like me, would come with a good grace, and it was considered to do so. The extreme economy which I exercise towards myself, allowed me, when an opportunity occurred, to throw my

money away upon Runjeet's attendants. In short, I maintained, in the best manner I was able, my character of *Aflatoune-el-Zemân.*

You reproach me with not having admitted you sufficiently into the intimacy of my palace at Lahore. The French officers were desirous of providing their breakfast, and often dinner, at my house; I had therefore in my kitchen a congress of Indian, Georgian, Persian, Armenian, Cashmerian, and Punjabee cooks, belonging to these gentlemen; those of Allard brought up the rear. Their masters arrived at eight o'clock in the morning, went a few moments to the king, and then returned. When they were all assembled, I gave orders for serving up, and did the honours of the table in French, English, Italian, Hindostanee, and bad Persian. In the afternoon I frequently went to the royal residence, and paid the king a very long visit; thence I went to Allard's, at a couple of leagues from the royal tents. The good fellow was hungering after France, and could never have enough of my society. In the evening we went, mounted upon his elephant, to see the city and the curiosities of its environs; or sometimes his friend, M. Ventura, was my cicerone. When I remained to dine with them, they would not allow me to return to my garden by night, for fear of the Akhalis, who even in the day time are very troublesome, and much worse at night. At day break I gallopped home well escorted, and was sometimes insulted notwithstanding. The Akhalis do not even

spare Runjeet himself. Sensible people treat them like dogs, to whom it is wisest to say nothing so long as they content themselves with barking.

I trust that the manner I served you from Cashmere was according to your desires. The beginning was rather sorry, but schoolboys who begin with Tacitus and Horace find all other books easy afterwards; the same thing happened to me; after the difficult and rather ticklish Tolonchi affair, I got through some other difficult passages with tolerable ease. You guessed right in supposing that M. Allard would remain one of my regular correspondents during the remainder of my stay in India, but you did not anticipate that Runjeet would also be on the list. I am however about to address an invocation to the Muses, and to compose for this king, who is a very good fellow, very eccentric and a little cracked, a mixture *secundum artem;* a flattering elixir of roses, jasmine, hyacinths, tulips, musk, ambergris, eternal life, glory, fortune, renown, &c., &c., which will please him exceedingly, and I shall conclude pathetically with *Waugh Gourou Kê fotteh!* (Glory to the grand Gourou, Govind Sing!) which will complete the satisfaction of my eccentric friend. The British have so exclusive a respect for the Christian Olympus, that they become almost rude towards every other Olympus; they "my lord" the British bishops, and do not pay the same compliment to ours, nor to the saints of Mahomet's calendar. To Mussulmauns I never say *Mahomet, Ali, Omar,*

Houssaine, but *my lord Mahomet, his excellency Ali, his highness Houssaine*, the *holy Mecca* instead of simply *Mecca*. This attention, which costs me but little, wins people's hearts. As to the Hindoos, one does not know how to take them; the scoundrels have no more religion than dogs. The Seikhs, who, like the latter, care very little about the Eternal Father, entertain at least a great affection for the memory of their gourou or priest, Govind Sing. If you fire at a dog barking at and threatening a cow, you get high in their favour. I shot at several of these poor animals in the Punjab, to the great satisfaction of the long beards of my escort. This little piece of cruelty (it was only small shot) obtained for me a great reputation of humanity.

But I have already said so much about the Punjab, that I here conclude the subject.

Your indiscretion, my dear father, prevents me from relating to you in future any free stories, for you would instantly betray me. This time, at least, either fortunately or unfortunately, I am not called upon through any prudential motives to show reserve. The duodecimos of the Deccan are not inferior in colouring and binding to the quartos of St. Domingo; and coming from Cashmere, I find the jet black very serious.

The cholera commits frightful ravages at Mow, Indore, and in the territory of Meewar, through which I have lately passed. It raged with violence at Ahmednugghur when I was there a few days ago, but it scarcely attacked any but Indians. They say that

water drinkers are more liable to catch it than others; I shall therefore mix a little wine with my water. Besides, I am supplied with remedies ready prepared, which, when administered at the beginning of the attack, are so efficacious that I apprehend very little from this disease.

What M. Mirbel writes to me relatively to the devoted, zealous interest which Jaubert takes in my concerns, affected me extremely. Although it is quite natural to him to do so, I felt a desire to write to him upon the subject, and my letter is inclosed.

Several French vessels are expected at Pondichery and Calcutta; some of them must have left France ages go. I trust that these stragglers will bring me your numbers 29 and 30. Part of M. Mirbel's memoirs must be in these packets.

The government of India is at present occupied in sending into Transoxiana a young officer of the Bombay army, named Burnes, by whom last year they had the lower Indus sounded, in order to ascertain how far it is navigable. Mr. Burnes arrived at Lahore last summer by the Indus and the Ravee whilst I was at Cashmere, and having an official political capacity, carried to the Maharajah presents from the "Padishah of London," as the King of England is styled here. His English horses and carriage, destined for Runjeet, were in my opinion the pretence only of his journey, undertaken to make these soundings. He has just, with Runjeet's permission, crossed the Punjab from

Loodheeana to Attock. We know that he is now on the right bank of the forbidden river, and is continuing his journey to Peshawer or Cabul, whence he intends to cross the Hindoo-Coosh and visit the basin of the Sea of Aral, and the eastern shores of the Caspian. I do not know the precise object of his journey, and even doubt if he have any. He has chosen for his travelling companion the physician of the corps commanded by Kennedy at Subhatoo. Now, the people of Subhatoo know me perfectly well, and I found here a long epistle from the above named Doctor Gerard, dated from the borders of the Indus. The poor devil already talks of the martyrdom which awaits him. The fact is, unless they travel as beggars, which is not a very commodious manner to make observations, they run great risk of being robbed, and, if they resist, of being murdered.

TO MADEMOISELLE ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

Poonah, in the Deccan, June 7th, 1832.

My Sweet Friend,—On my arrival here yesterday, I found your note, of I know not what date, and your letter of the 10th of October, which were waiting for me. Your note was written in a very low-spirited mood, as if there were no possibility of remaining alive in Nepaul. How can you, the daughter and sister of a

soldier, give way to such childish fears? What is there so dreadful in Nepaul? I abandoned the idea of visiting it for other reasons than those which made you fear that the journey was unsafe for me; it was because I should have been almost constantly a prisoner, which, for a traveller of my sort, is dying by inches. You have however made amends in your letter of the 10th of October, by laughing a little at the fears you expressed a few months before. When you wrote me the last time, you had seen my first letter from Lahore. You call me a *lucky fellow*, your mother calls me an impudent rogue. Amen! There is some truth in both your compliments, although, after all, my impudence is nothing but ingenuousness. I still miss one of your letters, and two of my father's; they will arrive together one of these days, a year old. I shall then expect your criticism upon my famous *speech* at Delhi. It is really very stupid and very stupidly printed. One of the toasts in fashion at that time in India was, "France and England against the world!" and when the dinner guests were half seas over, they added, for their neighbours, "And by God we will give them a good licking," or, what is still more energetic, "a d—d good licking!" For a kind of quaker like myself, this hostility against the human species appeared in bad taste, and put me out of temper; and when at Delhi I said, "France and England for the world," I was in a minority in my opposition to that great ninny the public. If I had to do this over again, I would not write

an *extempore speech* before hand, but, like the others, indulge myself in bumpers of Madeira or port.

It is evident to me, from the few lines of English you have found means of inserting in your letter, without introducing your enemy *you*, that you are as well versed in that language as I am; there is not a single expression of yours with which I have any fault to find.

It is really a most extraordinary thing, that six or seven years are necessary in order to acquire an indifferent knowledge of the old language which has supplied ours with almost all its roots. Latin is a mere trifle to a Frenchman; it is still easier to an Italian or a Spaniard, and especially so to a Portuguese. The oriental languages are quite different. I know but a dozen words which are the same in Sanscrit, Persian or Arabic, Greek and Latin, and the modern European languages derived from them. *Nao*, in Sanscrit, means boat; so it does in ancient Persian: *navis*, in Latin, in Greek nearly the same, *naus; naval*, *nautical*, with us, and very few et-cæteras.

The whole vocabulary of these eastern languages is to be learnt. This is really the very devil. I wish I had leisure sufficient to learn Persian, in order some day to vindicate the truth, and show the Parisians how puerile the literature of Persia is. But I know just enough of it to have the right of entertaining an opinion of my own, but not of imposing it upon others.

Poonah is a large city, on the eastern side of the Ghauts of Bombay in 18° 30′ of latitude, which is very hot, but being two thousand feet above the level of the sea, which makes it cooler, the people of Bombay come thither to spend the rainy season (the summer.) For that reason I shall remain here three months. It costs me the trifle of two hundred and sixty francs per month for an ugly large thatched house, the only one vacant. I am thus sheltered from the rain, and go on working very hard.

The Governor of Bombay is a great English lord. He is most attentively polite to me, and shows me every kind of favour. I went yesterday to his country house to pay him my first visit. I have refused the economical but inconvenient honour, of being the guest of Lord Clare, who wished much to keep me with him.

My little climbing horse of the Himalaya is a great curiosity here. My state charger, with his Mogul saddle of brocade and bridle of black velvet embossed with gold and silver, is not less so. In short, in every thing about me, and in myself, I have a certain air and look of strangeness, which is a source of great attraction to these people. Their ignorance relative to the things of Bengal and Hindostan is extreme. I relate many particulars to those who are deserving of it; but do not think that I make myself cheap—I am not such a fool as that. Red partridges are esteemed in our country in proportion to their scarcity, and I

make myself rather scarce also. Your mother would call me not only an impudent fellow, but a precious braggadocio. What can I say?—it must be so. You taxed me with being insipid in English. With you I may have been so, but as I am an "impudent rogue," I will add, that with me it is an exception. To all my English friends, or to the English with whom I have to treat only of matters of business, I prefer writing in English, because with the former I am *humorous* in the extreme, (box the impudent fellow's ears!) and with the latter I have the stately politeness necessary, and which it would not be proper to lose sight of. I must also tell you, that my friends are men, all bachelors, and that with them I care not, sometimes, about being a little uncivil, in order to be more *humorous*. English women are most extraordinary beings. The most impassioned amongst them, she who would desert husband, children, and character, to run after another man, would, even with that very man, show a reserve perfectly incompatible with our French ideas of intimacy, which in my mind are the sweetest forms of friendship. There is a barrier of ice betwixt an Englishwoman and myself, which the most ardent passion on my part could never succeed in entirely melting. It might make some little holes, but I should never have entire possession. Let it be well understood, that when I say *me*, I mean any man from France and even from England, and not Victor Jacquemont.

The life of an Englishwoman is like a part in a play—she has been instructed in it from her cradle by her mother or her nurse. The *esprit de corp* of caste is thus perpetuated with her, and in America, separates her entirely from the other sex, sensibly, intellectually, and sociably. Read an English book in two volumes, entitled, "Domestic Manners of the Americans," by Mrs. Trollope. But I will tell you all about this some day.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, SENIOR, PARIS.

Poonah, July 7th, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER,—All your letters have at length arrived. I have now, after your number 31, which reached me on the 6th of June last, received your number 32, which came the day before yesterday, and yesterday I got number 29, which has been twelve months on its way, on board a ship called the *Diligent*. It is disagreeable not to receive them in the same order in which they leave France; number 30 is still wandering over the world.

I have also received the Baron Humboldt's memoirs; M. Cordier had the kindness, at Chandernagore, to divide it into packets, which the post-office will take charge of. Your number 29, closed the 11th August, was in reply to my letters from Kurnal of February, 1831. It is so old, and I have written to you so

often since then, that it scarcely requires any answer. You, however, ask me whether the dysentery, which I told you was making such ravages at Delhi, was not the cholera. By no means; it was the dysentery, as I stated; if it had been the cholera, I should have said so. But it is only six and thirty hours ago, that I first saw a specimen of that disease; it rages here at present, and one of my servants was attacked last night. I am acquainted with this horrible complaint, as well as a man can be who has not observed it himself, but has obtained a great deal of information about it. From the very first moment, I recognised it with unerring certainty; the symptoms are such that it cannot be mistaken for any other disease. They are moreover very numerous; the state of the pulse would indicate it, or the skin of the hands or soles of the feet, the temperature of the body, the languid circulation, the appearance of the eyes and face, or, in short, the character and nature of the evacuations.

I have attended my poor servant in the best manner I could, and after six and thirty hours of illness he still lives, which is a great deal, but I doubt if he gets over the day or even the morning. He is a Hindoo, and the best of my attendants; almost the longest in my service. The others, Hindoos or Mohammedans, constantly watch him, and keep up an appearance of confidence when near him, endeavouring to cheer him by telling him stories which he cannot understand. They afterwards retire to the garden, when they roll

themselves upon the ground, and weep bitterly. My *sirdar*, or steward, who belongs to the same caste as the sick man, and besides was his comrade by the nature of the service in which they were both employed, and who is by far the most active, sensible, and most manly, among this band of full-grown children, has this instant in my chamber given himself up to a most violent paroxysm of despair.

I hope you are not a contagionist; for I continually go into the sick man's room, and even touch him, and then return to my writing. This frightful disease is not contagious, at least in India. There is no difference of opinion in this respect among either European or Indian physicians; and as the numerous accounts of cholera in Russia and England which I have lately read describe it as being of exactly the same character as in India, I look upon it as almost certain that the present European cholera is not contagious by the touch. I know of no satisfactory analysis of the circumstances of climate, in which it appears that the cholera assumes greater development. The British medical men in India, at least the majority of them, are far from being sufficiently learned or scientific to make this analysis. The cholera rages all over the Deccan this summer; a great number of natives fall victims to it even here, but of two thousand European soldiers, and more than one hundred and fifty officers, not one has been attacked with it this season at Poonah. We are always less subject to it than the Indians, but

this year, and in this place, the difference in our favour is absolute; and that is the reason why I do not hesitate to tell you, and as a matter of perfect indifference, that at a few steps from where I am, in the next room, there is a poor man dying of that disease.

I take good care of myself; I drink a drop of brandy in the morning, wine at breakfast, when it happens that I eat meat at that meal, which however occurs but seldom. I also take wine at dinner, and when I write till late in the evening, I take a bowl of tea mixed with rum, after which I go to bed. I cover myself very warmly at night, and wear during the day a very long Cashmere shawl, rolled like a waistband not round my waist but upon my hips, so as to keep my stomach warm and at an equal temperature. I believe that a great number of the complaints of this country proceed from refrigeration, mostly imperceptible, of that part.

I have already answered, at least in part, your letter number 31. I proceed to number 32, a small sheet, extremely short, and about the third of my accustomed portion. It is dated October 29th, 1831; you thought me then returned among the British, and indeed I was very near them, at only two days' march from the Sutledge, but more annoyed by the long matchlocks of the people of the Himalaya than ever I had been before. Many thanks for Dunoyer's very long letter; it is a charming epistle, full of friendship, and perfect in every respect. I received it with peculiar satisfaction. His

address to the people (a thousand pardons, I meant citizens) of Moulins proved to me that he had not yet, in his new official capacity of prefect, learnt the jargon of office.

Adieu. I have acres of writing for you, but there is no ship sailing from Calcutta. I shall keep the whole and make a single packet of it. Adieu.

Evening.

My poor fellow died this morning, as I anticipated, whilst I was at breakfast, which I had not the heart to finish. He had been to Cashmere with me; he was the most active and useful of my attendants, and the mildest, and had never served any body but me. This morning he still knew me, and answered *Khroudavond,* my lord, when I addressed him by name. By twelve o'clock his body was already burned. I was obliged to go and beg a dinner of a neighbour, all my servants having gone to the funeral. I should regret the poor fellow more if I had not always treated him well; but during two years he has had but few harsh words from me, and I engaged him at first at five rupees a month, but doubled his wages a long time before his death.

TO M. PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, PARIS.

Poonah, July 16th, 1832.

To my great confusion, my dear Prosper, this evening, in making a general inspection of all my writings, I found at the bottom of a box, among some catalogues of stones of the Himalaya, these two Himalayan scraps, which I decide upon forwarding to you notwithstanding their scandalous dates. They will prove to you that I am least deficient in one of the theological virtues, I believe order, unless it be a sacrament. (*I will be damned if I have not forgotten my catechism**.) But I shall be acquitted of the more than venial sin of suffering years to elapse without writing to a friend.—Personality! I really thought I had forwarded you my letter from Subhatoo six months ago. It is indeed a shame of you, De Mereste, and the Baron de Stendhal (if indeed the ladies allow the latter a moment's repose) not to write to me, and to allow me to remain in India as ignorant of the things of your Parisian world, as if I were an inhabitant of the moon.

The English have letters from home up to the 1st April; my last are dated October.

Our estimable captains of Havre and Nantes remain six and seven months on their voyage; they say that their ships are so fond of the sea, that when once they

* The words in Italics are Jacquemont's own English.—Tr.

are on it there is no getting them to move. This is too bad.

Our governors of Pondicherry and Chandernagore have just informed me that I have been appointed a knight of the legion of honour. However I intend to remain plain Mr. Jacquemont, were it only for the singularity of the thing, as I have not yet met with a Frenchman out of France, who was not either a count, a marquis, a baron, a viscount, or a chevalier.

I have seen, I know not where, an epistle from Beranger the great poet, to Chateaubriand the great prose writer, and the answer of the latter to the poet. Notwithstanding "liberty, which needed no ancestors," it made me think that we Frenchmen are very forgetful.

Poonah contains only from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, mostly Mahrattas; fifty or sixty die every day of the cholera. I lost one of my servants about a week ago, and the European soldiers begin to experience the effect of the disease. Hitherto, the natives alone had been attacked; but such is the force of habit that no one entertains any uneasiness about it. It is probable that one of the causes of this malady is a sudden cooling, either internally or externally. In proportion to their respective numbers, there are fewer gentlemen who fall victims to it than soldiers. Adieu, my dear friend; write to me when the cares of your empire allow you leisure. Pray take notice that this last sentence is prose, in spite of its resemblance to Hugo's verses.

TO M. DE MARESTE, PARIS.

Poonah, July 11th, 1832.

KNOW, my dear De Mareste, that my only motive for writing to you is to give the sheet which I have just scribbled over, time to dry, an operation which requires several minutes at this season, compared to which the deluge of Moses was only a shower, for it lasted only forty days, and in this country, when once the rain begins, it lasts three months and a half without intermission. The consequence is that the animals and plants of the traveller become mouldy or rotten, and that even upon the labels of the stones grow the *mucor*, the *byssus*, and other mushrooms, which the *profanum vulgus* condemn *en masse* under the erroneous collective name of mould, but which are, I assure you, pretty little mushrooms (better described than eaten), but excessively *untoward* in the luggage of a naturalist. The hygrometer, which, for a month past, has been at the maximum of humidity, does not stir; it will only move from that point in September. This rain is the devil, or an incarnation of the devil. Success to the mild climate of France, although I have more than once been wet through in it. You are, my dear friend, a miserable fellow, and if that does not please you, an infamous one! I could say the same to many others, who, like yourself, no more write to me than if, since my arrival in India, I had gone to join the great soul of

the universe. You left off with me about M. de Martignac, and the municipal and departmental law, and I know not what besides. Since that period, there have been plenty of new pieces, theatrical effects, and changes of scenery, &c., &c. Of yourself I have not heard one word. The brilliant Baron De Stendhal has also completely neglected me; but from him this is perfectly excusable: he is a thoughtless and fashionable young man, in great request among the ladies of Leghorn, I suppose, or some other city in Italy, where he represents, like an exquisite, his most Christian Majesty. But you, an honest citizen of Paris, and a good sort of husband, who have nothing to do with the vanities of this world—you are absolutely inexcusable. Politics have absorbed all my friends for the last two years, and since then I will not say they neglect me, quite the reverse, but they scarcely ever write to me, which is provokingly tiresome. The English at Poonah are not amusing; in the north of Hindostan, where every one of them is a kind of pacha, they grow great with their dignity, and, *mirabile dictu!* they even become amiable. Here I find them again natural, which is no compliment to them. However, as I am overwhelmed with business, it is perhaps better that it should be so; I am not tempted to seek any pleasure at their houses, and desert my own papers and memorandums. They remind me of my lord *What-Then,* in the "Princess of Babylon," by their prodigious indifference for every thing that is beyond the confined circle of their own

monotonous existence. I prefer the Cashmerians, who alone formed my society last year; I think they had more vivacity of mind than the black and red automatons which people these head-quarters of the British power in India. Poonah is a large city, at least for India, where the towns are in general small. The population of Calcutta has not been ascertained; it contains no doubt 400,000 inhabitants, Benares, 181,000 instead of from 500,000 to 600,000; Daux, 50,000 instead of 150,000; Allahabad, 38,000 instead of 150,000, according to the general account; Delhi, about 120,000. Poonah no doubt contains from 40,000 to 50,000, and the cholera does not leave the place; for this last month it carries off from fifty to sixty persons a day: let that console you! I am however alive, and perfectly alive; enough so to be still in existence, I hope, eighteen or twenty months hence, when I trust I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again. Tell me some story in the intermediate time, and give it to Mérimée, or to my father, properly folded up and sealed. Write to me, then, and cease to be sulky, as you have been for these last three years.

TO M. CORDIER AT CHANDERNAGORE.

Poonah, July 27th, 1832.

My dear M. Cordier,—I am once more on my legs, or rather in my arm chair, after having been five

days in bed in a precarious state, with a violent and sudden attack of dysentery, which came upon me like a pistol-shot, and quitted me yesterday in the same manner, in consequence of a terrible quantity of *blue pills*, calomel, rhubarb, opium, magnesia, cream of tartar, castor oil, ipecacuanha, and a mild lavement of gum arabic, which appears to me to have cut the matter short.

A traveller in my line has several ways of making, what the Italians term a *fiasco;* but the most complete *fiasco* is to die on the road. Some poor devils have been less fortunate than I, and in obedience to the dysentery that reigns here, have gone to see what there is behind the great wall. Much good may it do them!

Farewell, my dear M. Cordier. The papers will have informed you that the people of Bombay do not act with a light hand in driving away the plague from their shores. They are right. The cholera here carries off now but few people. It rains less hard than at Calcutta, but more continually. It is enough to make one die of *ennui.*

Adieu. I leave you to take by my sick man's broth, composed of arrow-root. Guard yourself from evil.

Yours sincerely.

TO MADEMOISELLE ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

Poonah, August 21, 1832.

My dear Zoe,—I received this morning a tolerably large packet from Paris, and before I go to bed I will write a few lines in answer to your eight little pages of the 12th of November, and 3rd of January, 1832. I have written so much to-day that my hand is quite stiff, besides which it is very late, and to-morrow at day-break I must gallop six leagues from hence, where I shall find my ghunter, or little Tartar horse, saddled and bridled, ready to climb the mountains with me, and two botanico-mineralogical attendants, completely equipped, and at their post. I shall herbarise, geologise, or zoologise at their head if the opportunity occurs, and, with my bags filled, I will return upon the same horse as if the devil was at my heels; for it will then be twelve o'clock, and I shall have eaten nothing, after having been nearly fifteen hours on horseback, on foot, and in the mud and rain. Thus I must away to bed, for it is already very late.

You laugh at my *in*, and *at* Cashmere; but you are wrong. I do not know how I can otherwise designate the province of which the city we call Cashmere, and the inhabitants Chaêr, or most excellent city, is the capital.

Although you pretend not to do so, you have carped in a most treacherous manner at the spelling of a certain word in my letter; *episode*, I believe: now certainly, on referring to its Greek derivation ὡδὴ, it must be feminine; but know that there are at least ten faults of orthography in your eight pages, and in future be less proud. In the Persian language there is no gender for inanimate things, but in the miserable Hindostanee patois, especially derived from the Sanscrit, this folly exists.

I have been on the point of dying of an attack of dysentery, the first illness I have had in India. During three days I was dreadfully shaken, my sufferings were acute, but my head was entirely free, and singularly fresh and clear. I chewed the air. My physician was an honest Scotchman; like all the world, he was incapable of rebutting my arguments. The activity of my thoughts consumed me. I imagined that the beautiful airs of Mozart, played on the violin by a clever musician, would charm me, and thus gild the pill; and and as there is here a musician above mediocrity, I was going to send for him, in order to die at least with music, when the remedies caused a reaction, and decided my recovery. The poor Scotch doctor was little edified with this musical fugue; but he dared not, nevertheless, propose to me his presbyterian brahmin. It was an endemic disease. The cholera has carried off a great number of persons here, but people are accustomed to this infliction—nobody thinks about

it, any more than at sea people think of the chances of being upset.

Good night, my dear Zoé. Write to me. Good night.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, SEN., AT PARIS.

Poonah, Dec. 14, 1832.

My dear Father,—I have a packet ready for you, but I should not wish to forward it without adding to it several others which are not ready, and that is the reason why I keep it back. It is however of little consequence, as I do not believe that there are any ships about to sail from Calcutta; this is not the season. I have received all your letters up to last March.

It is still impossible for me to fix exactly where and when I shall embark on my return. I am going to write to M. de Melay, to ask him the ordinary departures from his little port, or rather from his roadstead, and also from Madras (for although there is a port captain at Pondichery, there is no more a port there than at Montmorency or Versailles); but the general period of departures for Europe is December and January. It is therefore probable that I shall not return until the spring of 1834; but long before my departure you shall be informed of it with certainty. I should also prefer this plan on account of my health. I fear the cold. Here, in this place, looked upon as cold in this season, and whither people flock from the

hot-house of Bombay to regain life, the thermometer varies slightly, for the last two months, from 70° to 75°, in my room, and I sleep with two blankets. My health is good. To-morrow I set out for Bombay, and shall visit the island of Salsette on my way thither. The fish drive me mad. I am obliged to stow them myself in a number of glass jugs filled with spirits of wine, else every thing would be broken in the hands of the stupid Indian servants. Were it not for that I would write more, but I have no time. For the honour of the principle of our correspondence, I put a number on this note. Adieu, &c.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Tanna, Island of Salsette, October 14, 1832.

My dear Porphyre,—I here enclose for the minister D'Argout, a few lines of thanks, and an acknowledgment of the receipt of my nomination as a legionary. Pray forward them to him.

One of the *Annuaires du Bureau des Longitudes* which you have sent me, in which Mr. Arago has inserted an article upon the beautiful labours of Elie de Beaumont, will have completely informed you, if not of the particulars, at least of the spirit of the thing. The discovery of tertiary and alluvial strata, and the different circumstances attending their stratification at the foot of the Ghauts and on the declivities of these mountains

would serve to solve the problem of their geological age (age of their rising), a much more valuable element than any other kind of observation. I have therefore been forced to labour, in seeking after some particles of this soil, and not without exposing myself a great deal to the sun, and in this unhealthy waste, in the most unhealthy season of the year. I am consequently rather in a suffering state, or rather have been a little poorly for the last few days. And as, were I in the town (Bombay), I should not be able to keep myself quiet, and take the necessary repose, I prolong my stay at Tanna a little longer than I intended.

I am still without any other letter from you since that of the 10th of last March, which I received at Poonah on the 8th of September. You may feel how anxious I am to receive some news, after the dreadful visit which the cholera has paid to Paris.

Our intelligence from Europe is up to the middle of July, brought by some estafettes who have come from Constantinople through Persia. I have therefore confused accounts of the scenes of carnage to which the funeral of Lamarque gave rise, or of which it served as a pretence. It is a very melancholy thing. I saw with much sorrow, that a great number of societies, each of them of course vying with each other in patriotism, and composed of several thousand members, had followed the procession, with banners flying. Whither are we going? I dare not think of it. The fear of what I may find on my return to France, pre-

vents me from anticipating that event with joy. Adieu, for to-day. What a perfidious climate this is! but the winter is coming on, and in a month I shall be again in the plains of the Deccan, where the cool weather is very perceptible; and when the great heats return I shall be in the Nilgherries.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT AT PARIS.

Sick-officers' Quarters, Bombay, December 1, 1832.

DEAR PORPHYRE,—I arrived here two and thirty days ago, very ill, and have now been thirty-one days confined to my bed. In the pestilential forests of the island of Salsette, exposed to the burning sun, during the most unhealthy season of the year, I caught the germ of my present illness, of which, indeed, I have several times, since I passed through Ajmeer in March, felt some slight attacks, but about the nature of which I deceived myself. It was inflammation of the liver. The pestilential miasms of Salsette have completed the thing. From the beginning of the disorder I made my will and put my affairs in order. The care of my interests remain in most honourable and friendly hands: those of Mr. James Nicol, an English merchant of this place, and of M. Cordier of Calcutta.

Mr. Nicol was my host on my arrival at Bombay. No old friend could have lavished more affectionate attentions upon me. At the expiration, however, of a

few days, whilst I was still in a state to be moved, I quitted his house, which is situated in the fort, and came to occupy a convenient and spacious apartment at the quarter of the sick officers, which is in the most airy and salubrious situation, on the sea-shore, and a hundred paces distant from my physician, Doctor Mac Lennan, the most able at Bombay, and the admirable care he has bestowed upon me, has long since attached me to him as a dear friend.

The cruellest pang, my dear Porphyre, for those we love, is, that when dying in a far distant land, they imagine that in the last hours of our existence we are deserted and unnoticed. My dear friend, you will no doubt reap some consolation from the assurance I give you that I have never ceased being the object of the kindest and most affectionate solicitude of a number of good and amiable men. They continually come to see me, anticipating even my sick-bed caprices and whims. Mr. Nicol especially, Mr. John Bar, one of the members of the government, Mr. Goodfellow, an old colonel of engineers, and Major Mountain, a very amiable young officer, and many others whose names I do not mention.

The excellent Doctor Mac Lennan, nearly endangered his own health for me, by coming twice a night, during a crisis which seemed to leave no chance of my recovery. I place the most unlimited confidence in his abilities.

My sufferings were at first very great, but for some

time past I have been reduced to a state of weakness that scarcely allows of any. The worst of it is, that for thirty-one days I have not slept a single hour. These sleepless nights are however very calm, and do not appear so desperately long.

Fortunately the illness is drawing to a close, which may not be fatal, although it will probably be so.

The abscess, or abscesses, formed from the beginning of the attack in my liver, and which recently appeared likely to dissolve by absorption, appear now to rise upwards, and will soon open outwardly. It is all I wish for, to get quickly out of the miserable state in which I have been languishing for the last month, between life and death. You see that my ideas are perfectly clear; they have been but very rarely, and very transiently confused, during some violent paroxysms of pain at the commencement of my illness. I have generally reckoned upon the worst, and that has never rendered my thoughts gloomy. My end, if it is now approaching, is mild and tranquil. If you were here, seated at my bed-side with my father and Frederic, my heart would burst with grief, and I should not be able to contemplate my approaching death with the same fortitude and serenity—console yourself,—console my father—console yourselves mutually my dear friends.

I feel quite exhausted by this effort to write, and must bid you adieu! Farewell! oh how much you are all beloved by your poor Victor! Farewell for the last time!

Stretched out upon my back, I can only write with a pencil. For fear that these lines may be effaced, the excellent Mr. Nicol will copy this letter in writing, in order that I may be sure you will read my last thoughts.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

I have been able to sign what the admirable Mr. Nicol has had the kindness to copy. Once more, farewell, my friends!

December 2nd.

LETTER FROM MR. JAMES NICOL, ENGLISH MERCHANT AT BOMBAY, TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT AT PARIS*.

Bombay, December 14th, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,—Although unknown to you, fate has selected me to communicate to you an event which you do not anticipate. It is with feelings of the most profound regret that I am obliged to transmit to you the last letter of your brother Victor, and to give the only consolation that can still remain to you, which is to inform you of the tranquillity and absence of pain with which he received the fatal blow on the 7th of December.

* This letter was originally written in French.

Your brother came to my house on the 9th of October, on his arrival from Tanna, in a very weak state of health, ever since an illness with which he had been recently afflicted, and from which he hoped he should speedily recover, and thinking the sea breeze of this island would effectually strengthen him. On the evening of his arrival, he took a walk with me of half a league, and the following day he paid a few visits, but returned home early quite exhausted. I advised him to take instant medical advice, and the same evening Doctor Mac Lennan visited him. For your satisfaction I will inclose, in this letter, an account of the disorder, drawn up by this medical gentleman.

As your brother states, he suffered severely at the commencement of his illness; and from the beginning was informed of its dangerous nature. On the 4th of November he made his will, of which I inclose a copy. Towards the 8th of November the disorder appeared to take a favourable turn, and he cherished the hope of recovering his health, when the formation of abscess was manifest. He then became daily weaker and weaker, but during the whole time of his illness he preserved a tranquillity and contentment of which I have never before seen an instance.

I left him on the 6th of December, nearly in the same state as on the preceding days, but without any appearance of approaching dissolution. On the 7th however, towards three o'clock in the morning, he was seized with violent pains, which lasted nearly two

hours. Doctor Mac Lennan was with him during that time. At five o'clock in the morning your brother sent for me. On my arrival his sufferings had ceased, but such a change had taken place in his features since the preceding evening, that I could not refrain from tears. Taking my hand, he said to me, "Do not grieve; the moment is near at hand, and it is the accomplishment of my wishes. It is the prayer which I have for the last fortnight addressed to heaven. It is a happy event. Were I even to live, illness would probably render the remainder of my life wretched. Write to my brother, and tell him what happiness and what tranquillity accompany me to the grave."

He repeated to me that he wished me to forward to France his manuscripts and collections, and entered into the most minute details respecting his funeral, which he desired might be the same as for a protestant. He begged of me to let his grave be marked by a simple grave-stone, with this inscription:—"Victor Jacquemont, born at Paris on the 8th August, 1801, died at Bombay on the 7th December, 1832, after having travelled during three years and a half in India."

In the course of the day he had several fits of vomiting, and his breathing was considerably affected, but he retained his faculties as perfectly as when in health. He was anxious only for death, saying, "I am well here, but I shall be better in my grave." Towards five in the evening, he said to me, "I will now take

my last draught from your hands, and then die." A violent fit of vomiting followed, and he was laid upon his bed entirely exhausted; from time to time he opened his eyes, and appeared, about twenty minutes before his death, to recognise me. At sixteen minutes past six o'clock he yielded up the ghost, falling asleep, as it were, in the arms of death.

His funeral took place on the following evening, with military honours as member of the legion of honour, and several members of the government, and many other persons, followed the procession.

I feel sincere and deep commiseration in the irreparable loss which your father and yourself sustain by his death. I only knew your brother during his illness, and I have only had the melancholy satisfaction of offering him every care and attention which his illness required. In conformity with his wishes, I have had all the articles of natural history which have remained in my possession carefully packed up; they are contained in eleven cases and one cask, of which I inclose you the invoice and bill of lading, signed by the captain of the French ship the Nymphe, of Bordeaux. I have written to the commissary-general of the navy at Bordeaux, begging him to remove any difficulty that might arise; you will have the goodness to write to him on that subject. I have also forwarded the bill of lading of a box addressed to your father, containing all the manuscripts which your brother left in my charge.

In the case containing his papers, I have placed his order of the legion of honour, which your brother particularly begged me to forward to you. I also send you his watch and pistols.

Have the kindness to separate from the other papers the catalogues relating to the collections, and forward them to the Royal Museum.

I have the honour to be, dear sir, &c.,

JAMES NICOL.

APPENDIX.

REPORT* BY DR. MAC LENNAN,

ON THE DISEASE AND DEATH OF VICTOR JACQUEMONT, AND THE POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION OF HIS BODY.

I SAW M. Jacquemont for the first time on the 30th of October, 1832, in the afternoon, the day after his arrival from Tanna. He told me that in March, 1832, he had been seriously unwell in Rajpootana; and that since that period he had experienced no marked disease, with the exception of an attack of dysentery which took place at Poonah during the rainy season. A fortnight or three weeks before his arrival at Bombay, and while he was at Tanna, he had experienced irregular attacks of fever, with disordered bowels. The day after his arrival, he was obliged to abstain from paying visits in the town, in consequence of an attack of fever more violent than the preceding. It began about noon with shivering, and was just over when I saw him.

He said that he felt an uneasiness *as feeble as possible* in the præcordia; but it was not increased by pressure

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* We have been unable to obtain the original of this Report, and have therefore been obliged to re-translate it from the French.—TR.

on the abdomen, or by an effort to draw a long breath. A sensation of heat and weight about the sacrum was the most remarkable symptom; but it did not yet appear that it ought to be considered a serious one. M. Jacquemont had no head-ach, little thirst, and less pain in the loins than he had already felt, and certainly less than is usually felt under similar circumstances. The skin was of a good colour, cool and moist (the paroxysm of fever was just over when I saw him); the pulse was at 84, and there was not the least appearance of gastric irritation. He told me that his evacuations were frequent, very offensive, and attended with tenesmus. His tongue was swollen and very foul, his mouth disagreeable, and his breath fetid.

Sixty leeches were applied to the sacrum. M. Jacquemont took a warm bath, and at bed-time a strong dose of calomel with a few grains of palo, ipecacuanha, and opium.

Saturday, 31st. M. Jacquemont had passed a tolerably good night, and though much affected with the fever, had slept from time to time. A strong pressure above the navel now produced slight pain, which was, however, not increased by fetching a deep inspiration, and seemed quite unconnected with the position assumed by M. Jacquemont in bed. The sensation of heat and weight at the sacrum had disappeared, and upon the whole the patient was better. As the abdominal pain was principally connected with the right hypochondrium, sixty leeches were applied to this part. The warm bath was repeated on the return of the fever, and three doses of the mercurial preparation of the preceding day were given at intervals of eight hours; but extract of henbane was substituted for the opium. The application of the leeches having considerably relieved the patient, and the fever having come on later and in a less degree than on the preceding day, thirty leeches were again applied to the right hypochondrium at night; and a dose of castor oil ordered, to be taken at four in the afternoon of November 1st. This purgative operated

speedily and energetically. The stools were copious, liquid, of a brownish colour, and had a very disagreeable putrid smell, such as I had never yet found, except in evacuations containing a great deal of blood, and when this blood had long remained in the intestines. M. Jacquemont himself very justly compared this smell to that exhaling from a bucket used by anatomists for macerations; and he told me that he had perceived it for several days, though in a less intense degree. There was no blood in the evacuations, and no appearance of fibrinous deposit or any animal matter whatsoever. The relief he felt after these evacuations was very considerable, and from that time all pain about the sacrum disappeared.

As M. Jacquemont had greatly neglected his health at Tanna, had exposed himself to the sun without proper precautions, had encountered great fatigue, and had paid no attention to his complaint, or at most taken a few small doses of laxative medicine;—further, as it was evident, from the symptoms, that the liver in particular was affected, I thought it right to act upon the entire organism by means of mercury, and bring, if possible the whole system under the influence of that mineral. Accordingly, M. Jacquemont took strong doses of calomel mixed with ipecacuanha and henbane, three times a day, and as often a mercurial preparation was rubbed in upon the inferior extremities. He also took, at first once a day, then every other day, a mild laxative draught, generally composed of jalap or cream of tartar. During this period, great care was taken to keep up the patient's strength, and he took regularly, every four hours, a small quantity of animal soup, and now and then some wine and water.

By persevering in this mode of treatment up to the 5th, the alvine secretions assumed a more favourable appearance; the putrid smell of which I have just spoken, no longer existed, and the patient evacuated without tenesmus or uneasiness. The fever had not returned since the 4th.

Some slight indications of the approach of ptyalism appeared

on the 6th, and in consequence the mercurial medicines were continued on that day and the following; but as these symptoms did not increase, and it did not appear necessary to persevere in this mode of treatment any longer, I determined to discontinue it, and do nothing more than keep the bowels open, pay great attention to diet, and palliate any symptoms that might appear. Before I made this change, I explained to M. Jacquemont the nature of my fears. I apprehended that an organic disease, probably an abscess in the liver, had been forming for some time. I begged M. Jacquemont to allow me to consult with another physician. I called in Dr. Kemball, who entirely approved of the system hitherto pursued, and the proposed change in the mode of treatment. He also feared the existence of abscess in the liver; but as there was no direct symptom to indicate it, (and the existence of such abscess could be inferred only from an absence of morbid symptoms in every other part of the body, joined to the length of the patient's convalescence,) we both hoped that the failure of mercury in its effect proceeded from some idiosyncrasy, and not from the existence of organic disease in the liver. The mode of treatment we fixed upon was the one I had before imagined, that is to say, to give the patient meat broth, jellies, &c., and wine and water at intervals of three hours, day and night. The bowels were to be kept open with laxatives given from time to time; lastly, an opiate was to be taken every night. Further, as it has been remarked that gestation in the open air often produces a happy effect in accelerating convalescence and hastening the action of mercury upon the organism, M. Jacquemont was carried a few miles in a palanquin during several successive days; but the fatigue which it cost him being compensated by no improvement in his health, these airings were discontinued, and the abovementioned treatment alone persevered in.

Meanwhile, M. Jacquemont was wholly free from pain in every part of the body. The pulse and skin were in their

natural state, and the tongue clean. The alvine evacuations were bilious, but not more so than might be expected from the use of the mercurial medicines.

Hitherto, no change had taken place, further than a slight gradual increase in the strength of the patient, and he began to look upon his condition with less gloomy apprehensions, that is to say, he did not think his end so near as he had at first imagined. It must here be observed, that the utmost candour was always shown towards him: the nature of his disease was explained to him, and the probability of a fatal termination was not concealed from him. He was informed, however, that no present symptoms indicated that the abscess was considerable, or that it might not be carried off through some of the channels of the body, and that therefore he might reasonably hope for this favourable termination of his complaint. I felt bound to adopt this line of conduct, because it was evident to me that reserve or dissimulation would have done M. Jacquemont harm, whilst the medical particulars stated to him, and which he seemed perfectly to understand, appeared to give him hope, to quiet him, and to inspire him with resignation.

On the 15th of November, a small swelling was apparent on the right hypochondrium, but without any other symptoms. It was not till the 17th that a slight sensation of pain resulted from pressure on this region. A large blister was applied, and the same mode of treatment continued. Complete relief succeeded the application of the blister, which acted very powerfully; and the swelling on the right side diminished. M. Jacquemont also appeared to gain strength, and he had certainly gained flesh; but nothing indicated the return of health, if I except the evacuations, which had become perfectly regular.

November 26th. The uneasiness returned, and also the swelling in the side. Another blister was put on. It drew well, but the relief it afforded lasted only a few hours.

November 27th. This was a bad day. M. Jacquemont experienced violent excitement in consequence of the ill conduct of his servants, and relapses followed his knowledge of their behaviour. From this time every change in the patient's state was of an unfavourable character. The disease made rapid progress, at first manifested only by a great depression of spirits, and an aversion to all food. This aversion became so strong that the nourishment he took within the twenty four hours was not equal to half, nay, to a third, of what he took at the beginning of his illness. To these symptoms were soon added prostration of strength, emaciation, and now and then slight febrile exacerbations. The pain in the side and in the region corresponding with the edge of the liver, increased, and the swelling became considerable.

December 2nd. The swelling assumed the appearance of a pointed tumour towards the edge of the ninth rib, at the place where it is joined to the eighth. A careful examination was made by Dr. Henderson (whom I had called in because Dr. Kemhall was absent) and by myself. We could discover no fluctuation, and it did not appear that there was any adherence, even at the base of the tumour, to the subjacent parts.

To aversion for food was now added increasing difficulty of keeping it upon the stomach. Nausea and vomiting became frequent. The febrile exacerbations increased, and lasted a long time. Thirst also came, with great dryness of the mouth, and accompanied with a feeling of constriction towards the stomach and the upper parts of the abdomen.

December 4th. The patient had frequent and violent pains in the abdomen, especially when he attempted to go to stool, or to draw his breath deeply. All these symptoms increased, and were sometimes very alarming, although at the beginning of the night the patient found great relief from hot fomentations and anodyne drops.

December 7th. At three o'clock in the morning I was called to M. Jacquemont. I found him in a very different state from that in which I had left him the night before (at midnight). In changing his position in bed he had suddenly found acute pain round the pubis, and was unable to void his urine. His countenance was expressive of agony, his skin bathed in perspiration, and his appearance that of a dying man. Hot fomentations on the pubis, and repeated doses of nitric ether, and laudanum, diminished these alarming symptoms, and the pain ceased. But the vomiting soon after returned. The patient voided a considerable quantity of black and glareous matter, resembling coffee grounds. These attacks lasted during a part of the day, and were accompanied with frequent syncope.

The prostration of strength was such that he appeared several times on the point of expiring from the efforts he made to vomit. But he rallied a little after each fit. Towards sunset the vomiting diminished; but it appeared that this arose merely from the weakness of the patient, who was unable to throw up the matter contained in the stomach. He expired quietly and without convulsions, at six o'clock in the evening. He had spoken to me very rationally an hour before. During the whole progress of his disease, his faculty of observation and reflection was never affected, and this was the case up to the moment of his death.

In compliance with the wish he had expressed, a post mortem examination took place next day, December 8th, at six o'clock in the evening. I examined the cavity of the thorax and that of the abdomen, jointly with Dr. Henderson.

In the former cavity, all the viscera were in their natural state; in the second, an enormous abscess in the liver had burst, and its contents had partly flowed into the abdomen. The abscess was situated in the posterior part of the liver, and at a short distance from the backbone. It contained the quantity (measured) of a hundred ounces of clear fluid, and

sanious pus. All the other abdominal viscera were perfectly healthy.

MAC LENNAN.

REPORT OF CAPTAIN BRIOLLE,

COMMANDING THE SHIP NYMPHE, OF BORDEAUX, ON THE DEATH AND OBSEQUIES OF VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

TO M. DE PRIGNY, COMMISSARY-GENERAL OF THE NAVY AT BORDEAUX.

Monsieur le Commissaire General,

Being at Bombay in the month of December last, when M. Victor Jacquemont had just ended his scientific journey, I hastened to visit a countryman whom all the papers of India concurred in placing in the foremost rank of distinguished naturalists, but who, in consequence of the fatigues and privations with which he had to contend in his laborious researches, was unfortunately attacked with liver complaint of a very alarming nature. I found him in bed, scientifically discoursing with the most eminent physician of the country, under whose care the Governor had placed him, and explaining with the utmost calmness how, in two or three days, he should be freed from his cruel sufferings, but at the expense of his life, as an effusion would take place internally, and he should not have the slightest chance of recovery.

His physician having absented himself for a few hours, he expatiated much upon this gentleman's abilities, and upon the interest and attention which the Government of Bombay unceasingly showed him; but he added again, that he had only three or four days more to live, that all the assistance of art was useless, and that having terminated his manuscripts,

with the exception of some trifling parts relative to Tibet, he should die with the consolation of having contributed as much as lay in his power to the progress of a science which still left much to be done. The unfortunate gentleman died the fourth day after this conversation, preserving nevertheless to the last a tranquillity, a mildness, and a presence of mind, worthy of his noble character.

The Government of Bombay, desirous to honour the memory of a man so distinguished for his talents and private virtues, ordered a magnificent funeral, at which all the civil and military authorities were present; and the remains of the unfortunate Jacquemont were deposited in their last asylum with all the pomp of military honours.

Deeply affected by the attentions of the Bombay Government towards this illustrious victim of scientific research, I addressed them a letter, of which I enclose a copy, and received in reply the two letters also enclosed, the last of which informs me, that in consequence of a deliberation of the Council, my letter is to be preserved in the archives of the Government. I have therefore thought it my duty to send you all these particulars, to be laid before the Minister of Marine, in order that he may determine whether he will approve of my application to the Bombay Government.

I remain, &c.

BRIOLLE.

LETTER FROM THE PROFESSORS, ADMINISTRATORS OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, TO M. JACQUEMONT, SENIOR.

Paris, 21*st May*, 1833.

SIR,

We sympathise too deeply in the misfortune you have experienced, not to feel the want of associating ourselves to your grief. The Administration of the Museum, who had

confided to your son the mission which he has so honourably fulfilled, feels his cruel loss in a twofold point of view: it is thereby deprived of a traveller who enjoyed its utmost confidence, and science is deprived of a naturalist on whom it founded the most brilliant hopes. Every thing authorises us to hope, that from the judicious precautions he took even in his last moments, all the fruits of this unfortunate struggle will not be lost; that the labours of M. Victor Jacquemont will yield their fruits, and their results be developed, less brilliantly perhaps than if they had remained in his own hands, but still sufficiently to cause what he has done to be appreciated, as well as what he would have done, had he lived. Be assured, Sir, that nothing shall be wanting on our part to attain this object, and to afford you this legitimate consolation, the only one you have now left.

We are, &c.

CORDIER, DIRECTOR,
GEOFFROY SAINT HILAIRE,
A. DE JUSSIEU,

Professors, Administrators of the Museum.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

Poonah, July, 1832.

One of the most recent publications of the English physicians in India, on Cholera Morbus, is a letter addressed to the Court of Directors, by Dr. Whitelaw Ainslie, of Madras.

Dr. Ainslie distinguishes two sorts of Cholera, the sporadic and the endemic, differing only from each other in their developement, their progress, and their termination. There is greater violence in the endemic Cholera, a more rapid progress, and a termination more generally fatal. It is the same disease as the other, but more intense.

He attributes, but without any proof, the origin of this complaint to very obscure modifications of the electric state of the air. It is principally in the south of India that he has observed it. Having found that the thick and liquid glareous matter vomited and evacuated by the patient were always acid, he endeavoured to check the disease by neutralising this acid in the stomach; and having employed magnesia in strong doses for that purpose, his practice has frequently been attended with success. Dr. Ainslie was aware of the advantages that, for a length of time, had been obtained by the use of ammonia in large doses, and attributes them, I think with reason, to the property this alkali possesses of saturising acids.

The only cases, rather numerous, of natural cure, are those in which the bile, by the convulsive efforts made in vomiting, passes from the duodenum to the stomach. It appears that this fluid possesses the property of neutralising, like an alkali, the acid so abundantly generated in that organ. A blister, produced instantaneously by the application of boiling water to the abdomen, has often been attended with happy results. Mr. Ainslie recommends the application of one, in the very first stage of the disorder, to the bottom of the leg, on the inside, in order to retain, by an artificial inflammation of the teguments, the heat of the flesh, which naturally withdraws from them.

Bleeding has long since been tried. It almost always produces immediate relief, but it appears often to have hastened death.

As the blood never flows but with extreme difficulty, on account of its thickness, and of its almost coagulated state in the veins, attempts have been made to aid the operation of bleeding by placing the patient in a very warm bath, which has had the desired effect; but it seems to exercise no influence upon the progress of the disease.

In very violent cases, calomel has been administered in

doses of from twenty to thirty grains, mixed with eighty drops of laudanum, whilst the same quantity of laudanum was injected into the rectum. These enormous doses of calomel, repeated a number of times, often appear not to have exercised the slightest influence upon the progress of the disease, even in cases where a *post-mortem* examination has shown the calomel retained by a viscous liquid to the coating of the stomach, which it had already violently inflamed.

What surprises me the most in Dr. Ainslie's work, is a fact in medical statistics, which is undeniable, and which shows that of several thousands of British and Indian soldiers who in the course of a few years have entered the hospital of the Presidency of Madras, as Cholera patients, the British and Indians have fallen victims to the disorder in equal proportions, and the proportion of deaths has been as one to four of the total number of patients.

Hence it follows, that Cholera appears to be generally of a less deadly nature in the south of India than in the Deccan and Hindostan, where the proportion of deaths is said to be much greater.

ILLNESS OF SOUDINE.

Poonah, July, 1832.

SOUDINE, my Hindoo servant, five and twenty years of age, in my service for the last eighteen months, always enjoying perfect health, leading an extremely regular life, abstaining from all kinds of spirituous liquors, and almost entirely from animal food, was seized on Friday evening, July 5th, with an attack of colic. The alvine evacuations were very numerous, but not copious, and were followed by vomiting in the course of an hour. It was then only that his illness was reported to me, and that I witnessed it. At seven in the evening his attitude announced a great prostration of strength. He complained of tenesmus; the pulse was very weak, and the feet

were a little cold. The evacuations, both from the stomach and from the rectum, succeeded each other rapidly, more than ten times in an hour. They were composed of a fluid, a little viscid, though thick, of a greyish white, and without smell. The patient was put to bed and warmly covered; bottles of hot water were applied to the feet, hot napkins upon the abdomen, and twenty drops of ammonia were administered in a tablespoonful of water. The patient swallowed this burning draught without complaining, but two minutes after he brought it up. From seven o'clock to eleven at night, other similar doses were given, in the intervals when the natural vomiting was quieted; but the patient did not retain one of them more than three minutes. In one of these doses I mixed twenty drops of laudanum; he threw it up the instant he had swallowed it.

The natural heat rapidly left the extremities; the feet were colder than the hands; the legs became cold, and also the arms; the breathing became hard, the body gradually cold; but the patient often complained of an insupportable heat that burned him all over, and made him throw off with violence the clothing that covered him. He tore off his own clothes, and asked to be left naked. These sudden and transient invasions of heat were perceptible only by a momentary increase of natural heat in the body. On the forehead alone there was a cold and clammy prespiration, but the coldness of the legs remained unchanged.

There were cramps in the legs, and spasms in the muscles of the abdomen, during the attacks of internal heat.

The skin of the palms of the hands and of the soles of the feet, became hard and rough. The nails lost their colour and turned white. The eyes became gradually hollow, and were surrounded by an internal circle, smaller, deeper, and blacker, and by a larger circle on a level with the superior border of the maxillary bone, on the bony summit of the lower part of the orbit. Their motion was slackened, and their brilliancy faded

At midnight I administered to the patient eight grains of calomel, diluted in a spoonful of sugar and water aromatised.

But the efforts produced by the vomiting, which constantly came on after an interval of a few minutes, without being accelerated by the remedy, expelled the draught, at least in great part, whenever they began.

At one o'clock in the morning of Saturday, I administered the same dose of calomel, mixed with twenty drops of laudanum; it was thrown up again in the course of two minutes.

I passed the remainder of the night without giving the patient any thing to drink except a little sugar and water, when he complained of thirst, which only happened during the sudden attacks of internal heat.

On Saturday morning there was no pulse, except at intervals, after the convulsive efforts produced by the vomiting, but aggravation of all the symptoms of the preceding day. The legs were colder, the eyes more sunken; the features were altered and cadaverous. The purging and vomiting continued without ceasing during the night. Between the intervals of the vomitings the patient dozed; he was conscious, but faintly so.

At eight in the morning, in an interval of comparative calmness, I administered a draught of laudanum and sub-carbonate of ammonia, edulcorated and aromatised with essence of mint.

The evacuations, which were already less frequent before this remedy, continued to decrease, and were less copious, but they did not vary in their nature. The general prostration continued. Towards noon, the patient had some violent cramps. During these nervous paroxysms, he complained of dreadful internal heat. It did not affect his extremities, but momentarily warmed his arms and thighs, and covered his forehead and body with a clammy prespiration, which instantly grew cold. The pulse then reappeared for a moment, but weak and irregular. The feeling of universal burning of which the patient complained during the spasmodic

fits, continued for some time after the spasms in the abdomen and stomach were past.

During the day I directed a spoonful of sugar and water to be given to the patient, whenever he asked for drink, which he did but seldom. The vomitings now took place only five or six times an hour, and the alvine evacuations two or three times.

At four o'clock in the evening, another dose of the morning draught was given; this was also rejected, in the course of ten minutes, at the first effort produced by the vomiting.

The breathing became more difficult, and all the other symptoms more aggravated. The strength decreased gradually, the coldness continued, the sensibility diminished. During the night the patient was purged less often, and was comatose in the intervals of repose. Two doses, of eight grains of calomel each, were administered as on Friday, on the Saturday evening towards night, and each remained in the stomach at least a quarter of an hour.

On Saturday morning, the patient could scarcely hear or see any thing; he however knew my voice, when I called him by his name. His eyes were fixed and dull, as if they were dead; he however told me he could still see me, but confusedly. At eight o'clock I made him take a pill of three grains of calomel and one grain of gummy extract of opium, which he swallowed with great difficulty. The attendants rubbed his abdomen with hot napkins imbibed with laudanum, to assuage the violent pains of which he complained in that part. The bottles of hot water held under his feet from the very beginning of the attack, never warmed them, not even the surface which remained cold when placed upon boiling water.

He now vomited no longer, nor had he any alvine evacuations. His head became heavy, his breathing embarrassed and difficult. His whole body was covered with prespiration, and after this last effort of nature, and a few moments of rattling in the throat, he expired without convulsion, at half-past nine in the morning.

Not one of the remedies administered to the patient had the slightest effect upon the progress of the disease. The absorbent powers of the stomach were no doubt entirely suspended, and that organ, instead of absorbing, only secreted the matter of the evacuations.

The secretion of the urine was suppressed from the very beginning.

The disease lasted about forty hours, without a moment's abatement, until the death of the patient. The prostration of strength alone appears to have moderated the violence of the evacuations, fifteen or twenty hours after the attack. The patient, overcome by the fatigue and the prostration occasioned by his exertions, when these exertions did not produce excruciating pain, appeared, from the first moment I saw him, absorbed in himself, and deprived of all power of reflection. There was no disturbance in the intellectual faculties, no delirium, but a heaviness which unceasingly increased. For nearly an hour before his death, he was in a state of stupor In no stage of the disorder did the patient appear alarmed, or even anxious, respecting its termination.

Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Printers, Whitefriars.



